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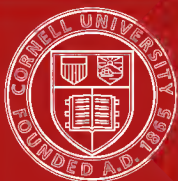
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Swift, selections from his works.Edited,



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SELECTIONS FROM SWIFT

CRAIK

VOL. I.

London

HENRY FROWDE

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SWIFT

SELECTIONS FROM HIS WORKS

EDITED WITH

Life, Introductions, and Notes

BY

HENRY CRAIK

IN TWO VOLUMES

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ERRATUM

Page 196, l. 30. For *solitâ* read *singulari*.

P R E F A C E

IT is the aim of this Selection to give (as fully as the exigencies of space and the taste of the present day permit) specimens of the whole range of Swift's work, and to elucidate by notes what is obscure in intention or recondite in allusion. It has been thought proper to begin the Selection by specimens of his earlier poems, not only because they illustrate the growth of his genius, but because they let us see how severely, under the stress of circumstances or disparaging criticism, Swift afterwards repressed a real tendency towards more serious poetical aspirations. However faulty they are in construction, these early poems, it is thought, give proofs that Swift might well have achieved success in other than humorous or sarcastic verse.

The Selection does not strictly follow chronological order. The First Volume embraces the chief specimens of his work of a general kind, down to 1712, and includes those letters to Esther Johnson, which were never intended for publication, but which the reader would not readily spare, having regard either to their biographical interest or to the perfection of the skill with which they convey the impression of easy, natural, and affectionate intercourse and sympathy.

To the Second Volume is left the work of the remainder of his life, and also specimens of those prose writings of which the aim was special rather than general. It begins

with those 'Free Thoughts' in which Swift gives us the impression left upon him by the political scene which he quitted in 1714. Some of his Pamphlets on Religion follow, shewing the characteristic features of his defence of Christianity, his persistent dislike of the intellectual complacency of a shallow latitudinarianism, and his application to the duties of the clerical order of those principles of balanced judgment, modesty, and good sense, which he thought the best defence against fanatical enthusiasm. The next section gives the most important of his writings upon the wrongs of Ireland; and the prose selections close with the last of his great works of sarcastic humour (*Gulliver's Travels*) and with a specimen (*Hints on Conversation*) of his treatment of a subject of common everyday interest—restrained in tone, polished and luminous in style, with that delicate perception of tact in social intercourse so apparent to Swift's contemporaries, but which a modern reader is apt to overlook amid the melancholy cynicism which generally pervades his work. The Selection closes with such typical specimens of his lighter verse as shew the perfection of its workmanship, and the subordination of all other aims to those of delicate *persiflage* or fierce and contemptuous sarcasm.

The text of Swift often leaves room for doubt, and has been treated with little care or attention by successive editors. In this collection every endeavour has been made to restore the most authoritative text with strict accuracy, only modernizing archaicisms of spelling.

H. C.

LIFE OF SWIFT.

JONATHAN SWIFT was born on the 30th of November, 1667, at a house in Hoey's Court, close to the Castle, in Dublin. His mother was then a widow, her husband having died, leaving her in very poor estate, in the spring of that year. His father, also named Jonathan, was the seventh or eighth son of the Rev. Thomas Swift, Vicar of Goodrich, near Ross. The Dean of St. Patrick's was ever more proud of this grandfather than of any other of his name. The Vicar was descended from a Yorkshire family of the name of Swifte, one of which stock is commemorated in a sixteenth-century brass still existing in the church of Rotherham. A branch of this Yorkshire family had migrated to Kent, and from this branch was descended the Vicar of Goodrich. Born in 1595, he had married Elizabeth Dryden, of Northamptonshire, niece to John Dryden's grandfather, and by her had a large family. He was not only Vicar, but a considerable landowner near Goodrich; and the house which he built to contain his large family—and which fully merits the Dean's description of it as denoting 'the builder to have been somewhat whimsical and singular'—is still standing. As the date over the door attests, it was built in 1636, and very soon after that date the Vicar was involved in troubles that effectually broke his fortunes. The Dean's father was born in 1640, and when he was still an infant the troubles of the Civil War began. The Vicar was not of a sort to hold aloof from the struggle. He became an ardent and pronounced

Royalist, was down on the Parliamentary lists as a delinquent, carried arms to supply the Royal strongholds, and had to defend his own house—fifty times, so it is said, plundered from roof-tree to cellar—against the Roundhead marauders. His family were treated with violence; he was imprisoned, his living sequestered; his cattle carried off; his property plundered or forfeited. Still clinging pertinaciously to the Royal cause, he carried all the money he could gather, quilted in his waistcoat, as an offering to the King, even when all was lost at Naseby. When the war ceased he was liberated, and apparently left unmolested. But his property was lost; and when he died, in 1658, he left his large family to seek their fortunes as best they might.

The eldest son, Godwin Swift, who had been trained as a lawyer in England, went to Ireland, where, in the settlement of landed estates after the disturbances of the Civil War, there was much work for a lawyer to do. He rose rapidly, partly by an abundant practice and partly by more than one profitable marriage. He became a wealthy man, and his success attracted others of his brothers to follow his steps to Ireland. Amongst these was his younger brother Jonathan, who, however, was without his brother's prudence and business capacity. He married, while yet very young, Abigail Erick, the dowerless daughter of an old Leicestershire family, and secured a moderate post, as Steward of the King's Inn, Duhlin. First, a daughter was born to the young couple; and then, in the spring of 1667, the young lawyer left his wife (then in expectation of a second child) a widow. This second child was Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, born on 30th Nov. 1667.

The widow was left without resources of her own, and she and her children depended largely on the bounty of the successful elder brother, Godwin; yet the house in which her son was born was not so poor as to suggest that she was left uncared for or neglected. But the boy was destined for a time to live beyond the reach of his uncle's charity. His nurse, having to pay a visit to a dying relative at Whitehaven, took the infant with her, and kept him there until he was more than three years of age. There he learned to read: and he was fond, in later

years, of dwelling on this early visit to England, as he thought it took away something of what he held to be the stigma of his Irish birth. When he came back to Dublin, it was only to spend a short time with his mother : two years later he was sent by his uncle to Kilkenny School, and there, with William Congreve for his school-fellow, he remained until, at fourteen, he was entered as a pensioner at Trinity College, Dublin. Justly or unjustly, Swift retained a bitter recollection of his boyhood and of the niggardly charity doled out by his uncle Godwin. It would not be fair to accept Swift's reminiscences, darkened by his natural misanthropy, as a certain gauge of his uncle's conduct. Swift treated his own past with little complacency of memory, and the severe judgment which he passed on himself perhaps tintured his judgment of others. Naturally Swift rebelled against the somewhat slavish routine which then governed the College studies. But the extent of his rebellion against rule is matter of doubt : wearied, perhaps, with the common talk of early genius emancipating itself by the force of its own superiority from rule, he was wont to set down his College career in plain terms as that of a dunce. The stories of his rebellion against rule are probably as exaggerated as those of his dulness. A copy of the College roll for Easter 1685, recording the doings of the undergraduates, has been preserved. Swift did 'badly' in Physics : 'creditably' in Greek and Latin : 'carelessly' in his Theme. Strictly, such a result might have delayed his degree for a year ; but 'by a special grace,'—which appears, indeed, to have been of ordinary occurrence—this strict rule was not enforced, and Swift proceeded to his degree in 1685. His College career was not recalled by him with more pleasure than his school days. The ordinary curriculum probably failed to attract him, and the pursuit of subjects for which he had no liking may possibly have left an after-impression of natural dulness : but the full gloom of his reminiscences must be ascribed to a sense of his dependence upon the charity of an uncle, who may have administered his assistance without that delicacy which was necessary in one who patronized a spirit such as Swift's.

When he had taken his degree, Swift, still unsettled as to his

future course in life, pursued his reading, until the source even of such charity as he had enjoyed, became dry. Godwin Swift had apparently allowed his ambition to carry him too far: he indulged in speculation; his fortune dwindled, and with it his faculties; he sank into insanity, and died in 1688. Some help still continued to reach Swift from his cousin Willoughby, the son of Godwin, who had sought fortune abroad: but dependence had taught him thrift, and from this time Swift determined to depend upon no one, and to use those faculties, whose extent, nature and proper application were problems yet unsolved, to gain for himself some means of livelihood.

The troublesome events that followed the Revolution in Ireland made it needful for Swift to seek his fortune beyond her shores, and his own inclination doubtless prompted him in the same direction. His mother was now settled in Leicester, and to her, from whom he had been so long parted, and who continued to be the object of his tenderest love, the young graduate, brooding over real or imagined wrongs, dominated by passions, and stirred by a genius over which he had yet gained no mastery, now came at the age of one and twenty. He says himself of this period of his life, that 'a person of great honour in Ireland (who was pleased to stoop so low as to look into my mind) used to tell me that my mind was like a conjured spirit, that would do mischief if I did not give it employment.' It is curious to see the half sarcasm in Swift's reference, even at this period, to 'persons of great honour': but whoever his Mentor was, he gave a judgment which Swift's life proved only too true.

Leicester had no attraction for him, beyond the company of his mother; and even had it not been so, a livelihood must be sought elsewhere. Sir William Temple's wife was a kinswoman of Mistress Abigail Swift: to him, therefore, application for employment was made, and made with success, and before the close of 1689 Swift became an inmate of Temple's house at Sheen. The dramatic contrast between the master and dependant has afforded subject for many pictures of impressive force. Temple, the astute diplomatist, the wary politician, tempering his statesmanship by something of the doctrinaire and something of the cynic; spending his honourable retire-

ment in the elegant pursuits of literature and landscape gardening, and employing his high social position, and the confidence and friendship of the great, to enhance the grace of his literary patronage; a god to his own circle, and respected beyond it, was scarcely the sort of man who could have made a master after Swift's own heart. But any irksomeness in the relation seems only to have broken out occasionally, and (in spite of the half-jocular reminiscence, 'Faith, he spoilt a fine gentleman!') Swift looked back on his residence at Moor Park (the house near Farnham in Surrey which Sir William Temple had recently acquired, and where he soon took up his abode) as fairly pleasant. At first, Swift's position was humble enough: he acted as amanuensis, and kept the household accounts.

But there was one in that circle whose name was to be linked with that of Swift in one of the saddest tales by which the annals of literary history have stirred and attracted human sympathy. In a small house in the grounds of Moor Park, there lived a Mistress Johnson, widow of a confidential servant of Sir William Temple's. She had two young daughters: and of these the elder was Esther Johnson, then eight years of age, who in her name of Stella represents to posterity the most romantic and yet the most tragic thread that runs through the life of Swift. Even in this earlier residence at Moor Park, which lasted only a year, and when Swift, 'a raw and inexperienced youth,' perhaps imagined slights and injuries which were not intended, the child seems to have attracted his attention. But either Temple was too pompous and self-satisfied to be endured, or Swift's temper was too moody to be tolerated, and this early residence soon came to an end. Swift returned for a time to Ireland; found no opening there; came back to Leicester, and remained for a time in his mother's house, and at last, after an absence of a year and a half, again took up his residence with Sir William Temple in the autumn of 1691. This time Swift's position was much improved. Both patron and dependant had doubtless come to know one another better, and to respect one another more. By Temple's help he became a graduate of Oxford: and, in his own words, 'growing into some confidence, he was often trusted with affairs of great

importance.' It was now that he saw more of the society which Moor Park could show, and his opportunities even brought him into contact with William III. The king, he tells us, taught him, in some hour of easy intercourse, how 'to cut asparagus after the Dutch fashion': and he was privileged on one occasion to expound to William's mind, unaccustomed to the intricacies of the English constitution, the expediency of withdrawing his veto from the Triennial Bill. It was this intercourse with the great 'that helped,' as Swift tells us, 'to cure him of vanity.'

But at this time in his life, Swift was also cultivating the literary faculty in a way that has a curious interest for us. 'He writ and burnt, and writ again,' he informs a friend, 'upon all manner of subjects, more than perhaps any man in England.' His reading, too, was wide and discursive, and he had abundant leisure for it. But the strangest feature of his literary activity was his being caught by the infection of a fashionable freak of taste. That 'Pindaric art' of Cowley's, which sank into oblivion within a generation after Cowley's death, was now attracting many imitators. After his example, the most obscure form of Greek poetry, the merits of which are of all others the most difficult for a modern to appreciate, was adopted as a model; and in Dr. Johnson's words, 'all the boys and girls caught the pleasing fancy, and they who could do nothing else, could write like Pindar.' Swift followed the prevailing fashion, and, with the encouragement of his patron, he wrote Pindarics on Archbishop Sancroft's non-juring fidelity, in honour of Sir William Temple, and to the Athenian Society—a pedantic gathering of projectors in the sphere of social science, the idea of which had taken rise in the whimsical brain of one John Dunton, a half-mad publisher, whose principal business in life was 'to think or perform something out of the beaten road,' and whose many escapades in literature and politics form altogether one of the strangest pictures in a strange age. But curious as was this passing episode in Swift's literary career, these Pindaric poems are not to be passed over by any one who would trace the growth of his genius. The satire, the brooding melancholy, the abhorrence of the 'lumber of the schools,' the contempt

for 'the wily shafts of state, the juggler's tricks'—are all there as in his later writings. But they are mixed up with a constant obscurity of expression as well as of thought, with a painful effort after metaphysical involvement, with a recurrence of pedantic conceits by way of metaphor, which are all strangely in contrast with Swift's later manner.

Such were the early poetic attempts which Swift, eventually the most masculine and luminous of English authors, now submitted, according to the common story, to the criticism of his kinsman Dryden, then in the plenitude of his literary dictatorship. The prophetic rebuff by which they were received, 'Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet,' was never forgotten nor forgiven by Swift.

With these early efforts we may join such occasional poems as he addressed to the king, to Congreve, and to Sir William Temple on his recovery from illness. Not one of them is without a biographical interest, or without some revelation of the development of Swift's literary genius, and no collection professing to be representative of Swift's works can omit all specimens of these. They illustrate, above all, the deep melancholy which never left him even in the most busy scenes of his life, and which had its root and groundwork in mood and character, and derived strength and confirmation in a congenital malady from which he suffered. This was caused by a structural malformation near the brain, that dulled his hearing, produced fits of giddiness and uncontrollable depression, and eventually overcame his reason. But as yet its attacks were only intermittent: and soon his genius was led into more practical and congenial lines, by the necessity of bestirring himself to make his way in larger scenes than those of Moor Park.

But Moor Park had already done much for him. It had removed him from Ireland which he cordially hated, and from that dependence on the bounty of others which had tried his spirit. It had given him leisure and opportunity for study on the lines which his own taste dictated. But more than all, it had brought him into close contact with men who had played, or were still playing, great parts in history, and had thus at once

stimulated his interest in affairs, and occasionally fed his sarcastic humour. The contrast between the greatness of the interests involved, and the smallness of many of those to whom the nation's welfare was entrusted, was first impressed upon him now, and never afterwards left him. To this early acquaintance with the practical working of State affairs Macaulay has rightly ascribed much of the vivid interest which marks off Swift's from all other political pamphlets.

But his future career was still undecided. An offer from the king of a captaincy of dragoons, had suggested one choice which would certainly have led to strange results had Swift closed with it. Sir William Temple offered a small post connected with his own sinecure office of the Rolls at Dublin. That offer was declined, as probably it was expected to be : but the fact of its having been made cleared away a scruple which Swift had conceived against entering the Church merely as a source of livelihood which could be earned in no other career. He had early turned his thoughts in this direction, and the obtaining of a degree at Oxford probably confirmed the wish. The king had given him some hopes of Church preferment, as he did not incline to a military life ; and the non-fulfilment of these hopes caused him acute disappointment some years later. It was in 1694 that his choice was made : and after another visit to his mother at Leicester, he crossed to Dublin, in some anger at what he conceived to be Temple's backwardness in rewarding his services. Before ordination, he found himself obliged, however, to apply to Temple for a certificate of good conduct during the years which had passed since he took his degree. The humble letter in which this certificate was asked for was one which it must have cost Swift a bitter pang to write ; but the request was promptly granted, and on 25th October, 1694, Swift was ordained a deacon by the Bishop of Kildare, and proceeded to priest's orders on the 13th of January, 169⁵/₄. In the same month he was presented by Lord Capel to the prebend of Kilroot near Belfast. The Irish Church, when he entered her ranks, was in a condition far from flourishing : the Church of a minority, if she was able to triumph in the abasement of her Roman Catholic rival, she was yet taught to feel that by English politicians she was

expected to play the part of a submissive instrument of party supremacy, which paid as little regard to her own rights as it did to the feelings and interests of the Irish race.

His own living was a poor one, and the fact that it was placed in a district where Presbyterianism was in the ascendant, did not improve it in the eyes of Swift. The scene was a poor contrast to what he had been used to at Moor Park, and it did not detain him long. In May, 1696, he entrusted the duties to a substitute, and returned once more to his old home with Temple.

Swift had now acquired a profession and an independence, poor as it was. The months of retirement at Kilroot had enabled him to take a measure of his own powers. On this third visit to Moor Park, he came no longer as the humble servitor, but as a friend, associated with his patron in literary pursuits and controversies, and prepared to engage the attention of the world by achievements more unique and remarkable than the Pindaric verses in which he had poured out the gloom of an unsettled and restless spirit.

By this time Swift had written the *Tale of a Tub*: but this was not to be his first contribution to the prose literature of the day. He began to mix more directly in politics: and the first statesman to whom he attached himself was the veteran plotter Sunderland, then tottering to his fall. But Swift had other designs on foot: and to pursue these, he resigned altogether the living at Kilroot, which he had held for little more than a year. Before long he was to be attracted into the arena of political controversy. But now chance threw in his way an opportunity for intervening in a literary affray which exactly suited his taste. The famous struggle between the Ancients and Moderns will be dealt with more fully in another part of this volume. At present it is enough to say that Sir William Temple had found himself, by an unlucky allusion in one of his elegant but inexact essays, involved in the thickest of the fray, as a supporter of the claims of the Ancients. The combatants on the other side were numerous, and at their head stood one so well equipped for the fight as Bentley. To meet such a doughty champion of the Moderns, with his own weapons, was given to

no one then living in England. But Swift could force the battle into other lines. He could discard details, and draw it into the wider arena of human interest, where his wide-reaching humour could have free play. It was this he did, when he appeared as Temple's champion in the *Battle of the Books*—the one enduring and immortal fragment that survives to call attention to the once so hotly contested battle-field. At this period the tract—for it is little more—was written: but as yet it was only handed about amongst Temple's literary friends, and did not come before the public until a later day.

On the 27th of January, 1689, Sir William Temple died, and one period of Swift's life closed. Temple's will appointed Swift to the rather irksome post of his literary executor, a post specially thankless when the remains have been rated by the testator at a higher value than that which the world is disposed to attach to them. This was notably the case with Temple's works.

Swift had now to find other patrons, or to make his way alone. The expectations of preferment from the king were disappointed; and, in the want of anything better, Swift accepted the post of Secretary to Lord Berkeley, then proceeding to the government of Ireland. He had conceived that this appointment would lead to more: but disappointment followed disappointment, and Swift was at length compelled to accept the joint livings of Laracor, Agher, and Rathbeggan in Meath, which yielded him, in all, an income of some £200 a year. He continued, however, to form one of Lord Berkeley's household, and by more than one *jeu d'esprit* in his most playful manner, he proves that disappointment did not prevent this residence being a time of cheerfulness. 'Parson Swift' was the chartered satirist of the company, and retained, in much later years, the intimacy with the family which was then established. Before he returned with Lord Berkeley to England, in 1701, Swift took the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Just at this moment, a violent struggle was in progress between the Whigs and the Tories. Jealousy of William's Dutch favourites, of the King's attachment to his native country, and the prospect of England's being involved in foreign war for the

sake of that country, had inflamed the popular feeling to such an extent as to give the Tories, then in opposition, an admirable opportunity for attack upon the Whig ministers. In February 170 $\frac{1}{2}$ an election had given the Tories a decisive majority in the Commons. A violent attack upon William's Partition Treaty followed, and an impeachment was resolved upon against Lord Somers, the Earl of Portland, the Earl of Orford, and Lord Halifax. They were the statesmen of the Whig party who stood highest in character, in ability, and in personal attachment to the King: and the blow struck at them was in reality aimed at William, and was inspired by not a little Jacobite intent. The situation was now at its worst, and none could foretell to what extravagances party rancour might proceed. At this juncture Swift arrived. His first direct intervention in political strife was as the anonymous author of a tract, *On the Dissensions at Athens and Rome*, which drew a parallel between the existing state of things and some of the violent outbursts by which the Athenians and the Romans made wreck of their liberties.

The Tory triumph was short-lived. The acknowledgment of the Pretender by Louis XIV roused all the Anti-Catholic fervour of the nation. William found himself once more hailed as the Saviour of the People. He could safely appeal to the polling booths: and a new election in November 1701, made that party triumphant whose leaders Swift had likened to the loftiest characters in Athenian and Roman history. His authorship, at first doubtful, and then, it would appear, generally recognised, secured for Swift friends of power in the dominant faction, and he might reasonably have cherished the hope of rapid and secure advancement.

Swift returned to his home in Ireland in the autumn of 1701; and it marks his sense that Ireland was, for some years at least, to be his permanent abiding-place, that, by his persuasion, Esther Johnson, and her companion, Rebecca Dingley, came over to Ireland to reside in his neighbourhood, and to continue that bond of untiring and unselfish affection which was to link the name of Stella for ever with that of Swift, in a tie that was not less close than it was mysterious.

The church and vicarage of Laracor, which now became Swift's home, were situated about a mile and a half from the prosperous town of Trim, in West Meath. There was little in the neighbourhood to attract Swift, and his congregation numbered only about half-a-score—'most gentle and all simple,' as he has himself described them. The great majority of the humbler classes were Roman Catholics, but Swift felt no such bitter feelings against them as the Presbyterians about Kilroot, aggressive in the confidence of Whig support, had inspired in him. A few friends, such as Dr. Raymond of Trim, formed, with Esther Johnson and her companion, his circle of acquaintance. He busied himself with improvements in his garden and his fish canal—when perhaps recalled to him the associations of Moor Park: but the scene was scarcely such as could afford employment to a temperament like his. He was back in England on another visit in the spring of 1702, to find that, with the accession of Queen Anne, the Tories had recovered power. Interest therefore combined with Swift's own inclinations to make him sit lightly towards his short-lived alliance with the Whigs. The Whigs had offended him by their scarcely concealed opposition to the Church claims; the Tories satisfied him by their abundant concessions to these claims, which Swift felt it part of his duty as a clergyman at all times to maintain. There was not, indeed, as yet, any formal breach between him and the Whig party, who showed him abundance of civility. But Swift speaks bitterly of the excess of party feeling: and such bitterness was with Swift, as it commonly is with other men, symptomatic of a decline in party allegiance.

It was during a visit to London, in 1704, that Swift gave to the public a volume containing not only the *Battle of the Books*, which had already been handed about amongst Temple's friends, but another work destined to make a greater mark in literature and to have a greater influence upon his own future—the *Tale of a Tub*. It was the first work in which Swift's genius had full play, and in which the enormous sweep of his satire is conspicuous. This is not the place for a minute description of the book: but it is enough for the biographer of Swift to point out that the allegory of the three brothers, who typify the three

modern forms of Christianity, forms a small part of the whole. The satire is really directed against the foibles of humanity as a whole—foibles which reappear in each new age and under various guises, and which make pride ridiculous even at the moment when it is most convinced of its own superiority to the weakness which it readily detects in others. It shows in perfection Swift's marvellous power of sustained satire, overwhelming in its contempt at once the more obvious follies and the wit that would fain despise these follies. Those who aspire to fame, and those who are its arbiters; those who miss and those who attain it; the dull and the stupid, as well as the Wit-woulds who look down upon them; the sceptics and the fanatics—all are alike brought to the bar of judgment, and dismissed with a sentence whose severity is merged in its scathing contempt—even as in his own verses on the *Day of Judgment*, Swift pictures Jove as dismissing the crowd of sinners from the judgment-seat, with a sneer at the absurdity which could suppose that Jove would trouble himself to damn such a sorry crowd. ✓

The *Tale of a Tub*, which appeared in 1704, could scarcely fail to attract attention; and Swift soon found that his audience was a large one. The wider range of the satire could scarcely, in any age, attract popular attention. But it is one of the peculiarities of Swift's satire that its more obvious points have made it popular even with those who could scarcely be expected to grasp its whole meaning. So it is that the *Travels of Gulliver*—the bitterest satire ever penned upon human nature—has become the companion of children in every succeeding age: and so, in 1704, those who were blind to the deeper allusions and the more savage cynicism of the *Tale of a Tub*, were attracted by the more salient and obvious parallels which he drew. The story of Peter, Martin and Jack, is droll enough in itself, but poor when it is compared with the digressions: yet it attracted a popular audience and became current in the mouths of men. Unfortunately for Swift, it was just the part of his work which was most calculated to give offence. Those who saw the most solemn truths of religion treated as a jest, were not likely to have their regard for Swift as a clergyman increased, and

Swift's worldly prospects suffered from the belief in his authorship which soon became widely spread. It was a part of that trait in Swift's character—his strange callousness to the feelings of other men—that led him here to offend, almost unconsciously the deepest religious feeling, just as it allowed him, in another sphere, to stain his works with a coarseness, which is all the more noisome because it is absolutely apathetic.

The book appeared anonymously, and in some quarters the authorship was held as doubtful. But such doubts did not prevail very long, or very widely, and their renewal in later years, by Dr. Johnson in a casual conversation, serves rather as an instance of literary paradox than as an expression of deliberate judgment. It is clear that very soon after its publication, Swift was credited with the book, and its authorship, according to a very probable story, injured his prospects of promotion in the Church. Swift was always indignant at the charge of irreverence brought against him. He was probably unconscious of the offence contained in that part of his book which had drawn the charge upon him: but, be that as it may, he no doubt hesitated to put forward too decisively his claims to the authorship of a work which had acquired such a reputation.

Meanwhile, in the political world, changes were going on which were destined greatly to affect Swift's relations to the Whig party. Toryism was losing its influence: the Government, under the influence of Godolphin and Marlborough, was gradually becoming more Whiggish in character. In England the Tories had failed to carry the Bill against Occasional Conformity, which was intended to increase the influence of the Church; in Ireland, the Whig influence was dominant, and there also the Church was made to suffer. The Ministry were strengthened by the renown of Marlborough's victories, and the new election of 1705 gave them a strong majority. But the struggle between the two parties turned now chiefly on those privileges of the Church of which Swift was a consistent defender. Previous ties, and the uncertainty of the future, might prevent him for the time from breaking his party connexion: but undoubtedly by this time the elements of a breach were present. As yet, however, there was no such alienation as

rendered Swift's intercourse with his Whig friends impossible : he was on terms of the closest intimacy with Addison and Congreve, and the advice of the former was frequently followed in those lighter pieces, such as the poem of *Baucis and Philemon*, which now came from his pen. No man had less of the irritable vanity of authorship, which resents criticism, than Swift.

As the Ministry became more strong, their Whig leanings became more pronounced, and their attitude of hostility to the High Church party was more declared. In 1707, the Earl of Pembroke, whose attitude is most clearly shown by the fact that he was the patron of Locke, was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland ; and though Swift remained on friendly terms with the Castle, he must have been offended by the policy which promised the abolition of tests because they were irksome to the Presbyterians. At the close of the same year, Swift went to England on a mission to secure certain pecuniary benefits to his Church : but however civilly he was received, he found that the mission advanced little under the auspices of a Whig government. His irritation was increased by his failure to secure the appointment of the Bishopric of Waterford ; and Swift, however magnanimous in his surrender of literary fame, was almost morbidly bitter on the subject of his own neglect in the way of ecclesiastical preferment.

Just as his personal grounds for irritation were strongest, the Whig attitude of the Government became more pronounced. The alarm of an invasion on behalf of the Pretender enabled them to cast off all disguise. The Ministry was purged of Tories ; and in the shuffle of offices, Lord Wharton, whose principles were notoriously adverse to the Church, and whose character was that of a professed libertine, was appointed to succeed Pembroke as Governor of Ireland. That the Test was to be abolished was sufficiently distasteful to Swift, but that this was to be accomplished by one whose life was openly scandalous, increased his wrath. In December, 1708, he wrote the *Letter on the Sacramental Test*, which really amounted to a declaration of war against the Whigs. It is the first of those tracts in which Swift's skill in political controversy was fully

displayed. There are three other tracts, belonging to the same period in his life, which all show the same attitude of anger towards that complacent and superficial latitudinarianism which he now identified with the Whigs and with their ecclesiastical allies. These are the *Argument against Abolishing Christianity*, the *Project for the Advancement of Religion*, and the *Sentiments of a Church of England Man*.

It was at this juncture in Swift's life that the Government, whose supremacy was already a good deal shaken by the tediousness of a war that seemed to be pursued much more for the interests of the Allies than for that of England, gave an advantage to their opponents by a signal act of folly. Dr. Sacheverell, of St. Saviour's, Southwark, who had already obtained a certain notoriety as a preacher of somewhat tawdry eloquence, delivered a sermon on the 15th of November, 1709, before the Lord Mayor, in which he reflected, in no obscure terms, upon the Ministry, and especially upon Godolphin. He boldly attacked them as insidious foes of the Church, and called upon the nation to rally to its defence. The ferment which the sermon created, when printed, would soon have been forgotten had not the Ministers determined to give Sacheverell the gratuitous advertisement of prosecution. His trial became the centre of all interest : and the preacher became the object of an adulation which he certainly in no way merited, but which served as a rallying-point for all the friends of the Church. Marlborough's ambition, and his wife's overweening pride, had alienated the Queen, and her feelings now coincided with the change in the attitude of the populace. In despair of any other policy, the Ministers became still more eager in prosecuting the war, and more decided in resisting any overtures for peace. Swift returned to England in September, 1710, to find that Godolphin was dismissed and Parliament on the eve of dissolution, and that the staunch Tory, Robert Harley, was named Chancellor of the Exchequer.

At first the Whigs, as he says himself, were 'ravished to see him,' and received him with every appearance of civility. But Swift valued little these professions of 'declining courtiers.' The Tories were making overtures ; 'he could make his fortune,'

as they hinted, 'if he pleased': 'but,' he adds, 'I do not understand them—or rather—I do understand them.' Conviction, interest, and personal irritation all moved him one way: and that way was soon chosen. On the 4th of October, 1710, he was 'brought privately to Mr. Harley, who received him with the greatest respect and kindness imaginable.' Swift was not impervious to the flattery of men in high station, however much his real inferiors: and at this interview the die was cast. Swift entered upon his task as the chief defender of the Queen's new Ministers.

The change involved no surrender of principle. Swift's early associations had led him naturally towards the Whigs: but his temperament never allowed him to have any close sympathy with them. His Irish experience had developed the lack of sympathy into positive dislike. The neglect of his petition on behalf of the Irish Church gave him ground for umbrage, and personal ingratitude, or what he deemed to be such, had embittered this feeling. Accidental circumstances brought to Swift, at this moment, a tempting opportunity for change: and he responded to the overtures of Harley with no thought that any sacrifice of conscience or of independence was involved therein.

He was speedily plunged deep in the business of defence. The Ministry, as he himself expressed it, 'stood upon a narrow isthmus.' They were attacked with natural rancour by the Whigs: but the tide of Tory feeling, exaggerated in its strength, was in itself an equal danger. It might easily carry them upon quicksands where they would be wrecked. Swift had, therefore, not only to meet the attacks of the defeated foe, but to moderate the enthusiasm of unwise adherents. He saw the chief hope of the Ministry to lie in the formation of a national party, midway between extremes, and appealing to the broad sympathies of the people. The Church and her defence was to be a rallying cry: but this was to be strengthened by the protection of national welfare, by the encouragement of the landed interest, and by consistent opposition to the monied class which was thriving on the national debt, and which Swift represented as rejoicing in the continuance of a war which it was England's best policy

to bring to a close. He maintained the fight in the pages of the *Examiner*, a paper to which he continued to write from November, 1710, to June of the next year. During that period the paper became the chief political organ of the day. The successful fight which Swift maintained tided the Ministry over the critical period when they were still new to power: and the gratitude due to such a defender made Swift the chosen intimate and confidential adviser of Harley, St. John, and the Lord Chancellor, Harcourt.

Accident confirmed the success which Swift's pen had done so much to secure. A foreign adventurer, named Guiscard, who had intrigued alternately with French and English, and whose profligate life had brought him into some contact with St. John, had obtained, through the influence of the new Secretary of State, a pension from the Crown. It was insufficient, however, to extricate him from overwhelming money difficulties: and, beginning again his course of political intrigue, he was arrested on a suspicion of treason. Driven to frenzy, the poor wretch, during his examination before the Privy Council, attacked and wounded Harley. The wound and its consequences to Harley's health were sufficiently serious to produce an illness of some duration: and although the incident had no possible political bearing, it was enough to increase Harley's popularity, and to establish more securely that success which the Ministry had, by Swift's help, already attained. It bound Swift to Harley by the new tie of solicitude for one by whom he had been kindly treated and for whom he had done much: and Swift became even more closely identified with the Ministry than he had hitherto been.

Harley 'had grown,' as Swift puts it, 'by persecutions, turnings out, and stabbings.' His influence was now, to all appearance, supreme: he was created Earl of Oxford, and immediately afterwards was named Lord Treasurer. His powers as a statesman were very limited, and scarcely extended beyond the art of political intrigue and the adroit management of party. He was hesitating in action, and confused in thought: but Swift valued him partly from his personal kindness to himself, and partly as the opponent of those against whom he was now feeling the utmost bitterness. Often as he was forced to chafe at lost opportunities,

and at the intrusion of petty motives into great affairs, Swift never visited upon his patron, either in word or in action, the provocation he felt.

It is hard to say whether the world has gained or lost more by Swift's engrossment, during three or four years, in the conduct of affairs. Undoubtedly it prevented the exercise of his genius in its most characteristic employment : and none of his greatest works dates from this time. But on the other hand, it enormously developed his knowledge of the world and of human motives : it sharpened his sarcastic incisiveness and extended his grasp of all forms of human baseness and folly : and it may be doubted whether Gulliver could ever have been written had Swift not for some years stood where he commanded a view, at once comprehensive and minute, into the mechanism of public affairs. It is most certain that the Drapier letters, which have, by their living force, kept alive the memory of an obscure and unimportant episode of Irish politics, would have lost half their raciness had they not been inspired by the sting of party feeling which the experience of these four years of Queen Anne's reign had left rankling in Swift's mind.]

But in the course of this period, Swift has left one monument, which he would not himself have recognised as of any literary value, but which the world, most assuredly, will never allow to die. This is the *Journal to Stella* : a continuous series of letters in which he depicts, for her who, in all his busy and bustling surroundings, ever occupied the place closest to his heart, the scenes in which he moved. Half the charm of the *Journal* lies in its absolute ease and unconsciousness of effort ; in the humour alternately playful and sarcastic, in the pathos and the anger, in the fierce self-assertion which would not conceal itself, in the fidelity which made his genius the willing servant of smaller men who played the part of his patrons—in a word, in all those varying traits which reflect Swift's character so exactly, and which let us see him at once in his pride, and in his tenderness, in his power, and in his weakness. We see him as the confidant of ministers, and the dispenser of patronage : as the frequenter of the Court, and the companion of the great, and, again, as the boon companion of the victors and the vanquished

in the world of letters ; as the friend of Addison, of Congreve, of Atterbury, of Arbuthnot, of Pope ; as the protector of Parnell and others more obscure who had fallen into misfortune : and as the fierce combatant, who enjoyed recounting his triumphs to the one listener, so far removed, for whom all that affected him was the first interest of life.

The struggle which the Ministry were maintaining now turned on one absorbing question, that of Peace or War. The conduct of the war had not only carried on the traditions which the Whigs had received from William III, but had also shed lustre on that party by the victories of Marlborough. But these victories had, of late, been less conspicuous, and it was difficult to see how English interests were any longer involved in maintaining the cause of an aspirant to the Spanish throne whose claims were opposed by the voice of almost all the Spaniards, and whose accession would disturb the balance of power almost as seriously as that of Philip, the member of the Bourbon family whom we had spent so much treasure and so many lives to keep from a throne to which he was called by preponderating national feeling in the Spanish peninsula. The monied classes appeared to find their advantage in the war, and in the large extension it was giving to the national debt : but the landed classes found no profit to themselves in pursuing a contest in which the interests of our allies seemed to be so much more involved than our own. Much national feeling thus supported the Tory Ministers in their wish to bring to an end a war which was their inheritance from their predecessors, which was troublesome and costly, and the continuance of which would weigh in favour of the Whigs.

In the autumn of 1711 there appeared the most important contribution to the controversy which was now dividing the nation, on the subject of Peace or War. This was Swift's *Conduct of the Allies*. It was the most powerful political tract which he had yet written : and little as it is burdened with facts or statistics, it is clear that Swift had made abundant and careful use of the official documents which had been placed at his command. These gave to the pamphlet much of its strength and telling force : but its chief quality is the unrelenting in-

dignation with which it is inspired, and which is all the more telling from the rapidity with which it was written. Its first note is struck when he appeals from the 'Echo of the London Coffee-house' to the 'Voice of the Nation.' 'We have been principals,' he says, 'when we ought to have been auxiliaries: we have fought where we ought not, and have abstained where our interests were at stake: we have allowed those allies, who charge us with deserting them, to be false to every engagement made with us. We have persevered, until we lie under the burden of fifty millions of debt. We have gained victories, which have brought to us nothing but barren renown, and now we are expiring "of a hundred good symptoms."' The blind prosecution of a war that cost us much, but brought us nothing, he ascribes to the rapacious greed of Marlborough: to the grasping of the monied classes, to the anxiety of the Whig clique to cling to emolument and office. 'We, the Tories, are the faithful steward, resolved to put an end to the thoughtless extravagance of a young heir, whose folly had been encouraged, until now, by venal agents.' The suspicions of a plot in favour of Marlborough, to which popular credence was given, helped Swift in pressing home his points. But the Ministry was weak in the House of Lords; and there very serious opposition had to be met. Swift was almost ready to despair. But Oxford maintained his outward coolness, and events seemed to justify it. The unpopularity of Marlborough increased: and on the 30th of December he was deprived of his appointments. The creation of new peers secured for the Ministers a majority in the House of Lords, and Swift and those whom he supported breathed more freely in the downfall of their most formidable enemy.

The negotiations for peace now proceeded more rapidly; and as the crisis approached, the bitterness of party feeling, in which Swift was deeply involved, continued to increase. Baffled in the struggle, the Whigs sought to prove that the Peace was only a convenient cloak for such concessions to France as might bring about a Jacobite restoration. So far as Swift, at least, was concerned, any thought of such a restoration was entirely imaginary: but he repudiated what was untrue so far as he was personally concerned, with too much confidence as

regarded some of the Ministers. Whatever change may have come over Swift's party allegiance, he had not lessened by one jot his attachment to the Protestant succession. But Jacobite intentions were certainly not absent from the minds of some amongst his political and literary friends: and Swift's fierce repudiation argues rather his ignorance of some of their designs, than any absolute knowledge that these designs were not cherished.

At length, in April, 1713, the Peace of Utrecht was signed. For the moment all seemed favourable for the Ministry. Swift had borne the burden and heat of the day. Like many men so employed, he found the chief triumph reaped by others, and he had only the somewhat barren satisfaction of being treated with distinction and deference by those whose battle he had fought. He had used his influence in many acts of kindness to struggling brother-authors. In the midst of his hardest and most exciting efforts he had cherished friendships that had sweetened his life: above all he had kept up an unbroken intercourse with the lonely home at Trim, where she who remained closest to his heart was staying. Now that the struggle was over, Swift was anxious to shake off the dust of the turmoil, and return to Stella: and he justly claimed that reward, in the form of clerical promotion, to which he felt that he was entitled. He was growing contemptuous of the empty civilities of ministers; 'more of your lining, and less of your dining,' he grumbles, in the *Journal*. But he found that influences were at work against him, and had prejudiced him in the mind of the Queen. He now pressed for a decision, and threatened his immediate departure for Ireland, if his claims were not met. Some preferences were vacant, and it was clear that, now or never, the Ministers must pay their debt. The vacillation continued for some days: the Lord Treasurer pretended an earnestness which was perhaps not quite sincere, and Swift's vexation almost overcame his attachment to his patron. It was not until the 23rd of April, that the warrant for his appointment to the Deanery of St. Patrick's, which has become inseparably linked with his name, was signed.

\ It is idle to blame Swift for this imperious claim of eccle-

siastical preferment as a reward for his services as political henchman. To set up a severe standard of scrupulosity in such matters is to mistake the whole feeling of the time. Swift, with a delicacy of feeling which in his time was almost singular, had refused to enter the Church as a mere resort for a livelihood. But once he had joined her ranks, pride, as well as self-interest, impelled him to demand a share in such prizes as she had to give. When engaged in the duties of his profession, he performed them with strict fidelity and scrupulous care. In later years he spent time and thought and money in endeavours to raise the position of the poor by whom his deanery was surrounded. His attachment to the Church was thorough and sincere. But he fought for her as a faithful soldier, not as a missionary inspired by pious zeal. He did not look upon his calling as separating him from the ordinary interests and aims of his fellow-men. He neither professed nor felt any overpowering motive of self-sacrifice, or any call to conceive his duties as requiring an abnegation of all but religious motives, which, however respectable when sincere, may sometimes, in more modern days, be assumed with more of conventionality than sincerity.

Swift set out for his new post with no great alacrity. Just before his departure he was exasperated by an ill-tempered and absurd attack made upon him by Steele. The reward which had fallen to him was less than he deemed due to his deserts: and he by no means relished the thought of spending his days in Ireland, when English preferment seemed to be within his grasp. But he had at least the satisfaction of soon knowing that he was sorely missed. The Ministry were again in difficulties. Oxford and Bolingbroke (St. John had now been created Viscount Bolingbroke) had fallen out. The terms of the Treaty of Peace were fiercely assailed in Parliament. The mainstay of the Ministry in the press had been Swift, and without him they were perplexed. Their summons was anxious and eager: 'You must make all possible haste: we want you extremely.' So wrote Erasmus Lewis, the faithful official who had supplied the defects of business method and care so marked in Oxford; and Swift, on this entreaty, returned to England in September, just

on the eve of an election where the battle of the Ministers and their opponents was to be fought out. The Tories stood upon their loyalty to Church and Crown, upon the blessings of peace, and upon the cheap commodities which their Commercial Treaty had made possible : the Whigs murmured of betrayal to France, burned effigies of the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender, recalled the victories of Marlborough, and appealed to the selfishness of the monied class, whose interest in the funds, they asserted, was threatened, so long as the Ministry remained in office. The result gave a large majority to the Tories, and Swift's pen was now brought in to confirm the victory. Steele was the first to feel the edge of his weapon. In order to inflame men's minds against the Ministers, Steele wrote a pamphlet on *The Importance of Dunkirk*, in which he professed to expose the treachery which had enabled the French king to elude the terms of the Treaty by which he was required to destroy the fortifications of that town. Swift answered in a tract called the *Importance of the Guardian*, which paid off his scores against Steele : and a reply from Steele, in the *Crisis*, drew from Swift by far the greatest monument of the fray, in the *Public Spirit of the Whigs*.

But however Swift might maintain the struggle, the clouds were gathering round the prospect of his friends. The health of the Queen was precarious, and the Ministers seemed to have lost all clear and definite policy. Their dissensions were becoming more and more bitter. Vexed and dispirited, Swift retired, first to Berkshire, and then to Ireland. He was tired to death, so he says, 'of Courts and Ministers'; but what oppressed him was not only the ruin impending over the cause for which he had striven, but also the thought that he was now parting, perhaps for life, from those with whom he had held most pleasant converse. He writes to Arbuthnot, whose wit, humour, and practical philosophy brought him closest to Swift's heart, in a strain of bitter grief. 'Writing to you much would make me stark mad. Judge his condition who has nothing to keep him from being miserable but endeavouring to forget those for whom he has the greatest value, love, and friendship. . . . Adieu, and love me half so well as I do you.'

Swift's prognostications of failure were soon realized. The quarrel between Oxford and Bolingbroke became more and more violent: and at length Bolingbroke succeeded in driving his rival from power. His own triumph was short-lived. The Lord Treasurer resigned on the 27th of July, 1714. But on the 1st of August the Queen died, having, with her dying breath, committed the Treasurer's staff to the Duke of Shrewsbury. The hopes of the Tories were shattered at one blow: and with the Hanoverian succession the Whig party entered upon a lease of power that lasted for more than a generation. ✓

With the fall of his friends a crisis in Swift's life was reached. For four years he had been absorbed in party struggles, which had torn him from all the work for which his genius was uniquely fitted. The result had been no satisfaction to himself: he was involved in constant and harassing contentions, which he often despised, and his efforts had brought him little even of outward reward. But, hard as these four years had been, and bitterly as he spoke of the retrospect, they had done much to ripen his genius. His had been a strange experience. With a spirit morbidly gloomy and wayward, and a saturnine humour that spared not even his own deeper feelings or higher aspirations, it was impossible for Swift to pursue one constant aim, or to follow one single path. Powers such as his would certainly have carried him far in worldly success on any chosen career: but the mood and humour that wrapped these powers in their own cloak, and covered them with their own gloom and waywardness, forbade him any such beaten track. Now, having reached middle age, he had passed through successive phases which had indeed ripened his genius by their very variety, but which had also confirmed the waywardness which made that genius work in paths that were not those of other men. Nurtured in dependence he had caught from that hated experience a will that was stubborn even to tyranny. Having employed his earliest thoughts with brooding over metaphysical problems and endeavouring to pierce into the hidden meaning of things, he had thrown this pursuit aside after producing a few involved and amorphous verses, and the memory of these early broodings only gave edge to his satire on the vanity of human speculation,

and added a special feature to his humour in that occasional travesty of philosophical thought, which he handles so lightly, but which gives a meaning so deep to the scorn with which he regards all human things. In the *Tale of a Tub* he had indulged the full exuberance of his genius, but powerful as had been its attraction, the result upon his readers had been that of doubt and wonder and distrust, rather than cordial admiration. He spent no time or thought over measuring his powers or nursing his genius, but threw himself, with the eagerness of one who sought a new outlet, into the troubled waters of politics. His early life with Sir William Temple had given him some insight into affairs : and to take an active and leading part therein seemed to stifle his broodings, and to give that rest which his spirit could find only in constant employment. Angrily as he viewed these later years, when he looked back upon the fruitlessness of his efforts, it may be doubted whether for Swift himself they were not the happiest of his life. The rush of business ; the sense of influence ; the excitement of constant intercourse with men who, for good or ill, were making history ; the ardour of the fight ; and, perhaps more than all, the close and intimate meetings with those whose genius he felt most akin to his own, such as Arbuthnot and Pope—all these made Swift less morbid during these years than at any period of his life. We may grudge the time stolen from the special exercise of gifts which are unique in all our literature : we may doubt the wisdom of the part Swift played, or we may differ from the judgment which he formed upon the affairs of the time. But we cannot deny that his experience then not only developed a new side of a genius whose variety has been rarely equalled, but also contributed some brightness to a life which was for the most part steeped in gloom.

Henceforward Swift's home was Ireland : and where he did not take all humanity for his theme, it was in the affairs of Ireland that he found material for his pen. From the first he looked forward to this banishment—for such it was to his mind—as in all probability permanent. The prospect plunged him in deep gloom, and the reception with which he met did not tend to lighten that gloom. He was suspected, as all those are

apt to be who were the close adherents of a fallen ministry. In Ireland the Whigs had a strong body of followers: and these were ready to involve Swift in the charge of Jacobitism which was now brought against the members of Queen Anne's last ministry. He was made the mark for all sorts of ribaldry and insult, and found few sympathisers in his bitter opposition to the new administration. But as time went on the prospect became brighter: Swift's interests were again aroused: and, above all, the action of the Government drove many to sympathise with Swift who had before stood aloof from him.

The evils under which Ireland suffered—evils in part economical, but aggravated, if not caused, by centuries of English misgovernment—were now becoming ever more and more acute. With her landlords absent, spending their rents in England, and grinding their tenants through merciless agents; with her offices filled, so far as the drawing of emoluments was concerned, by absentees; with her commerce crippled by unjust restrictions imposed by the English Parliament; torn by religious divisions which separated the nation into the hostile camps of the persecuted Roman Catholics who hated the dominant Church, and of an Established Church which was forced to wear a political livery; with masses of her population sunk in depths of poverty that were seed-beds of crime—Ireland presented a picture of misery and misgovernment that gave point to the denunciations of all who sought to attack the English administration. Hatred of the Whigs was undoubtedly Swift's first motive for becoming the champion of Ireland. But the conduct of the Whigs soon made the part of the Irish patriot coincide exactly with that of the bitter opponent of the Whig ministry: and it gave union and compactness to parties which before had been separated and suspicious of one another. It was in 1720 that this united Irish party was first formed, not as a political organisation, but under the stress of indignation which the wrongs inflicted by England had produced. Swift's first contribution to the battle for Irish rights was his pamphlet, *A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures*. It gave voice to the bitter feeling of the hardship done to Ireland by the unjust restrictions placed on her commerce by English greed and selfishness. As a means

of reprisal Swift proposes to refuse anything that comes from England. Every product of England is to be burned when it reaches Ireland, except her people and her coals. On this theme he enlarges with a concentrated strength of sarcasm and invective that transcends all his previous political pamphlets. Swift was not now writing as the spokesman of a triumphant party, but was giving voice to the wrongs of the country where he had found refuge as a banished and denounced man. The bitterness of personal feeling was added to the keenness of the political partisan : and the indignation inherent in Swift against all forms of oppression gave additional force to his pen.

The Whig Government were unaccustomed to such vigour from a country where habit had made them think their influence to be invulnerable ; and they were foolish enough to strike at the author through the printer of the tract. The Chief Justice Whiteshed, an obedient Whig partisan, presided when the bill was presented against the printer : and when the Grand Jury hesitated to find a true bill, he overcame their scruples. At the trial the jury refused to convict, and even Whiteshed's bullying failed to conquer their stubbornness. The Government attempted to renew the prosecution, but were at length compelled to desist.

Swift had now entered on a new chapter in his life, and found a work which revived his powers, and for a time dispelled his gloom. He became the centre of an Irish party—if that may rightly be called so, which really was a party formed by those Englishmen who had permanent settlements in Ireland, as against those who knew, or were interested in, her solely as the source of their own salaries, or as a means of increasing the influence of their own party by favour or by patronage dispensed at her cost. But that party soon became stronger, and acquired popular support, even from those lower classes amongst whom it roused the instinct of national feeling, little as they were concerned with the struggles of English faction. The opportunity was given by the folly and corruption of the English Government. A patent for the issue of a copper coinage was given to one William Wood, in 1722. Its extent and conditions were not justified by anything in the state of Irish currency,

and it was accompanied by every circumstance which could kindle national prejudice against it. Wood was to make a large profit : and besides all the usual blackmail levied by the officials of the day, a bribe of no less than £10,000 was to be paid by him to the King's mistress, the Duchess of Kendal. Neither the Lord Lieutenant, nor the Irish Privy Council, nor the Irish Parliament, was consulted on the subject ; and an outburst of popular indignation made inquiry necessary. While this was being conducted with what was only a show of business, Swift made himself the mouthpiece of the popular anger. In the character of M. B. Drapier, a shopman of Dublin, he published a letter to the Irish people, magnifying the scandal of the transaction, and picturing its probable results : and boldly calling on them to resist a stretch of the prerogative in which the King's name was only used by those who were as false to his service as they were indifferent to the rights of Ireland. A second and a third letter followed, making an even more vigorous claim for Irish independence : and in 1724, he addressed 'To the Whole People of Ireland' a fourth letter, which called on Ireland to wrench her independence from the hands of a government rotten with corruption. The fiction of a 'depending kingdom' must be cast aside. With Wood's patent must also disappear the whole system of deception, and dishonesty, and callous indifference to the wishes or the welfare of Ireland, of which the Patent granted to Wood was only one trifling example. Wood was almost forgotten in the fury of Swift's attack upon the English Government and all that it represented.

The nation was now stirred to its depths, and what had at first been an agitation of a small clique of English origin, was swelled into a popular revolt against the whole theory of Ireland's position upon which the Whig Government seemed resolved to proceed. It shows the enormous power of Swift's satire, that he, English himself by all but the accident of his place of birth, hating Ireland and longing to quit her shores, the adherent of a Church which was that of a trifling minority, and speaking for a small (although influential) class, gathered to his side the whole national instinct of the Irish mob, Catholic as well as Protestant, and inspired in the English Government

so much dread of armed rebellion, that they felt themselves compelled once more to proceed against his printer. But again Whitedshed's attempts to serve the cause of his masters were foiled. The bill was thrown out; the city celebrated the triumph of their hero: he who had been a few years before received in Dublin with jeers and insults, became the object of unquestioning worship. The Government found themselves defeated and discredited. Wood's half-pence were withdrawn: the prosecution was abandoned: and the retreat was arranged with as little loss of dignity as might be. Walpole, however, though defeated for the moment, abandoned none of his plans. The government of Ireland was still to be in the hands of his most obedient partisans. All was to be arranged with the sole end of promoting English influence. The Church was to be made the tool and sign of subjection. Its rivals were to be encouraged, in order that it might attain no dangerous influence in the nation. The very notion of the independency of the kingdom, which had shewn such threatening power of asserting itself, was to be steadily and surely undermined. For this purpose Dr. Hugh Boulter, the Bishop of Bristol, was made Primate of Ireland: and for nineteen years—covering more than all the years of Swift's active work—this obedient henchman of Walpole exercised all his ingenuity and his industry in promoting the influence of English agents, and in killing at the root that spirit which Swift had galvanized into a momentary show of energy.

But Swift, before this Irish struggle closed, was turning his thoughts to England. He had now composed the larger portion of his next great work: and he was longing to share in the literary projects of such friends as Pope, Bolingbroke, Gay, and Arbuthnot. In March, 1726, he returned to the old circle. Bolingbroke was back from his banishment: Pope was at the height of his fame, and just about to issue the *Dunciad*: Gay was meditating the *Beggar's Opera*: and Arbuthnot was scheming the plan of a joint and wide-reaching satire which was to be published under the name of *Scriblerus*. Swift's spirits revived with the welcome which greeted him. He was soon engaged with all the literary projects of his friends: and

Gulliver's Travels, over which he had spent some of the years of his banishment, was prepared for publication. His visit lasted but a short time: he left in August of the same year: and in November, Gulliver appeared. In its range the widest of all his works, in its humour one of the most playful, and in its deeper points of satire the most profoundly melancholy, it represents Swift at the height of his power and in the plenitude of his experience. It was greeted by such a burst of applause as had attended no other of Swift's works, and the misgivings which he had felt as to the continuance of his powers were quickly dispelled. But old age and ill-health were creeping upon him. He had found little satisfaction in any renewal of his old relation with English politics. Fears of increasing illness and of mental failure could not be dispelled, and were deepening his constitutional melancholy. The health of Stella was causing him acute anxiety: and he felt himself unfit for the old intercourse with the wits, that had been so full of zest for him before. He returned once more to England in April, 1727: and in September of that year he quitted her shores for the last time, and finally settled in that country which was his by birth, for whose rights he did such yeoman service, but whose soil he continued to the end to hate so bitterly. To him Ireland was ever a place of banishment: and to end his days there was 'to die like a poisoned rat in a hole.'

The remaining facts of Swift's life are easily given in outline. His return to Ireland was soon followed by the death of Stella, which cut off the chief source of comfort to his life. Henceforward the decline in the interests and ties that bound him to the world was rapid. He interfered no further in English politics, except to send occasional words of sympathy to the leaders of opposition, and to greet the rising star of Pulteney, who was Walpole's chief opponent, as one 'who had preserved the spirit of liberty,' and 'had resisted the corruption of politics.' But in Ireland, broken as he was, he occupied a position that was unique, and that might well have satisfied his pride. He was the acknowledged leader of a party that might fairly claim to be national, although it had originated in the discontent felt by a comparatively small class, against a class that was still

smaller. He continued to publish pamphlets on the wrongs of Ireland: and while others were probing her ills, and discussing remedies, Swift gave the impulse to national feeling, and kept its bitterness alive against the little English garrison commanded by Archbishop Boulter. His pamphlets on the state of Ireland culminated in that most widely known tract, *A modest Proposal for preventing the Children of Poor People in Ireland from being a burden to their Parents in the Country*, which, in its concentrated humour, cynicism, and pity, is singularly characteristic of Swift. He found time and strength also for some vigorous blows on behalf of his Church: and it was in 1736, while he was engaged on a poem satirising the Irish Parliament (which had interfered with her privileges) under the name of the 'Legion Club,' that his illness, in its final and most crushing form, overtook him. A few years more of almost unbroken gloom were left to Swift: but his state at last fell into one of utter helplessness and isolation, interrupted by fits of frenzy and violence, and by attacks of terrible agony of pain. Finally he sank into absolute mental apathy: and death released him only on the 19th of October, 1745.

We have thus glanced at the chief phases of Swift's life: his early days of penury and dependence: his service with Sir William Temple, leading him, as his position in the household advanced, into close contact with great affairs. We have seen him in early days with powers undiscovered and uncontrolled, devoting himself to a species of poetry as obscure in thought as it was involved in expression. His earliest success as a writer was obtained while he was a member of the Whig party: but that party offended him by neglect of his Church, and he plunged into the vortex of political controversy as the avowed and trusty ally of the Tory Government. On the fall of that Government he retired to the Deanery, which had been given him as the reward for his political service: and arriving in Ireland as a discredited partizan, he soon recovered his position, and became the idol of the people, and the undisputed leader of a national party. He returned to the company of his old literary associates for two short visits, and during these he produced the most sweeping of his satires, in the *Travels of Gulliver*: and finally

his life closed in Ireland, where he was looked upon as the foremost assessor of her wrongs. He had in his time played many parts. The fierce controversialist, the merciless satirist, the gloomy cynic, had another side to his character, which has given it an undying interest in the dramatic contrast of light and shade. To his friends he was a centre of attraction. The fierce anger of the fight could always be laid aside for the light playfulness of humour, and for the warmth of a sympathetic affection. Lonely, disappointed, weighed down by his consuming scorn for much that he saw around him, he yet clung to the love of his friends, and was almost blind to their faults. Chiefly under the influence of a self-torturing cynicism, he had darkened his own life by involving his chief affection in mystery; but to two women he had nevertheless been the very centre of their life, and to one of these he was bound by a tie of old and faithful affection which was broken only by death. Over Hester Vanhomrigh, as over Esther Johnson, he had gained an overpowering influence as guide, philosopher, and friend. But while Vanessa, as he playfully called the former, unwilling to efface herself, and mistaking their relations, became the object of Swift's anger and contempt, so Stella, accepting the mysterious limits placed upon their union by Swift, and content to live only for what love he had to give her, earned his profound respect and friendship, and by her death left him a lonely and comfortless man. His relations to his literary and political friends were the more close and cordial, because he had himself so little of those small jealousies that are apt to pervade such circles. He could bear with the petty vanity of Pope; he clung to Addison in spite of party differences; encouraged the helplessness of Gay; and condoned the ostentation and insincerity that marred the brilliancy of Bolingbroke. Imperious in his attitude towards his fellow-men, disdainful of human foibles, he yet forgot his harshness and his scorn in his love of those who were his chosen friends.

In Swift's attitude towards religion there is much that is characteristic of his age, but not a little that is peculiar to himself. In his hatred of avowed scepticism, in his intolerance of all that would lessen the influence of the established religion

as a system of police, in his angry repudiation of all charges of freethinking, Swift was partly true to his own conviction, but partly also reflected what was one of the chief traits of the religious apathy of his time. In some respects his position, in this regard, is not very different from that assumed by those whom posterity has justly agreed to reckon as typical free-thinkers—by Bolingbroke, by Pope, by Chesterfield. But Swift did not accompany it, as they did, by a dallying with tenets subversive of the fundamental positions of Christianity. The notion of his duty, as a faithful servant of his own Church, doubtless helped to maintain Swift's rigid adherence to her principles, and his conviction of the social dangers of scepticism gave sincerity to his defence of these principles: but the real motive of his refusal to admit any tampering with accepted religious tenets lay much deeper, and had its foundation in his contempt for his fellow-creatures. The narrow range of human knowledge, the scanty power of discerning truth, the slight influence which truth ever had in determining human action, or in withstanding human passions,—all these made him treat religious speculation as a species of morbid vanity, and made him find in accepted dogma, if not the real key to the problems of life, at least one which might serve the sorry crew, who were eager for any new or schismatical doctrine, as a means of satisfying their whims or flattering their self-conceit. The weapon of Swift's orthodoxy is always ridicule, never exhortation. Because the religion of our fathers is not good enough for the fools of to-day, are we to change every year or month, to suit each new caprice? This is, in effect, his argument against any scheme of 'Comprehension,' the watchword so dear to the latitudinarians of his day. But while in certain aspects this contemptuous and impatient dogmatism, which scorned even to listen to doubts or to waste time on speculation, brought Swift near to the affected and formal orthodoxy of those whom I have named, yet there was another side, on which his religious feeling was far different from theirs. It had the sincerity of a mind, earnest alike in its hatreds, its loves, its sympathies, and its gloom. Only on rare occasions does he suffer it to be seen; and when, in his own life's experience, he seems to turn to it,

it is as to something which brought him no soothing or gentle influence, but rather a spirit of deepened melancholy, and a stronger sense of the mysterious sadness of that 'ridiculous tragedy,' to which he was accustomed to compare human life.

And something of this many-sidedness, and of these vivid contrasts, in personal character, appears also in the literary genius of Swift. As a literary artist, he is consummate in his skill: yet no man probably ever attended less to rules of art. His charm chiefly lies in the absolute ease with which he could create by words the very mood—humorous or grave, gay or cynical, profoundly misanthropic or playful and tender—in which he desired to place his reader. By some of the most competent of critics, his prose has been held to be the perfection of English style; not certainly because of its finish or elaboration; not because it is without inaccuracy and minor incorrectness; but because it is so absolutely clear and direct, and moves with such perfection of unstudied and inimitable ease. His works occupy a place altogether unique in our own, or any other literature. They fall into line with no one order of creative genius. But their chief literary interest lies in this, that whatever the subject of which they treat, whatever the special manner of that treatment, they all show that highest power of genius as applied to literary creation, which makes written language the absolute slave of the thought and mood that have to be conveyed, reflecting their slightest variation, and repeating, without apparent effort, the most subtle of their passing phases. To the student of literature, the gradual development of his genius, from his obscure and uncouth *Pindarics*, to the resistless flow of his *Legion Club*, and from the somewhat stilted periods of the *Dissensions at Athens and Rome*, to the unstudied simplicity of *Gulliver*, will afford, at each turn, new subject of interest, and new illustrations of the matchless power over words which Swift, in his maturity, attained.

In the following selections, therefore, the object has been not to exclude any characteristic phase of Swift's style. If we are to appreciate Swift, it is impossible to confine ourselves to those works which mark his genius at its highest, and the later ease of his style, or which deal with subjects of most enduring interest.

We must see from what that ease and flexibility, which became his characteristics, gradually emerged: we must watch him in his most careless mood, and we must observe how his genius has preserved a living interest for pamphlets of which the occasion is forgotten and uncared for. In the introductory prefaces, it is hoped that enough information is given to place the student in possession of the outlines of the subject of which each work treats, and the circumstances in which it was composed. In the notes, it has been my aim to supply some of that necessary commentary which has scarcely yet been attempted in any edition of Swift. The absence of such a commentary has certainly marred the common appreciation of his genius. Men have learned a few typical phrases from his works; they have been attracted by the more obvious bursts of satire; they have singled out the passages which appeal to all time. But they have failed to follow the course of the satire line by line; to trace its movement and advance; and to identify the special reference, to some now-forgotten incident, which gives to it appropriateness and force. So far as the specimens here given are concerned, I have sought to make their more careful reading possible to the student who may not have time or opportunity to trace such allusions for himself.

H. C.

CHRONOLOGY OF SWIFT'S LIFE.

-
- 1667 (*Nov. 30th*). Birth of Swift.
 1668. Swift carried to Whitehaven by his nurse.
 1671. Swift brought back to Ireland.
 1673. Sent to Kilkenny School.
 1681. Sent to Trinity College, Dublin.
 1685. Graduates.
 1688. Death of Swift's uncle, Godwin Swift.
 „ Swift joins his mother at Leicester.
 1689. Begins his first service with Sir William Temple.
 1690. Returns to Ireland.
 1691. Begins his second service with Temple.
 1692. Admitted M.A. at Oxford.
 „ Earliest poems (*Pindaric Odes, &c.*).
 1694 (*May*). Quits Sir William Temple's service for the second time.
 „ (*October*). Ordained Deacon by the Bishop of Kildare.
 1695½ (*January*). Ordained Priest, and appointed to the Prebend of Kilroot.
 1696 (*May*). Begins his third residence with Temple, at Moor Park.
 1697 (*December*). Resigns the living of Kilroot.
 „ *Battle of the Books* chiefly written.
 1698½ (*January 27th*). Death of Temple.
 1699. Swift returns to Ireland, as Chaplain to Lord Berkeley.
 1700 (*February*). Vicar of Laracor.
 1699
 1701. Became D.D. of Trinity College.
 „ Returns to England.
 „ *Dissensions at Athens and Rome*.
- 1701: Stella settles in Ireland, where Swift follows at end of the year.
 1702 (*March*). Death of William III.
 „ (*April to October*). Swift visits England.
 1703 (*November*). Again in England.
 1704. Publication of the *Tale of a Tub* and *Battle of the Books*.
 „ Returns to Laracor.
 „ (*August*). Victory of Blenheim.
 1705 (*April*). Visit to England, to press claim of First Fruits for Irish Church.
 1706 (*May*). Victory of Ramillies.
 1707 (*November*). Swift again returns to England, to renew struggle for First Fruits.
 1707½ (*February*). Dismissal of Harley from Whig Ministry.
 1708. Victory of Oudenarde.
 „ (*October*). Death of Prince George.
 „ Lord Wharton appointed Governor of Ireland (*Addison* made Chief Secretary).
 „ *Letter on the Sacramental Test, Argument against Abolishing Christianity, Project for the Advancement of Religion, Sentiments of a Church of England Man*.
 „ Predictions for the year 1708 (*Bickerstaff*).
 „ Acquaintance with Hester Vanhomrigh (*Vanessa*).
 1709 (*July*). Swift returns to Laracor.
 „ Overtures for Peace from Louis XIV.
 „ (*Nov. 5th*). Sacheverell's sermon against the Whig Ministry.

- 1710 (February). Prosecution of Sacheverell.
- 1710 (May). Death of Swift's mother.
- " (August). Harley made Chancellor of the Exchequer.
- " (September). Swift returns to England.
- " (October). His introduction to Harley, and breach with the Whigs.
1711. *Sid Hamel's Rod* (lampoon on Godolphin).
- " Writing in *Examiner*.
- " (March). Harley wounded by Guiscard.
- " (May). Harley made Lord Treasurer, and created Earl of Oxford.
- " (October). *Conduct of the Allies*.
- " (December). Dismissal of Marlborough.
- 1712 (January). Visit of Prince Eugene to England.
- " *Letter to the October Club*.
- 1712 (July). St. John created Viscount Bolingbroke.
- " (August). Suspension of hostilities and beginning of peace negotiations.
- " (November). Death of Duke of Hamilton in duel with Lord Mohun.
- 1713 (April). Peace signed at Utrecht.
- " Appointed Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.
- " (June). Returns to Ireland.
- " (July). Dissensions between Oxford and Bolingbroke.
- " (September). Swift returns to England.
- " (December). *Importance of the Guardian* (Attack on Steele).
1714. Plan of Scriblerus Club.
- " (May). Swift quits London.
- " (July). Oxford dismissed.
- " (August). Death of Queen Anne. Fall of Tory Ministry.
- 1714-1719. Swift in retirement. *Cadenus and Vanessa*.
1716. Marriage with Stella.
1720. Swift's appearance as Irish Patriot. *The Universal use of Irish Manufactures*.
1722. Patent for copper coinage granted to Wood.
1723. First *Drapier's Letter*.
- " Death of Vanessa.
1724. Lord Carteret appointed Governor of Ireland.
- " (August). Second and Third *Drapier's Letters*.
- " (October). Fourth *Drapier's Letter*.
- " Prosecution of Harding, the printer.
- " (November). Bill against Harding thrown out by Grand Jury.
- " (December). Fifth *Drapier's Letter*.
- " Dr. Boulter appointed Primate of Ireland.
1726. Swift visits England.
- " Meeting with Walpole.
- " *Gulliver's Travels*.
- 1727 (April). Swift's last visit to England.
- " (June). Death of George I.
- 1728 (January). Death of Stella.
- " Publication of the *Beggar's Opera*.
- " Publication of the *Dunciad*.
- " Death of Congreve.
1729. *A Modest Proposal*, &c.
- " *Answer to the Craftsman*.
1731. *Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift*.
1733. *Rhapsody on Poetry*.
1735. *Faulkner's Edition of Swift's Works*.
- " Death of Arbuthnot.
- " Publication of *Four Last Years of the Queen*.
1736. *The Legion Club*.
1740. Swift's last letter.
1741. Guardian appointed for Swift by Court of Chancery.
1742. Last brain seizure, leaving Swift in helpless idiocy.
1745. (October 19th). Death.

SWIFT'S EARLIER POEMS.

THESE poems of Swift's early manhood do not, perhaps, merit a place in a selection from his works by any intrinsic merit of their own. But they have a biographical value, and illustrate much that is of interest in the growth of a genius so unique as his; and no collection would be typical or representative of his work, which excluded them entirely. They prove, in the first place, how completely Swift was influenced by the prevailing whim of the day, which not only rated the so-called Pindaric Odes of Cowley as the best examples of his poetical faculty, but which also prompted the habit of imitating them, until this became so much the fashion that, in the words of Johnson, 'all the boys and girls caught the pleasing fancy, and they who could do nothing else could write like Pindar.' The references to Cowley in the *Battle of the Books* sufficiently prove that a few years brought to Swift a sounder literary judgment, and made him assign such merit as Cowley attained, not to his 'Pindaric art,' but to 'the language of his heart.' At this period, however, Swift succumbed to the prevalent taste of the day. These early literary efforts are further interesting, not only as showing Swift's views on some of the topics then current, but also because through them we can trace the growth of a style, so clear and masculine as Swift's ultimately became, out of one most complex, most obscure, and at times most affected. They show, also, how a vein of metaphysical speculation preceded the phase of contemptuous indifference to the pursuit of philosophy, as something beyond human powers and with no direct bearing on human welfare, which, at a later day, became so characteristic of Swift. Lastly, in these poems, an occasional touch of vigorous and

sardonic humour proves how, even before he had mastered the language most apt to give expression to his peculiar genius, the main elements of that genius were already at work.

I.

TO DR. WILLIAM SANCROFT, LATE ARCHBISHOP OF
CANTERBURY.

Written in May, 1689.

The Ode to Sancroft was addressed to him in honour of those conscientious scruples that had prevented his taking the oath of allegiance to William and Mary, and thus renouncing the Divine Right of the Stuart line. These scruples rendered necessary Sancroft's retirement from the Archbishopric. The whole tone of the Ode proves how early Swift had imbibed a sympathy with, if not a complete acceptance of, those High Church notions which at a later day formed the strongest motive for his breach with the Whigs, and his alliance with the Tory party.

I.

Truth is eternal, and the Son of Heaven,
Bright effluence of th' immortal ray,
Chief cherub, and chief lamp, of that high sacred Seven,
Which guard the throne by night, and are its light by
day;
First of God's darling attributes, 5
Thou daily seest Him face to face,
Nor does thy essence fix'd depend on giddy circumstance
Of time or place,
Two foolish guides in ev'ry sublunary dance;
How shall we find Thee then in dark disputes? 10
How shall we search Thee in a battle gain'd,
Or a weak argument by force maintain'd?
In dagger contests, and th' artillery of words,
(For swords are madmen's tongues, and tongues are mad-
men's swords,)

Contrived to tire all patience out,
And not to satisfy the doubt?

II.

But where is even thy Image on our earth?

For of the person much I fear,
Since Heaven will claim its residence, as well as birth, 5
And God Himself has said, He shall not find it here.
For this inferior world is but Heaven's dusky shade,
By dark reverted rays from its reflection made;
Whence the weak shapes wild and imperfect pass,
Like sunbeams shot at too far distance from a glass; 10
Which all the mimic forms express,
Though in strange uncouth postures, and uncomely dress;
So when Cartesian artists try
To solve appearances of sight
In its reception to the eye, 15
And catch the living landscape through a scanty light,
The figures all inverted shew,
And colours of a faded hue;
Here a pale shape with upward footstep treads,
And men seem walking on their heads; 20
There whole herds suspended lie,
Ready to tumble down into the sky;
Such are the ways ill-guided mortals go
To judge of things above by things below.
Disjoining shapes as in the fairy land of dreams, 25
Or images that sink in streams;
No wonder, then, we talk amiss
Of truth, and what, or where it is;
Say, Muse, for thou, if any, know'st,
Since the bright essence fled, where haunts the reverend
ghost? 30

III.

If all that our weak knowledge titles virtue, be
(High Truth) the best resemblance of exalted Thee,
 If a mind fix'd to combat fate
With those two powerful swords, submission and humility,
 Sounds truly good, or truly great ; 5
Ill may I live, if the good Sancroft, in his holy rest,
 In the divin'ty of retreat,
Be not the brightest pattern earth can shew
 Of heav'n-born Truth below ;
But foolish man still judges what is best 10
 In his own balance, false and light,
 Foll'wing opinion, dark and blind,
 That vagrant leader of the mind,
Till honesty and conscience are clear out of sight.

IV.

And some, to be large ciphers in a state, 15
Pleased with an empty swelling to be counted great,
Make their minds travel o'er infinity of space,
 Rapt through the wide expanse of thought,
 And oft in contradiction's vortex caught,
To keep that worthless clod, the body, in one place ; 20
Errors like this did old astronomers misguide,
Led blindly on by gross philosophy and pride,
 Who, like hard masters, taught the sun
 Through many a needless sphere to run,
Many an eccentric and unthrifty motion make, 25
 And thousand incoherent journies take,
 Whilst all th' advantage by it got,
Was but to light earth's inconsiderable spot.

The herd beneath, who see the weathercock of state
 Hung loosely on the church's pinnacle,
 Believe it firm, because perhaps the day is mild and still;
 But when they find it turn with the first blast of fate,
 By gazing upward giddy grow, 5
 And think the church itself does so;
 Thus fools, for being strong and num'rous known,
 Suppose the truth, like all the world, their own;
 And holy Sancroft's motion quite irregular appears,
 Because 'tis opposite to theirs. 10

V.

In vain then would the Muse the multitude advise,
 Whose peevish knowledge thus perversely lies
 In gath'ring follies from the wise;
 Rather put on thy anger and thy spite,—
 And some kind pow'r for once dispense 15
 Through the dark mass, the dawn of so much sense,
 To make them understand, and feel me when I write;
 The Muse and I no more revenge desire,—
 Each line shall stab, shall blast, like daggers and like fire;
 Ah, Britain, land of angels! which of all thy sins, 20
 (Say, hapless isle, although
 It is a bloody list we know,)

Has given thee up a dwelling-place to fiends?
 Sin and the plague ever abound
 In governments too easy, and too fruitful ground; 25
 Evils which a too gentle king,
 Too flourishing a spring,
 And too warm summers bring:
 Our British soil is over rank, and breeds 29
 Among the noblest flowers a thousand pois'nous weeds,

And every stinking weed so lofty grows,
 As if 'twould overshadow the Royal Rose;
 The Royal Rose, the glory of our morn,
 But, ah! too much without a thorn.

VI.

Forgive (original mildness) this ill-govern'd zeal, 5
 'Tis all the angry slighted Muse can do
 In the pollution of these days;
 No province now is left her but to rail,
 And poetry has lost the art to praise,
 Alas, the occasions are so few: 10
 None e'er but you,
 And your Almighty Master, knew
 With heavenly peace of mind to bear
 (Free from our tyrant passions, anger, scorn, or fear)
 The giddy turns of pop'lar rage, 15
 And all the contradictions of a poison'd age;
 The Son of God pronounced by the same breath
 Which straight pronounced his death;
 And though I should but ill be understood,
 In wholly equalling our sin and theirs, 20
 And measuring by the scanty thread of wit
 What we call holy, and great, and just, and good,
 (Methods in talk whereof our pride and ignorance make
 use,)
 And which our wild ambition foolishly compares
 With endless and with infinite; 25
 Yet pardon, native Albion, when I say,
 Among thy stubborn sons there haunts that spirit of the
 Jews,
 That those forsaken wretches who to-day

Reville His great ambassador,
 Seem to discover what they would have done
 (Were his humanity on earth once more)
 To his undoubted Master, Heaven's Almighty Son.

VII.

But zeal is weak and ignorant, though wondrous proud, 5
 Though very turbulent and very loud ;
 The crazy composition shews,
 Like that fantastic medley in the idol's toes,
 Made up of iron mixt with clay,
 This, crumbles into dust, 10
 That, moulders into rust,
 Or melts by the first shower away.
 Nothing is fix'd that mortals see or know,
 Unless, perhaps, some stars above be so ;
 And those, alas, do shew, 15
 Like all transcendent excellence below ;
 In both, false mediums cheat our sight,
 And far exalted objects lessen by their height :
 Thus primitive Sancroft moves too high
 To be observed by vulgar eye, 20
 And rolls the silent year
 On his own secret regular sphere,
 And sheds, though all unseen, his sacred influence here.

VIII.

Kind star, still may'st thou shed thy sacred influence here,
 Or from thy private peaceful orb appear ; 25
 For, sure, we want some guide from Heaven, to shew
 The way which every wand'ring fool below
 Pretends so perfectly to know ;

And which, for aught I see, and much I fear,
 The world has wholly miss'd;
 I mean the way which leads to Christ:
 Mistaken idiots! see how giddily they run,
 Led blindly on by avarice and pride, 5
 What mighty numbers follow them;
 Each fond of erring with his guide:
 Some whom ambition drives, seek Heaven's high Son
 In Cæsar's court, or in Jerusalem:
 Others, ignorantly wise, 10
 Among proud doctors and disputing Pharisees:
 What could the sages gain but unbelieving scorn;
 Their faith was so uncourtly, when they said
 That Heaven's high Son was in a village born;
 That the world's Saviour had been 15
 In a vile manger laid,
 And foster'd in a wretched inn?

IX.

Necessity, thou tyrant conscience of the great,
 Say, why the church is still led blindfold by the state;
 Why should the first be ruin'd and laid waste, 20
 To mend dilapidations in the last?
 And yet the world, whose eyes are on our mighty Prince,
 Thinks Heaven has cancell'd all our sins,
 And that his subjects share his happy influence;
 Follow the model close, for so I'm sure they should, 25
 But wicked kings draw more examples than the good:
 And divine Sancroft, weary with the weight
 Of a declining church, by faction, her worst foe, oppress'd,
 Finding the mitre almost grown
 A load as heavy as the crown, 30
 Wisely retreated to his heavenly rest.

X.

Ah! * may no unkind earthquake of the state,
 Nor hurricano from the crown,
 Disturb the present mitre, as that fearful storm of late,
 Which, in its dusky march along the plain,
 Swept up whole churches as it list, 5
 Wrapp'd in a whirlwind and a mist;
 Like that prophetic tempest in the virgin reign,
 And swallow'd them at last, or flung them down.
 Such were the storms good Sancroft long has borne;
 The mitre, which his sacred head has worn, 10
 Was, like his Master's Crown, inwreath'd with thorn.
 Death's sting is swallow'd up in victory at last,
 The bitter cup is from him past:
 Fortune in both extremes,
 Though blasts from contrariety of winds, 15
 Yet to firm heavenly minds,
 Is but one thing under two different names;
 And even the sharpest eye that has the prospect seen,
 Confesses ignorance to judge between;
 And must to human reasoning opposite conclude, 20
 To point out which is moderation, which is fortitude.

XI.

Thus Sancroft, in the exaltation of retreat,
 Shews lustre that was shaded in his seat;
 Short glimm'rings of the prelate glorified;
 Which the disguise of greatness only served to hide. 25
 Why should the Sun, alas! be proud
 To lodge behind a golden cloud?
 Though fringed with evening gold the cloud appears so
 gay,
 'Tis but a low-born vapour kindled by a ray:

At length 'tis overblown and past,
 Puff'd by the people's spiteful blast,
 The dazzling glory dims their prostituted sight,
 No deflower'd eye can face the naked light :
 Yet does this high perfection well proceed 5
 From strength of its own native seed,
 This wilderness, the world, like that poetic wood of old,
 Bears one, and but one branch of gold,
 Where the bless'd spirit lodges like the dove,
 And which (to heavenly soil transplanted) will improve, 10
 To be, as 'twas below, the brightest plant above ;
 For, whate'er theologic lev'lers dream,
 There are degrees above, I know,
 As well as here below,
 (The goddess Muse herself has told me so,) 15
 Where high patrician souls, dress'd heavenly gay,
 Sit clad in lawn of purer woven day.
 There some high-spiritual throne to Sancroft shall be given,
 In the metropolis of Heaven ;
 Chief of the mitred saints, and from archprelate here, 20
 Translated to archangel there.

XII.

Since, happy saint, since it has been of late
 Either our blindness or our fate,
 To lose the providence of thy cares,
 Pity a miserable church's tears, 25
 That begs the powerful blessing of thy pray'rs.
 Some angel, say, what were the nation's crimes,
 That sent these wild reformers to our times :
 Say what their senseless malice meant,
 To tear religion's lovely face : 30
 Strip her of ev'ry ornament and grace ;

In striving to wash off th' imaginary paint?

Religion now does on her death-bed lie,
Heart-sick of a high fever and consuming atrophy;
How the physicians swarm to shew their mortal skill,
And by their college-arts methodically kill :

5

Reformers and physicians differ but in name,
One end in both, and the design the same;
Cordials are in their talk, while all they mean
Is but the patient's death, and gain.

II.

TO KING WILLIAM, ON HIS SUCCESES IN IRELAND.

This Ode also belongs to the period of Swift's residence with Temple. It cannot of course be treated as anything more serious than the compliment of a youth anxious to ingratiate himself with his master Temple, and possibly to gain the ear of Temple's occasional visitor, the King. How little the author's heart went with his theme is clear from its laboured and pointless echo of Dryden's equally insincere Ode on Cromwell.

To purchase kingdoms and to buy renown, 10
Are arts peculiar to dissembling France;
You, mighty monarch, nobler actions crown,
And solid virtue does your name advance.

Your matchless courage with your prudence joins,
The glorious structure of your fame to raise; 15
With its own light your dazzling glory shines,
And into adoration turns our praise.

Had you by dull succession gain'd your crown,
(Cowards are monarchs by that title made,) Part of your merit Chance would call her own,
And half your virtues had been lost in shade.

But now your worth its just reward shall have: 5
What trophies and what triumphs are your due!
Who could so well a dying nation save,
At once deserve a crown, and gain it too!

You saw how near we were to ruin brought,
You saw th' impetuous torrent rolling on; 10
And timely on the coming danger thought,
Which we could neither obviate nor shun.

Britannia stripp'd of her sole guard, the laws,
Ready to fall Rome's bloody sacrifice;
You straight stepp'd in, and from the monster's jaws 15
Did bravely snatch the lovely, helpless prize.

Nor this is all; as glorious is the care
To preserve conquests, as at first to gain:
In this your virtue claims a double share,
Which, what is bravely won, does well maintain. 20

Your arm has now your rightful title shew'd,
An arm on which all Europe's hopes depend,
To which they look as to some guardian God,
That must their doubtful liberty defend.

Amazed, thy action at the Boyne we see 25
When Schomberg started at the vast design:
The boundless glory all redounds to thee,
Th' impulse, the fight, th' event, were wholly thine.

The brave attempt does all our foes disarm ;
 You need but now give orders and command,
 Your name shall the remaining work perform,
 And spare the labour of your conquering hand.

France does in vain her feeble arts apply, 5
 To interrupt the fortune of your course :
 Your influence does the vain attacks defy
 Of secret malice, or of open force.

Boldly we hence the brave commencement date
 Of glorious deeds, that must all tongues employ ; 10
 William's the pledge and earnest given by fate,
 Of England's glory, and her lasting joy.

III.

TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

This Society owed its origin to a strange scheme which was started in the whimsical brain of John Dunton, who founded the Society in order to promote certain fanciful investigations. Dunton's early connexions, in the days of Charles II, had been with the Whig and Dissenting interest ; and after finding it necessary to retire for a time to America, owing to the over-zealous part he took in Monmouth's rebellion, he returned to England after the Revolution, and resumed his old business as a publisher. In this, as in all else, his chief aim, like that of many another whimsical contriver, was 'to perform something out of the beaten road.' His activity was for a time considerable ; but projects so fantastic as his could result in no sound achievement. Swift's curious admiration for Dunton's schemes can only be explained by unconsciousness of his own powers, or diffidence as to his means of attaining a fair field for their exercise.

As when the deluge first began to fall,
 That mighty ebb never to flow again,
 (When this huge body's moisture was so great, 15
 It quite o'ercame the vital heat ;)

That mountain which was highest, first of all
Appear'd above the universal main,
To bless the primitive sailor's weary sight;
And 'twas perhaps Parnassus, if in height

It be as great as 'tis in fame, 5

And nigh to Heaven as is its name;

So, after the inundation of a war,
When learning's little household did embark,
With her world's fruitful system, in her sacred ark,

At the first ebb of noise and fears, 10

Philosophy's exalted head appears;

And the Dove-Muse will now no longer stay,

But plumes her silver wings, and flies away;

And now a laurel wreath she brings from far,

To crown the happy conqueror, 15

To shew the flood begins to cease,

And brings the dear reward of victory and peace.

The eager Muse took wing upon the waves' decline,

When war her cloudy aspect just withdrew,

When the bright sun of peace began to shine, 20

And for a while in heavenly contemplation sat,

On the high top of peaceful Ararat;

And pluck'd a laurel branch, (for laurel was the first
that grew,

The first of plants after the thunder, storm, and rain,)

And thence, with joyful, nimble wing, 25

Flew dutifully back again,

And made an humble chaplet for the king.

And the Dove-Muse is fled once more,

(Glad of the victory, yet frighten'd at the war,)

And now discovers from afar 30

A peaceful and a flourishing shore:

No sooner did she land

On the delightful strand,
 Than straight she sees the country all around,
 Where fatal Neptune ruled erewhile,
 Scatter'd with flow'ry vales, with fruitful gardens crown'd,
 And many a pleasant wood ; 5
 As if the universal Nile
 Had rather water'd it than drown'd :
 It seems some floating piece of Paradise,
 Preserved by wonder from the flood,
 Long wandering through the deep, as we are told 10
 Famed Delos did of old ;
 And the transported Muse imagined it
 To be a fitter birth-place for the God of wit,
 Or the much-talk'd-of oracular grove ;
 When, with amazing joy, she hears 15
 An unknown music all around,
 Charming her greedy ears
 With many a heavenly song
 Of nature and of art, of deep philosophy and love ; 19
 Whilst angels tune the voice, and God inspires the tongue.
 In vain she catches at the empty sound,
 In vain pursues the music with her longing eye,
 And courts the wanton echoes as they fly.

* * * * *

Were I to form a regular thought of Fame,
 Which is, perhaps, as hard t' imagine right, 25
 As to paint Echo to the sight,
 I would not draw the idea from an empty name ;
 Because, alas ! when we all die,
 Careless and ignorant posterity,
 Although they praise the learning and the wit, 30
 And though the title seems to show
 The name and man by whom the book was writ,
 Yet how shall they be brought to know,

Whether that very name was he, or you, or I?
 Less should I daub it o'er with transitory praise,
 And water-colours of these days :
 These days ! where e'en th' extravagance of poetry
 Is at a loss for figures to express 5
 Men's folly, whimsies, and inconstancy,
 And by a faint description makes them less.
 Then tell us what is Fame, where shall we search for it?
 Look where exalted Virtue and Religion sit,
 Enthroned with heavenly Wit ! 10
 Look where you see
 The greatest scorn of learned vanity !
 (And then how much a nothing is mankind !
 Whose reason is weigh'd down by popular air,
 Who, by that, vainly talks of baffling death ; 15
 And hopes to lengthen life by a transfusion of breath,
 Which yet whoe'er examines right will find
 To be an art as vain as bottling up of wind !)
 And when you find out these, believe true Fame is there,
 Far above all reward, yet to which all is due : 20
 And this, ye great unknown ! is only known in you.

 The juggling sea-god, when by chance trepann'd
 By some instructed querist sleeping on the sand,
 Impatient of all answers, straight became
 A stealing brook, and strove to creep away 25
 Into his native sea,
 Vex'd at their follies, murmur'd in his stream ;
 But disappointed of his fond desire,
 Would vanish in a pyramid of fire.
 This surly, slippery God, when he design'd 30
 To furnish his escapes,
 Ne'er borrow'd more variety of shapes
 Than you, to please and satisfy mankind.

Philosophy, as it before us lies,
Seems to have borrow'd some ungrateful taste
Of doubts, impertinence, and niceties,
From every age through which it pass'd,
But always with a stronger relish of the last. 5
This beauteous queen, by Heaven design'd
To be the great original
For man to dress and polish his uncourtly mind,
In what mock habits have they put her since the fall!
More oft in fools and madmen's hands than sages', 10
She seems a medley of all ages,
With a huge farthingale to swell her fustian stuff,
A new commode, a topknot, and a ruff,
Her face patch'd o'er with modern pedantry,
With a long sweeping train 15
Of comments and disputes, ridiculous and vain,
All of old cut with a new dye:
How soon have you restored her charms,
And rid her of her lumber and her books,
Drest her again genteel and neat, 20
And rather tight than great!
How fond we are to court her to our arms!
How much of heaven is in her naked looks!

Thus the deluding Muse oft blinds me to her ways,
And ev'n my very thoughts transfers 25
And changes all to beauty and the praise
Of that proud tyrant sex of hers.
The rebel Muse, alas! takes part,
But with my own rebellious heart,
And you with fatal and immortal wit conspire 30
To fan th' unhappy fire.
Cruel unknown! what is it you intend?
Ah! could you, could you hope a poet for your friend!

Rather forgive what my first transport said :
May all the blood, which shall by woman's scorn be
shed,

Lie upon you and on your children's head !
For you (ah ! did I think I e'er should live to see
The fatal time when that could be !) 5
Have even increased their pride and cruelty.

Woman seems now above all vanity grown,
Still boasting of her great unknown
Platonic champions, gain'd without one female wile,
Or the vast charges of a smile ; 10

Which 'tis a shame to see how much of late
You've taught the covetous wretches to o'errate,
And which they've now the consciences to weigh
In the same balance with our tears,
And with such scanty wages pay 15
The bondage and the slavery of years.

Let the vain sex dream on ; their empire comes from us ;
And had they common generosity,
They would not use us thus. 19

Well—though you've raised her to this high degree,
Ourselves are raised as well as she ;
And, spite of all that they or you can do,
'Tis pride and happiness enough to me,
Still to be of the same exalted sex with you.

Alas, how fleeting and how vain, 25
Is even the nobler man, our learning and our wit !

I sigh whene'er I think of it :
As at the closing of an unhappy scene
Of some great king and conqueror's death,
When the sad melancholy Muse 30
Stays but to catch his utmost breath.

I grieve, this nobler work, most happily begun,

So quickly and so wonderfully carried on,
May fall at last to interest, folly, and abuse.

There is a noontide in our lives,
Which still the sooner it arrives,
Although we boast our winter sun looks bright, 5
And foolishly are glad to see it at its height,
Yet so much sooner comes the long and gloomy night.

No conquest ever yet begun,
And by one mighty hero carried to its height,
E'er flourish'd under a successor or a son; 10
It lost some mighty pieces through all hands it pass'd,
And vanish'd to an empty title in the last.

For, when the animating mind is fled,
(Which nature never can retain,
Nor e'er call back again,) 15
The body, though gigantic, lies all cold and dead.

And thus undoubtedly 'twill fare
With what unhappy men shall dare
To be successors to these great unknown,
On learning's high-establish'd throne. 20
Censure, and Pedantry, and Pride,
Numberless nations, stretching far and wide,
Shall (I foresee it) soon with Gothic swarms come forth
From Ignorance's universal North, 24
And with blind rage break all this peaceful government :
Yet shall these traces of your wit remain,
Like a just map, to tell the vast extent
Of conquest in your short and happy reign :
And to all future mankind shew
How strange a paradox is true, 30
That men who lived and died without a name
Are the chief heroes in the sacred lists of fame.

MOOR PARK, Feb. 14, 1691.

IV.

FROM AN ODE ON SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S ILLNESS
AND RECOVERY.

This Ode was written in 1693, during Swift's later residence with Temple. The rest of the poem is of little interest ; but the lines given here present a vivid picture of the state of Swift's mind at this time. The vague metaphysical speculations, and the involution of language and thought, are clearly giving place to a style more direct, and to a spirit of more intense bitterness and more scorching sarcasm.

Unknown the forms we the high-priesthood use
 At the divine appearance of the Muse,
 Which to divulge might shake profane belief,
 And tell the irreligion of my grief;
 Grief that excused the tribute of my knees, .5
 And shaped my passion in such words as these !
 Malignant goddess ! bane to my repose,
 Thou universal cause of all my woes ;
 Say whence it comes that thou art grown of late
 A poor amusement for my scorn and hate ; 10
 The malice thou inspirest I never fail
 On thee to wreak the tribute when I rail ;
 Fool's commonplace thou art, their weak ensconcing fort,
 Th' appeal of dulness in the last resort :
 Heaven, with a parent's eye regarding earth, 15
 Deals out to man the planet of his birth :
 But sees thy meteor-blaze about me shine,
 And passing o'er, mistakes thee still for mine :
 Ah, should I tell a secret yet unknown,
 That thou ne'er hadst a being of thy own, 20
 But a wild form dependent on the brain,
 Scattering loose features o'er the optic vein ;

Troubling the crystal fountain of the sight,
 Which darts on poet's eyes a trembling light ;
 Kindled while reason sleeps, but quickly flies,
 Like antic shapes in dreams, from waking eyes :
 In sum, a glitt'ring voice, a painted name, 5
 A walking vapour, like thy sister fame.
 But if thou be'st what thy mad vot'ries prate,
 A female pow'r, loose-govern'd thoughts create ;
 Why near the dregs of youth perversely wilt thou stay,
 So highly courted by the brisk and gay ? 10
 Wert thou right woman, thou should'st scorn to look
 On an abandon'd wretch by hopes forsook ;
 Forsook by hopes, ill fortune's last relief,
 Assign'd for life to unremitting grief ;
 For, let Heaven's wrath enlarge these weary days, 15
 If hope e'er dawns the smallest of its rays.
 Time o'er the happy takes so swift a flight,
 And treads so soft, so easy, and so light,
 That we the wretched, creeping far behind,
 Can scarce th' impression of his footsteps find ; 20
 Smooth as that airy nymph so subtly borne
 With inoffensive feet o'er standing corn ;
 Which bow'd by evening-breeze with bending stalks,
 Salutes the weary trav'ller as he walks ;
 But o'er the afflicted with a heavy pace 25
 Sweeps the broad scythe, and tramples on his face.
 Down falls the summer's pride, and sadly shews
 Nature's bare visage furrow'd as he mows :
 See, Muse, what havoc in these looks appear,
 These are the tyrant's trophies of a year ; 30
 Since hope his last and greatest foe is fled,
 Despair and he lodge ever in its stead ;
 March o'er the ruin'd plain with motion slow,
 Still scatt'ring desolation where they go.

To thee I owe that fatal bent of mind,
Still to unhappy restless thoughts inclined ;
To thee, what oft I vainly strive to hide,
That scorn of fools, by fools mistook for pride ;
From thee whatever virtue takes its rise, 5
Grows a misfortune, or becomes a vice ;
Such were thy rules to be poetically great :
'Stoop not to int'rest, flattery, or deceit ;
Nor with hired thoughts be thy devotion paid ;
Learn to disdain their mercenary aid ; 10
Be this thy sure defence, thy brazen wall,
Know no base action, at no guilt turn pale ;
And since unhappy distance thus denies
T' expose thy soul, clad in this poor disguise ;
Since thy few ill-presented graces seem 15
To breed contempt where thou hast hoped esteem——'

Madness like this no fancy ever seized,
Still to be cheated, never to be pleased ;
Since one false beam of joy in sickly minds
Is all the poor content delusion finds.— 20
There thy enchantment broke, and from this hour
I here renounce thy visionary pow'r ;
And since thy essence on my breath depends,
Thus with a puff the whole delusion ends.

EARLIEST PROSE WORKS.

I.

A DISCOURSE

OF THE

CONTESTS AND DISSENSIONS BETWEEN THE NOBLES
AND THE COMMONS IN ATHENS AND ROME;

AND THE CONSEQUENCES THEY HAD UPON BOTH THOSE STATES.

—*Si tibi vera videtur
Dede manus, et si falsa est, accingere contra.*

LUCRETIVS.

THIS is interesting as the first of Swift's political tracts; and at the time when it was written (1701), his connexion with the Whig party was unbroken. In the House of Commons the opposition to William's Whig Ministry was factious and irreconcilable. Four Ministers were the chief objects of the attack in the Commons—Lord Somers (the Lord Chancellor), the Earl of Orford, Lord Halifax, and the Earl of Portland. The relations between the two Houses were strained to the utmost: and, failing in all other devices for attaining their end, which was to attack William through his Ministers, the Commons resorted to the unconstitutional method of coercing the Lords, by 'tacking' their resolutions to money Bills, which could not be altered by the Lords. In this position of affairs, Swift entered upon the arena of political controversy, in order to point out the danger involved in the action of the Commons; and he paralleled the

circumstances by examples drawn from the histories of Athens and Rome, choosing the names of Miltiades, Themistocles, Pericles, and Alcibiades in Athens, and the most critical phases of faction in Rome, to illustrate the present case. The earlier part of this pamphlet is of little interest; but the conclusion (which is given here) shows much of Swift's later force, and many of his peculiarities of style.

The pamphlet was anonymous; but its authorship soon became known, and the knowledge secured for Swift some attention from the leading Whigs during the few years that yet intervened before his abandonment of that party.

The earlier part of this pamphlet, in which Swift traces certain supposed parallels between episodes of Athenian or Roman history, and the phases of the current political struggle, is of small interest, and shows but little of his usual power. But, in the conclusion of the pamphlet, from which the following pages are taken, Swift's argument becomes more telling, and his style more characteristic and more forcible.

From what has been deduced of the dissensions in Rome between the two bodies of patricians and plebeians, several reflections may be made.

First, That when the balance of power is duly fixed in a
5 state, nothing is more dangerous or unwise than to give
way to the first steps of popular encroachments, which is
usually done either in hopes of procuring ease and quiet
from some vexatious clamour, or else made merchandize,
and merely bought and sold. This is breaking into a con-
10 stitution to serve a present expedient, or supply a present
exigency: the remedy of an empiric, to stifle the present
pain, but with certain prospect of sudden and terrible re-
turns. When a child grows easy and content by being
humoured; and when a lover becomes satisfied by small
15 compliances, without farther pursuits; then expect to find
popular assemblies content with small concessions. If there
could one single example be brought from the whole com-
pass of history, of any one popular assembly, who, after
beginning to contend for power, ever sat down quietly with

a certain share ; or if one instance could be produced of a popular assembly that ever knew, or proposed, or declared what share of power was their due ; then might there be some hopes that it were a matter to be adjusted by reasonings, by conferences, or debates : but since all that is manifestly otherwise, I see no other course to be taken in a settled state, than a steady constant resolution in those, to whom the rest of the balance is entrusted, never to give way so far to popular clamours, as to make the least breach in the constitution, through which a million of abuses and encroachments will certainly in time force their way. 10

Again, from this deduction it will not be difficult to gather and assign certain marks of popular encroachments ; by observing which, those who hold the balance in a state may judge of the degrees, and, by early remedies and application, put a stop to the fatal consequences that would otherwise ensue. What those marks are has been at large deduced, and need not be here repeated. 15

Another consequence is this, that (with all respect for popular assemblies be it spoken) it is hard to recollect one folly, infirmity, or vice, to which a single man is subjected, and from which a body of commons, either collective or represented, can be wholly exempt. For, beside that they are composed of men with all their infirmities about them, they have also the ill fortune to be generally led and influenced by the very worst among themselves, I mean popular orators, tribunes, or, as they are now styled, great speakers, leading men, and the like. Whence it comes to pass, that in their results we have sometimes found the same spirit of cruelty and revenge, of malice and pride, the same blindness and obstinacy and unsteadiness, the same ungovernable rage and anger, the same injustice, sophistry, and fraud, that ever lodged in the breast of any individual. 20 25 30

Again, in all free states, the evil to be avoided is tyranny, that is to say, the *summa imperii*, or unlimited power solely in the hands of the one, the few, or the many. Now, we have shown, that although most revolutions of government
5 in Greece and Rome began with the tyranny of the people, yet they generally concluded in that of a single person; so that a usurping populace is its own dupe, a mere under worker, and a purchaser in trust for some single tyrant, whose state and power they advance to their own ruin, with
10 as blind an instinct as those worms that die with weaving magnificent habits for beings of a superior nature to their own.

Some reflections upon the late public proceedings among us, and that variety of factions into which we are still so
15 intricately engaged, gave occasion to this discourse. I am not conscious, that I have forced one example, or put it into any other light than it appeared to me long before I had thought of producing it.

I cannot conclude, without adding some particular
20 remarks upon the present posture of affairs and dispositions in this kingdom.

The fate of empire is grown a common-place: that all forms of government having been instituted by men, must be mortal like their authors, and have their periods of
25 duration limited, as well as those of private persons. This is a truth of vulgar knowledge and observation: but there are few who turn their thoughts to examine how those diseases in a state are bred, that hasten its end; which would, however, be a very useful enquiry.—For, though we
30 cannot prolong the period of a commonwealth beyond the decree of Heaven, or the date of its nature, any more than human life beyond the strength of the seminal virtue, yet we may manage a sickly constitution, and preserve a strong one; we may watch and prevent accidents; we may

turn off a great blow from without, and purge away an ill humour that is lurking within : and by these, and other such methods, render a state long-lived, though not immortal. Yet some physicians have thought, that if it were practicable to keep the several humours of the body 5 in an exact equal balance of each with its opposite, it might be immortal, and so perhaps would a political body, if the balance of power could be always held exactly even. But, I doubt, this is as impossible in practice as the other.

10

It has an appearance of fatality, and that the period of a state approaches, when a concurrence of many circumstances, both within and without, unite toward its ruin ; while the whole body of the people are either stupidly negligent, or else giving in with all their might to those very practices 15 that are working their destruction. To see whole bodies of men breaking a constitution by the very same errors that so many have been broke before ; to observe opposite parties who can agree in nothing else, yet firmly united in such measures as must certainly ruin their country ; in short, to 20 be encompassed with the greatest dangers from without, to be torn by many virulent factions within ; then to be secure and senseless under all this, and to make it the very least of our concern ; these, and some others that might be named, appear to me to be the most likely symptoms in a 25 state of a sickness unto death.

‘*Quod procul a nobis flectat fortuna gubernans :
Et ratio potius, quam res persuadeat ipsa.*’

LUCRET.

There are some conjunctures, wherein the death or dissolution of government is more lamentable in its conse- 30 quences, than it would be in others.—And, I think, a state can never arrive to its period in a more deplorable crisis, than

at a time when some prince in the neighbourhood, of vast power and ambition, lies hovering like a vulture to devour, or, at least, dismember its dying carcase ; by which means it becomes only a province or acquisition to some mighty
5 monarchy, without hopes of a resurrection.

I know very well, there is a set of sanguine tempers, who deride and ridicule, in the number of fopperies, all such apprehensions as these. They have it ready in their mouths, that the people of England are of a genius and
10 temper never to admit slavery among them ; and they are furnished with a great many common-places upon that subject. But it seems to me, that such discoursers do reason upon short views, and a very moderate compass of thought. For, I think it a great error to count upon the
15 genius of a nation as a standing argument in all ages, since there is hardly a spot of ground in Europe, where the inhabitants have not frequently and entirely changed their temper and genius. Neither can I see any reason, why the genius of a nation should be more fixed in the point of
20 government than in their morals, their learning, their religion, their common humour and conversation, their diet and their complexion ; which do all notoriously vary almost in every age, and may every one of them have great effects upon men's notions of government.

25 Since the Norman conquest, the balance of power in England has often varied, and sometimes been wholly overturned ; the part which the commons had in it, (that most disputed point,) in its original progress and extent, was, by their own confessions, but a very inconsiderable share.
30 Generally speaking, they have been gaining ever since, though with frequent interruptions and slow progress.—The abolishing of villanage, together with the custom introduced (or permitted) among the nobles, of selling their lands, in the reign of Henry the Seventh, was a mighty

addition to the power of the commons: yet I think a much greater happened in the time of his successor, at the dissolution of the abbeys; for this turned the clergy wholly out of the scale, who had so long filled it; and placed the commons in their stead: who, in a few years, became 5 possessed of vast quantities of those and other lands, by grant or purchase. About the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign, I take the power between the nobles and the commons to have been in more equal balance, than it was ever before or since. But then, or soon after, arose a faction in 10 England, which, under the name of Puritan, began to grow popular, by moulding up their new schemes of religion with republican principles in government; and gaining upon the prerogative as well as the nobles, under several denominations, for the space of about sixty years, did at last overthrow 15 the constitution, and, according to the usual course of such revolutions, did introduce a tyranny, first of the people, and then of a single person.

In a short time after, the old government was revived. But the progress of affairs for almost thirty years, under the 20 reigns of the two weak princes, is a subject of a different nature: when the balance was in danger to be overturned by the hands that held it, which was at last very seasonably prevented by the late revolution. However, as it is the talent of human nature to run from one extreme to another, 25 so in a very few years we have made mighty leaps from prerogative heights into the depths of popularity, and I doubt to the very last degree that our constitution will bear. It were to be wished, that the most august assembly of the commons would please to form a pandect of their own 30 power and privileges, to be confirmed by the entire legislative authority, and that in as solemn a manner (if they please) as the *magna charta*. But to fix one foot of their compass wherever they think fit, and extend the other to

such terrible lengths, without describing any circumference at all, is to leave us and themselves in a very uncertain state, and in a sort of rotation, that the author of the *Oceana* never dreamed on. I believe the most hardy tribune will
5 not venture to affirm at present, that any just fears of encroachment are given us from the regal power, or the few; and is it then impossible to err on the other side? How far must we proceed, or where shall we stop? The raging of the sea, and the madness of the people, are put together
10 in holy writ; and it is God alone who can say to either, Hitherto shalt thou pass, and no farther.

The balance of power in a limited state is of such absolute necessity, that Cromwell himself, before he had perfectly confirmed his tyranny, having some occasions for
15 the appearance of a parliament, was forced to create and erect an entire new House of Lords (such as it was) for a counterpoise to the commons. And, indeed, considering the vileness of the clay, I have sometimes wondered, that no tribune of that age durst ever venture to ask the potter,
20 What dost thou make? But it was then about the last act of a popular usurpation; and fate, or Cromwell, had already prepared them for that of a single person.

I have been often amazed at the rude, passionate, and mistaken results, which have at certain times fallen from
25 great assemblies, both ancient and modern, and of other countries as well as our own.—This gave me the opinion, I mentioned a while ago, that public conventions are liable to all the infirmities, follies, and vices of private men. To which, if there be any exception, it must be of such
30 assemblies, who act by universal concert, upon public principles, and for public ends; such as proceed upon debates without unbecoming warmths, or influence from particular leaders and inflamers; such, whose members, instead of canvassing to procure majorities for their private opinions,

are ready to comply with general sober results, though contrary to their own sentiments. Whatever assemblies act by these, and other methods of the like nature, must be allowed to be exempt from several imperfections, to which particular men are subjected. But I think the source of 5 most mistakes and miscarriages in matters debated by public assemblies, arises from the influence of private persons upon great numbers, styled, in common phrase, leading men and parties. And, therefore, when we sometimes meet a few words put together, which is called the 10 vote or resolution of an assembly, and which we cannot possibly reconcile to prudence, or public good, it is most charitable to conjecture, that such a vote has been conceived, and born, and bred in a private brain; afterwards raised and supported by an obsequious party; and then with usual 15 methods confirmed by an artificial majority. For, let us suppose five hundred men, mixed in point of sense and honesty, as usually assemblies are; and let us suppose these men proposing, debating, resolving, voting, according to the mere natural motions of their own little or much reason and 20 understanding; I do allow, that abundance of indigested and abortive, many pernicious and foolish overtures would arise, and float a few minutes; but then they would die and disappear. Because, this must be said in behalf of human-kind, that common sense and plain reason, while men are 25 disengaged from acquired opinions, will ever have some general influence upon their minds; whereas the species of folly and vice are infinite, and so different in every individual, that they could never procure a majority, if other corruptions did not enter to pervert men's understandings, 30 and misguide their wills.

To describe how parties are bred in an assembly, would be a work too difficult at present, and perhaps not altogether safe. *Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ.* Whether those,

who are leaders, usually arrive at that station more by a sort of instinct or secret composition of their nature, or influence of the stars, than by the possession of any great abilities, may be a point of much dispute; but when the
5 leader is once fixed, there will never fail to be followers. And man is so apt to imitate, so much of the nature of sheep, (*imitatores, servum pecus,*) that whoever is so bold to give the first great leap over the heads of those about him, though he be the worst of the flock, shall be quickly
10 followed by the rest. Besides, when parties are once formed, the stragglers look so ridiculous, and become so insignificant, that they have no other way but to run into the herd, which at least will hide and protect them: and where to be much considered, requires only to be very
15 violent.

But there is one circumstance with relation to parties, which I take to be, of all others, most pernicious in a state. and I would be glad any partizan would help me to a tolerable reason, that because Clodius and Curio happen to
20 agree with me in a few singular notions, I must therefore blindly follow them in all: or, to state it at best, that because Bibulus the party-man is persuaded that Clodius and Curio do really propose the good of their country as their chief end; therefore Bibulus shall be wholly guided
25 and governed by them in the means and measures toward it. Is it enough for Bibulus, and the rest of the herd, to say, without farther examining, I am of the side with Clodius, or I vote with Curio? Are these proper methods to form and make up what they think fit to call the united
30 wisdom of the nation? Is it not possible, that upon some occasion Clodius may be bold and insolent, borne away by his passion, malicious and revengeful? That Curio may be corrupt, and expose to sale his tongue or his pen? I conceive it far below the dignity, both

of human nature and human reason, to be engaged in any party, the most plausible soever, upon such servile conditions.

This influence of one upon many, which seems to be as great in a people represented, as it was of old in the commons collective, together with the consequences it has had upon the legislature, has given me frequent occasion to reflect upon what Diodorus tells us of one Charondas, a lawgiver to the Sybarites, an ancient people of Italy, who was so averse from all innovation, especially when it was to proceed from particular persons, (and I suppose, that he might put it out of the power of men fond of their own notions to disturb the constitution at their pleasures, by advancing private schemes,) that he provided a statute, that whoever proposed any alteration to be made, should step out and do it with a rope about his neck: if the matter proposed were generally approved, then it should pass into a law; if it went in the negative, the proposer to be immediately hanged. Great ministers may talk of what projects they please; but I am deceived if a more effectual one could ever be found for taking off (as the present phrase is) those hot, unquiet spirits, who disturb assemblies, and obstruct public affairs, by gratifying their pride, their malice, their ambition, or their avarice.

Those who in a late reign began the distinction between the personal and politic capacity, seem to have had reason, if they judged of princes by themselves; for, I think, there is hardly to be found through all nature a greater difference between two things, than there is between a representing commoner in the function of his public calling, and the same person when he acts in the common offices of life. Here he allows himself to be upon a level with the rest of mortals; here he follows his own reason, and his own way; and rather affects a singularity in his actions and thoughts,

than servilely to copy either from the wisest of his neighbours. In short, here his folly and his wisdom, his reason and his passions, are all of his own growth, not the echo or infusion of other men. But when he is got near the walls
5 of his assembly, he assumes and affects an entire set of very different airs ; he conceives himself a being of a superior nature to those without, and acting in a sphere where the vulgar methods for the conduct of human life can be of no use. He is listed in a party where he neither knows the
10 temper, nor designs, nor perhaps the person, of his leader ; but whose opinions he follows and maintains with a zeal and faith as violent as a young scholar does those of a philosopher whose sect he is taught to profess. He has neither opinions, nor thoughts, nor actions, nor talk, that he can
15 call his own, but all conveyed to him by his leader, as wind is through an organ. The nourishment he receives has been not only chewed, but digested, before it comes into his mouth. Thus instructed, he follows the party, right or wrong, through all its sentiments, and acquires
20 a courage and stiffness of opinion not at all congenial with him.

This encourages me to hope, that, during the present lucid interval, the members retired to their homes may suspend a while their acquired complexions, and, taught by the
25 calmness of the scene and the season, reassume the native sedateness of their temper. If this should be so, it would be wise in them, as individual and private mortals, to look back a little upon the storms they have raised, as well as those they have escaped : to reflect, that they have been
30 authors of a new and wonderful thing in England, which is, for a House of Commons to lose the universal favour of the numbers they represent : to observe, how those whom they thought fit to persecute for righteousness' sake have been openly caressed by the people ; and to remember how them-

selves sate in fear of their persons from popular rage. Now, if they would know the secret of all this unprecedented proceeding in their masters, they must not impute it to their freedom in debate, or declaring their opinions, but to that unparliamentary abuse of setting individuals 5 upon their shoulders, who were hated by God and man. For it seems the mass of the people, in such conjunctures as this, have opened their eyes, and will not endure to be governed by Clodius and Curio, at the head of their myrmidons, though these be ever so numerous, and composed 10 of their own representatives.

This aversion of the people against the late proceedings of the commons is an accident, that, if it last a while, might be improved to good uses for setting the balance of power a little more upon an equality than their late measures seem 15 to promise or admit. This accident may be imputed to two causes: the first is a universal fear and apprehension of the greatness and power of France, whereof the people in general seem to be very much and justly possessed, and, therefore, cannot but resent to see it, in so critical a 20 juncture, wholly laid aside by their ministers, the commons. The other cause is a great love and sense of gratitude in the people toward their present king, grounded upon a long opinion and experience of his merit, as well as concessions to all their reasonable desires; so that it is for some time 25 they have begun to say, and to fetch instances where he has in many things been hardly used. How long these humours may last, (for passions are momentary, and especially those of a multitude,) or what consequences they may produce, a little time will discover. But whenever it 30 comes to pass that a popular assembly, free from such obstructions, and already possessed of more power than an equal balance will allow, shall continue to think they have not enough, but by cramping the hand that holds the

balance, and by impeachments or dissensions with the nobles, endeavour still for more ; I cannot possibly see, in the common course of things, how the same causes can produce different effects and consequences among us, from
5 what they did in Greece and Rome.

II.

A TALE OF A TUB;

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSAL IMPROVEMENT OF MANKIND.

Diu multumque desideratum.

THIS, the earliest and, in some respects, the most characteristic product of Swift's peculiar genius, after it had reached its full strength and maturity, was published in 1704. According to the Bookseller's Preface, it had been written some seven years before; but although this tallies with a story that Swift had begun the work during his residence at Kilroot, we need not give implicit credit to the date assigned. The book was the product of the years which just preceded its publication, quite as much as of any earlier epoch of Swift's life; and it represents Swift's genius in its full development, not in that unsettled and brooding mood which overshadowed his powers in the Kilroot days.

The aim of the Book is too wide and its treatment too discursive to admit of any summary description. At the time it was written Swift was in alliance with the Whigs, and looked to them for possible promotion. But he was also an ardent Churchman, tending more and more strongly in the direction of that strong High Churchism which was eventually to lead him to a breach with his political friends. So far as it has a direct and obvious ecclesiastical intention, Swift's satire attacks the extravagance of superstition on the one hand, and fanaticism on the other. He shows how nearly allied these two are, and he indicates how his own Church has a path marked out for her which lies between the two extremes. To politics he makes no direct reference whatever. But the more permanent and deeper intention of the satire is wider than either ecclesiastical or political struggle. He lays bare the foibles of human nature: he shows how these underlie all our struggles: how impossible it is for us to escape from them: and how vanity, and the more deeply-rooted pride that would fain escape from vanity, are hemming us in on every side. The absurdity of the pedant and of the wit: of the sceptic and of the fanatic: of those who pursue fame, and of those who presume to distribute her favours—all are alike

thrown into the crucible, and we feel that Swift's pitiless analysis goes much deeper than this or that phase of vanity as typified in the more obvious ecclesiastical or political divisions. It is partly from the very width of his grasp of the motives that underlie human action, which to him lessens the importance of current controversies, and partly from his loneliness, and apathy to the ordinary feelings of men, that Swift's satire presents so much that to most men appears irreverent, even although, in writing it, he supposed himself engaged in the defence of his own Church, and disavowed, with sincere indignation, any insinuation that he had treated sacred things with ridicule.

A work so unique as this could have followed no model: but perhaps the influence most apparent is that of Butler's *Hudibras*, which, we are told, Swift could repeat by heart.

The book appeared anonymously, and some care was taken to conceal the author's name. Rumour suggested various names: amongst others those of two students at Oxford, Edmund Smith (who wrote a forgotten Tragedy called *Phaëdra and Hippolitus*), and John Philips, the author of the *Splendid Shilling*; that of Smalridge, whose ecclesiastical reputation required him immediately to disown the charge; and finally that of Lord Somers. But the belief in Swift's authorship early prevailed, and has never, even in spite of Johnson's doubts, been seriously impugned.

DEDICATION

To the Right Honourable John Lord Somers.

MY LORD,

Although the author has written a large dedication, yet
 5 that being addressed to a prince, whom I am never likely to
 have the honour of being known to; a person besides, as
 far as I can observe, not at all regarded, or thought on by
 any of our present writers; and being wholly free from that
 slavery which booksellers usually lie under, to the caprice
 10 of authors; I think it a wise piece of presumption to in-
 scribe these papers to your lordship, and to implore your
 lordship's protection of them. God and your lordship
 know their faults and their merits; for, as to my own
 particular, I am altogether a stranger to the matter; and
 15 though everybody else should be equally ignorant, I do not

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fear the sale of the book, at all the worse, upon that score. Your lordship's name on the front in capital letters will at any time get off one edition ; neither would I desire any other help to grow an alderman, than a patent for the sole privilege of dedicating to your lordship.

I should now, in right of a dedicator, give your lordship 5 ✓
a list of your own virtues, and, at the same time, be very unwilling to offend your modesty ; but chiefly, I should celebrate your liberality towards men of great parts and small fortunes, and give you broad hints that I mean 10 myself. And I was just going on, in the usual method, to peruse a hundred or two of dedications, and transcribe an abstract to be applied to your lordship ; but I was diverted by a certain accident : for, upon the covers of these papers, I casually observed written in large letters the two following 15 words, DETUR DIGNISSIMO ; which, for aught I knew, might contain some important meaning. But it unluckily fell out, that none of the authors I employed understood Latin ; (though I have them often in pay to translate out of that language ;) I was therefore compelled to have recourse 20 to the curate of our parish, who englished it thus, Let it be given to the worthiest : and his comment was, that the author meant his work should be dedicated to the sublimest genius of the age for wit, learning, judgment, eloquence, and wisdom. I called at a poet's chamber (who works for my 25 shop) in an alley hard by, shewed him the translation, and desired his opinion, who it was that the author could mean : he told me, after some consideration, that vanity was a thing he abhorred ; but, by the description, he thought himself to be the person aimed at ; and, at the same time, 30 he very kindly offered his own assistance gratis towards penning a dedication to himself. I desired him, however, to give a second guess ; Why, then, said he, it must be I, or my Lord Somers. From thence I went to several other

wits of my acquaintance, with no small hazard and weariness to my person, from a prodigious number of dark, winding stairs; but found them all in the same story, both of your lordship and themselves. Now, your lordship is to understand, that this proceeding was not of my own invention; for I have somewhere heard it is a maxim, that those to whom everybody allows the second place, have an undoubted title to the first.

This infallibly convinced me, that your lordship was the person intended by the author. But, being very unacquainted in the style and form of dedications, I employed those wits aforesaid to furnish me with hints and materials, towards a panegyric upon your lordship's virtues.

In two days they brought me ten sheets of paper, filled up on every side. They swore to me, that they had ransacked whatever could be found in the characters of Socrates, Aristides, Epaminondas, Cato, Tully, Atticus, and other hard names, which I cannot now recollect. However, I have reason to believe, they imposed upon my ignorance; because, when I came to read over their collections, there was not a syllable there, but what I and everybody else knew as well as themselves: therefore I grievously suspect a cheat; and that these authors of mine stole and subscribed every word, from the universal report of mankind. So that I look upon myself as fifty shillings out of pocket, to no manner of purpose.

If, by altering the title, I could make the same materials serve for another dedication, (as my betters have done,) it would help to make up my loss; but I have made several persons dip here and there in those papers, and before they read three lines, they have all assured me plainly, that they cannot possibly be applied to any person besides your lordship.

I expected, indeed, to have heard of your lordship's

bravery at the head of an army ; of your undaunted courage in mounting a breach, or scaling a wall ; or, to have had your pedigree traced in a lineal descent from the house of *Austria* ; or, of your wonderful talent at dress and dancing ; or, your profound knowledge in *algebra*, *metaphysics*, and 5 the *oriental* tongues. But to ply the world with an old beaten story of your wit, and eloquence, and learning, and wisdom, and justice, and politeness, and candour, and evenness of temper in all scenes of life ; of that great discernment in discovering, and readiness in favouring deserving 10 men ; with forty other common topics ; I confess, I have neither conscience nor countenance to do it. Because there is no virtue, either of a public or private life, which some circumstances of your own have not often produced upon the stage of the world ; and those few, which, for want of 15 occasions to exert them, might otherwise have passed unseen, or unobserved, by your friends, your enemies have at length brought to light.

It is true, I should be very loth, the bright example of your lordship's virtues should be lost to after-ages, both for 20 their sake and your own ; but chiefly because they will be so very necessary to adorn the history of a late reign ; and that is another reason why I would forbear to make a recital of them here ; because I have been told by wise men, that, as dedications have run for some years past, a good his- 25 torian will not be apt to have recourse thither in search of characters.

There is one point, wherein I think we dedicators would do well to change our measures ; I mean, instead of running on so far upon the praise of our patrons' liberality, to spend 30 a word or two in admiring their patience. I can put no greater compliment on your lordship's, than by giving you so ample an occasion to exercise it at present.—Though perhaps I shall not be apt to reckon much merit to your

lordship upon that score, who having been formerly used to tedious harangues, and sometimes to as little purpose, will be the readier to pardon this ; especially, when it is offered by one, who is with all respect and veneration,

5 My Lord,
 Your lordship's most obedient,
 And most faithful servant,
 THE BOOKSELLER.

The Bookseller to the Reader.

10 It is now six years since these papers came first to my hand, which seems to have been about a twelvemonth after they were written ; for the author tells us in his preface to the first treatise, that he has calculated it for the year 1697, and in several passages of that discourse, as well as the
 15 second, it appears they were written about that time.

As to the author, I can give no manner of satisfaction ; however, I am credibly informed, that this publication is without his knowledge ; for he concludes the copy is lost, having lent it to a person, since dead, and being never in
 20 possession of it after : so that, whether the work received his last hand, or whether he intended to fill up the defective places, is likely to remain a secret.

If I should go about to tell the reader, by what accident I became master of these papers, it would, in this un-
 25 believing age, pass for little more than the cant or jargon of the trade. I therefore gladly spare both him and myself so unnecessary a trouble. There yet remains a difficult question, why I published them no sooner. I forbore upon two accounts ; first, because I thought I had better work
 30 upon my own hands ; and secondly, because I was not without some hope of hearing from the author, and receiving his directions. But I have been lately alarmed with intelligence

of a surreptitious copy, which a certain great wit had new polished and refined, or, as our present writers express themselves, fitted to the humour of the age ; as they have already done, with great felicity, to Don Quixote, Boccacini, la Bruyère, and other authors. However, I thought it fairer 5 dealing to offer the work in its naturals. If any gentleman will please to furnish me with a key, in order to explain the more difficult parts, I shall very gratefully acknowledge the favour, and print it by itself.

*The Epistle Dedicatory, to His Royal Highness
Prince Posterity.*

10

SIR,

I here present your highness with the fruits of a very few leisure hours, stolen from the short intervals of a world of business, and of an employment quite alien from such 15 amusements as this the poor production of that refuse of time, which has lain heavy upon my hands, during a long prorogation of parliament, a great dearth of foreign news, and a tedious fit of rainy weather : for which, and other reasons, it cannot choose extremely to deserve such a 20 patronage as that of your highness, whose numberless virtues, in so few years, make the world look upon you as the future example to all princes ; for although your highness is hardly got clear of infancy, yet has the universal learned world already resolved upon appealing to your future 25 dictates, with the lowest and most resigned submission ; fate having decreed you sole arbiter of the productions of human wit, in this polite and most accomplished age. Methinks, the number of appellants were enough to shock and startle any judge, of a genius less unlimited than yours : 30 but, in order to prevent such glorious trials, the person, it seems, to whose care the education of your highness is

committed, has resolved (as I am told) to keep you in almost a universal ignorance of our studies, which it is your inherent birth-right to inspect.

It is amazing to me, that this person should have the assurance, in the face of the sun, to go about persuading your highness, that our age is almost wholly illiterate, and has hardly produced one writer upon any subject. I know very well, that when your highness shall come to riper years, and have gone through the learning of antiquity, you will be too curious, to neglect inquiring into the authors of the very age before you : and to think that this insolent, in the account he is preparing for your view, designs to reduce them to a number so insignificant as I am ashamed to mention ; it moves my zeal and my spleen for the honour and interest of our vast flourishing body, as well as of myself, for whom, I know by long experience, he has professed, and still continues, a peculiar malice.

It is not unlikely, that, when your highness will one day peruse what I am now writing, you may be ready to expostulate, with your governor, upon the credit of what I here affirm, and command him to shew you some of our productions. To which he will answer, (for I am well informed of his designs,) by asking your highness, where they are ? and what is become of them ? and pretend it a demonstration that there never were any, because they are not then to be found. Not to be found ! who has mislaid them ? are they sunk in the abyss of things ? it is certain, that in their own nature, they were light enough to swim upon the surface for all eternity. Therefore the fault is in him, who tied weights so heavy to their heels, as to depress them to the centre. Is their very essence destroyed ? who has annihilated them ? were they drowned by purges, or martyred by pipes ? But, that it may no longer be a doubt with your highness, who is to be the author of this universal

ruin, I beseech you to observe that large and terrible scythe which your governor affects to bear continually about him. Be pleased to remark the length and strength, the sharpness and hardness, of his nails and teeth ; consider his baneful, abominable breath, enemy to life and matter, infectious and 5 corrupting : and then reflect, whether it be possible, for any mortal ink and paper of this generation, to make a suitable resistance. O ! that your highness would one day resolve to disarm this usurping *maître du palais* of his furious engines, and bring your empire *hors de page*. 10

It were needless to recount the several methods of tyranny and destruction, which your governor is pleased to practise upon this occasion. His inveterate malice is such to the writings of our age, that of several thousands produced yearly from this renowned city, before the next 15 revolution of the sun, there is not one to be heard of : Unhappy infants ! many of them barbarously destroyed, before they have so much as learnt their mother tongue to beg for pity. Some he stifles in their cradles ; others he frights into convulsions, whereof they suddenly die ; some 20 he flays alive, others he tears limb from limb. Great numbers are offered to Moloch ; and the rest, tainted by his breath, die of a languishing consumption.

But the concern I have most at heart, is for our corporation of poets ; from whom I am preparing a petition to 25 your highness, to be subscribed with the names of one hundred and thirty-six of the first rate ; but whose immortal productions are never likely to reach your eyes, though each of them is now an humble and earnest appellant for the laurel, and has large comely volumes ready to shew, for a support 30 to his pretensions. The never-dying works of these illustrious persons, your governor, sir, has devoted to unavoidable death ; and your highness is to be made believe, that our age has never arrived at the honour to produce one single poet.

We confess Immortality to be a great and powerful goddess ; but in vain we offer up to her our devotions and our sacrifices, if your highness's governor, who has usurped the priesthood, must, by an unparalleled ambition and avarice, wholly intercept and devour them.

To affirm that our age is altogether unlearned, and devoid of writers in any kind, seems to be an assertion so bold and so false, that I have been some time thinking, the contrary may almost be proved by uncontrollable demonstration. It is true, indeed, that although their numbers be vast, and their productions numerous in proportion, yet are they hurried so hastily off the scene, that they escape our memory, and elude our sight. When I first thought of this address, I had prepared a copious list of titles to present your highness, as an undisputed argument for what I affirm. The originals were posted fresh upon all gates and corners of streets ; but, returning in a very few hours to take a review, they were all torn down, and fresh ones in their places. I inquired after them among readers and book-sellers ; but I inquired in vain ; the memorial of them was lost among men ; their place was no more to be found ; and I was laughed to scorn for a clown and a pedant, without all taste and refinement, little versed in the course of present affairs, and that knew nothing of what had passed in the best companies of court and town. So that I can only avow in general to your highness, that we do abound in learning and wit ; but to fix upon particulars, is a task too slippery for my slender abilities. If I should venture in a windy day to affirm to your highness, that there is a large cloud near the horizon, in the form of a bear ; another in the zenith, with the head of an ass ; a third to the westward, with claws like a dragon ; and your highness should in a few minutes think fit to examine the truth, it is certain they would all be changed in figure and position : new ones

would arise, and all we could agree upon would be, that clouds there were, but that I was grossly mistaken in the zoography and topography of them.

But your governor perhaps may still insist, and put the question,—What is then become of those immense bales of 5 paper, which must needs have been employed in such numbers of books? can these also be wholly annihilate, and so of a sudden, as I pretend? What shall I say in return of so invidious an objection? Books, like men their authors, have no more than one way of coming into the 10 world, but there are ten thousand to go out of it, and return no more.

I profess to your highness, in the integrity of my heart, that what I am going to say is literally true this minute I am writing : what revolutions may happen before it shall be 15 ready for your perusal, I can by no means warrant : however, I beg you to accept it as a specimen of our learning, our politeness, and our wit. I do therefore affirm, upon the word of a sincere man, that there is now actually in being a certain poet, called John Dryden, whose translation 20 of Virgil was lately printed in a large folio, well bound, and, if diligent search were made, for aught I know, is yet to be seen. There is another, called Nahum Tate, who is ready to make oath, that he has caused many reams of verse to be published, whereof both himself and his bookseller, (if law- 25 fully required,) can still produce authentic copies, and therefore wonders why the world is pleased to make such a secret of it. There is a third, known by the name of Tom Durfey, a poet of a vast comprehension, a universal genius, and most profound learning. There are also one Mr. Rymer, 30 and one Mr. Dennis, most profound critics. There is a person styled Dr. Bentley, who has written near a thousand pages of immense erudition, giving a full and true account of a certain squabble, of wonderful importance, between

himself and a bookseller : he is a writer of infinite wit and humour ; no man rallies with a better grace, and in more sprightly turns. Farther, I avow to your highness, that with these eyes I have beheld the person of William Wotton, 5 B.D., who has written a good sizeable volume against a friend of your governor, (from whom, alas ! he must therefore look for little favour,) in a most gentlemanly style, adorned with the utmost politeness and civility ; replete with discoveries equally valuable for their novelty and use ; 10 and embellished with traits of wit, so poignant and so apposite, that he is a worthy yokemate to his forementioned friend.

Why should I go upon farther particulars, which might fill a volume with the just eulogies of my contemporary 15 brethren ? I shall bequeath this piece of justice to a larger work, wherein I intend to write a character of the present set of wits in our nation : their persons I shall describe particularly and at length, their genius and understandings in miniature.

20 In the meantime, I do here make bold to present your highness with a faithful abstract, drawn from the universal body of all arts and sciences, intended wholly for your service and instruction : nor do I doubt in the least, but your highness will peruse it as carefully, and make as considerable improvements, as other young princes have already 25 done, by the many volumes of late years written for a help to their studies.

That your highness may advance in wisdom and virtue, as well as years, and at last outshine all your royal ancestors, 30 shall be the daily prayer of, Sir,

Your Highness's most devoted, &c.

Dec. 1697.

The Author's Preface.

The wits of the present age being so very numerous and penetrating, it seems the grandees of church and state begin to fall under horrible apprehensions, lest these gentlemen, during the intervals of a long peace, should find leisure to 5 pick holes in the weak sides of religion and government. To prevent which, there has been much thought employed of late, upon certain projects for taking off the force and edge of those formidable inquirers, from canvassing and reasoning upon such delicate points. They have at length 10 fixed upon one, which will require some time as well as cost to perfect. Meanwhile, the danger hourly increasing, by new levies of wits, all appointed (as there is reason to fear) with pen, ink, and paper, which may, at an hour's warning, be drawn out into pamphlets, and other offensive weapons, 15 ready for immediate execution, it was judged of absolute necessity, that some present expedient be thought on, till the main design can be brought to maturity. To this end, at a grand committee some days ago, this important discovery was made by a certain curious and refined observer 20 —that seamen have a custom, when they meet a whale, to fling him out an empty tub by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ship. This parable was immediately mythologised; the whale was interpreted to be Hobbes's Leviathan, which tosses and plays with all 25 schemes of religion and government, whereof a great many are hollow, and dry, and empty, and noisy, and wooden, and given to rotation: this is the leviathan, whence the terrible wits of our age are said to borrow their weapons. The ship in danger is easily understood to be its old antitype, the 30 commonwealth. But how to analyze the tub, was a matter of difficulty; when, after long inquiry and debate, the literal meaning was preserved; and it was decreed, that, in order to

prevent these leviathans from tossing and sporting with the commonwealth, which of itself is too apt to fluctuate, they should be diverted from that game by a Tale of a Tub. And, my genius being conceived to lie not unhappily that way,
5 I had the honour done me to be engaged in the performance.

This is the sole design in publishing the following treatise, which I hope will serve for an *interim* of some months to employ those unquiet spirits, till the perfecting of that great work ; into the secret of which, it is reasonable the courteous
10 reader should have some little light.

It is intended, that a large academy be erected, capable of containing nine thousand seven hundred forty and three persons ; which, by modest computation, is reckoned to be pretty near the current number of wits in this island. These
15 are to be disposed into the several schools of this academy, and there pursue those studies to which their genius most inclines them. The undertaker himself will publish his proposals with all convenient speed ; to which I shall refer the curious reader for a more particular account, mentioning
20 at present only a few of the principal schools. There is the spelling school, a very spacious building : the school of looking-glasses : the school of swearing : the school of critics : the school of hobby-horses : the school of poetry : the school of tops : the school of spleen : the school of gaming : with many
25 others, too tedious to recount. No person to be admitted member into any of these schools, without an attestation under two sufficient persons' hands, certifying him to be a wit.

But, to return : I am sufficiently instructed in the principal duty of a preface, if my genius were capable of arriving
30 at it. Thrice have I forced my imagination to make the tour of my invention, and thrice it has returned empty : the latter having been wholly drained by the following treatise. Not so, my more successful brethren the moderns ; who will by no means let slip a preface or dedication, without

some notable distinguishing stroke to surprise the reader at the entry, and kindle a wonderful expectation of what is to ensue. Such was that of a most ingenious poet, who, soliciting his brain for something new, compared himself to the hangman, and his patron to the patient: this was *insigne, 5 recens, indictum ore alio*. When I went through that necessary and noble course of study, I had the happiness to observe many such egregious touches, which I shall not injure the authors by transplanting: because I have remarked, that nothing is so very tender as a modern piece 10 of wit, and which is apt to suffer so much in the carriage. Some things are extremely witty to-day, or fasting, or in this place, or at eight o'clock, or over a bottle, or spoke by Mr. What'd'y'call'm, or in a summer's morning: any of the 15 which, by the smallest transposal or misapplication, is utterly annihilate. Thus, wit has its walks and purlieus, out of which it may not stray the breadth of a hair, upon peril of being lost. The moderns have artfully fixed this mercury, and reduced it to the circumstances of time, place, and person. Such a jest there is, that will not pass out of 20 Covent-Garden; and such a one, that is nowhere intelligible but at Hyde-Park corner. Now, though it sometimes tenderly affects me to consider, that all the towardly passages I shall deliver in the following treatise, will grow quite out of date and relish with the first shifting of the present scene, 25 yet I must needs subscribe to the justice of this proceeding: because, I cannot imagine why we should be at the expense to furnish wit for succeeding ages, when the former have made no sort of provision for ours: wherein I speak the sentiment of the very newest, and consequently the most 30 orthodox refiners, as well as my own. However, being extremely solicitous, that every accomplished person, who has got into the taste of wit calculated for this present month of August, 1697, should descend to the very bottom

of all the sublime, throughout this treatise ; I hold fit to lay down this general maxim : whatever reader desires to have a thorough comprehension of an author's thoughts, cannot take a better method, than by putting himself into the circumstances and postures of life, that the writer was in upon every important passage, as it flowed from his pen : for this will introduce a parity, and strict correspondence of ideas, between the reader and the author. Now, to assist the diligent reader in so delicate an affair, as far as brevity will permit, I have recollected, that the shrewdest pieces of this treatise were conceived in bed in a garret : at other times, for a reason best known to myself, I thought fit to sharpen my invention with hunger ; and in general, the whole work was begun, continued, and ended, under a long course of physic, and a great want of money. Now, I do affirm, it will be absolutely impossible for the candid peruser to go along with me in a great many bright passages, unless, upon the several difficulties emergent, he will please to capacitate and prepare himself by these directions. And this I lay down as my principal *postulatum*.

Because I have professed to be a most devoted servant of all modern forms, I apprehend some curious wit may object against me, for proceeding thus far in a preface, without declaiming, according to the custom, against the multitude of writers, whereof the whole multitude of writers most reasonably complain. I am just come from perusing some hundreds of prefaces, wherein the authors do, at the very beginning, address the gentle reader concerning this enormous grievance. Of these I have preserved a few examples, and shall set them down as near as my memory has been able to retain them.

One begins thus :

For a man to set up for a writer, when the press swarms with, &c.

Another :

The tax upon paper does not lessen the number of scribblers, who daily pester, &c.

Another :

When every little would-be wit takes pen in hand, 'tis in vain to enter the lists, &c.

Another :

To observe what trash the press swarms with, &c.

Another :

Sir, It is merely in obedience to your commands, that I venture into the public ; for who upon a less consideration would be of a party with such a rabble of scribblers, &c.

Now, I have two words in my own defence against this objection. First, I am far from granting the number of writers a nuisance to our nation, having strenuously maintained the contrary, in several parts of the following discourse. Secondly, I do not well understand the justice of this proceeding ; because I observe many of these polite prefaces to be not only from the same hand, but from those who are most voluminous in their several productions. Upon which, I shall tell the reader a short tale.

A mountebank, in Leicester-fields, had drawn a huge assembly about him. Among the rest, a fat unwieldy fellow, half stifled in the press, would be every fit crying out Lord ! what a filthy crowd is here ! pray, good people, give way a little. Bless me ! what a devil has raked this rabble together ! z—ds ! what squeezing is this ! honest friend, remove your elbow. At last a weaver, that stood next him, could hold no longer. A plague confound you, (said he,) for an overgrown sloven ; and who, in the devil's name, I wonder, helps to make up the crowd half so much as yourself ? Don't you consider, with a plague, that you take up more room with that carcase, than any five here ? is not the place as free for us as for you ? bring your own guts to a reasonable

compass, and be d—n'd, and then I'll engage we shall have room enough for us all.

There are certain common privileges of a writer, the benefit whereof, I hope, there will be no reason to doubt; particularly, that where I am not understood, it shall be concluded, that something very useful and profound is couched underneath: and again, that whatever word or sentence is printed in a different character, shall be judged to contain something extraordinary either of wit or sublime.

As for the liberty I have thought fit to take of praising myself, upon some occasions or none, I am sure it will need no excuse, if a multitude of great examples be allowed sufficient authority: for it is here to be noted, that praise was originally a pension paid by the world; but the moderns, finding the trouble and charge too great in collecting it, have lately bought out the fee-simple; since which time, the right of presentation is wholly in ourselves. For this reason it is, that when an author makes his own elogy, he uses a certain form to declare and insist upon his title, which is commonly in these or the like words, 'I speak without vanity;' which I think plainly shews it to be a matter of right and justice. Now I do here once for all declare, that in every encounter of this nature through the following treatise, the form aforesaid is implied; which I mention, to save the trouble of repeating it on so many occasions.

It is a great ease to my conscience, that I have written so elaborate and useful a discourse, without one grain of satire intermixed; which is the sole point wherein I have taken leave to dissent from the famous originals of our age and country. I have observed some satirists to use the public much at the rate that pedants do a naughty boy, ready horsed for discipline: first, expostulate the case, then plead the necessity of the rod from great provocations, and conclude every period with a lash. Now, if I know any-

thing of mankind, these gentlemen might very well spare their reproof and correction : for there is not, through all nature, another so callous and insensible a member, as the world's posteriors, whether you apply to it the toe or the birch. Besides, most of our late satirists seem to lie under 5 a sort of mistake ; that because nettles have the prerogative to sting, therefore all other weeds must do so too. I make not this comparison out of the least design to detract from these worthy writers ; for it is well known among mythologists, that weeds have the pre-eminence over all other 10 / vegetables ; and therefore the first monarch of this island, whose taste and judgment were so acute and refined, did very wisely root out the roses from the collar of the order, and plant the thistles in their stead, as the nobler flower of the two. For which reason it is conjectured by profounder 15 antiquaries, that the satirical itch, so prevalent in this part of our island, was first brought among us from beyond the Tweed. Here may it long flourish and abound : may it survive and neglect the scorn of the world, with as much ease and contempt, as the world is insensible to the lashes 20 of it. May their own dulness, or that of their party, be no discouragement for the authors to proceed ; but let them remember, it is with wits as with razors, which are never so apt to cut those they are employed on, as when they have lost their edge. Besides, those, whose teeth are too rotten 25 to bite, are best, of all others, qualified to revenge that defect with their breath. ✓

I am not like other men, to envy or undervalue the talents I cannot reach ; for which reason I must needs bear a true honour to this large eminent sect of our British writers. 30 And I hope this little panegyric will not be offensive to their ears, since it has the advantage of being only designed for themselves. Indeed, nature herself has taken order, that fame and honour should be purchased at a better penny-

worth by satire, than by any other productions of the brain ;
3 the world being soonest provoked to praise by lashes, as
men are to love. There is a problem in an ancient author,
why dedications, and other bundles of flattery, run all upon
5 stale musty topics, without the smallest tincture of anything
new ; not only to the torment and nauseating of the Chris-
tian reader, but, if not suddenly prevented, to the universal
spreading of that pestilent disease, the lethargy, in this
island : whereas there is very little satire, which has not
10 something in it untouched before. The defects of the
former are usually imputed to the want of invention among
those who are dealers in that kind ; but, I think, with a
great deal of injustice ; the solution being easy and natural ;
4 // for the materials of panegyric, being very few in number,
15 have been long since exhausted. For, as health is but one
thing, and has been always the same, whereas diseases are
by thousands, besides new and daily additions ; so, all the
virtues that have been ever in mankind, are to be counted
upon a few fingers ; but their follies and vices are innum-
20 able, and time adds hourly to the heap. Now the utmost a
poor poet can do, is to get by heart a list of the cardinal
virtues, and deal them with his utmost liberality to his hero,
or his patron ; he may ring the changes as far as it will go,
and vary his phrase till he has talked round : but the reader
25 quickly finds it is all pork, with a little variety of sauce.
// For there is no inventing terms of art beyond our ideas ; and,
when our ideas are exhausted, terms of art must be so too.

But though the matter for panegyric were as fruitful as
the topics of satire, yet would it not be hard to find out a
30 sufficient reason why the latter will be always better received
than the first. For, this being bestowed only upon one, or
a few persons at a time, is sure to raise envy, and conse-
quently ill words from the rest, who have no share in the
blessing ; but satire, being levelled at all, is never resented

for an offence by any, since every individual person makes bold to understand it of others, and very wisely removes his particular part of the burden upon the shoulders of the world, which are broad enough, and able to bear it. To this purpose, I have sometimes reflected upon the difference 5 between Athens and England, with respect to the point before us. In the Attic commonwealth, it was the privilege and birth-right of every citizen and poet to rail aloud, and in public, or to expose upon the stage, by name, any person they pleased, though of the greatest figure, whether a Creon, 10 an Hyperbolus, an Alcibiades, or a Demosthenes: but, on the other side, the least reflecting word let fall against the people in general, was immediately caught up, and revenged upon the authors, however considerable for their quality or their merits. Whereas in England it is just the reverse of 15 all this. Here, you may securely display your utmost rhetoric against mankind, in the face of the world; tell them, 'That all are gone astray; that there is none that doth good, no not one; that we live in the very dregs of time; that knavery and atheism are epidemic as the pox; that honesty 20 is fled with Astræa;' with any other common-places, equally new and eloquent, which are furnished by the *splendida bilis*. And when you have done, the whole audience, far from being offended, shall return you thanks, as a deliverer of precious and useful truths. Nay, farther; it is but to 25 venture your lungs, and you may preach in Covent-Garden against foppery and fornication, and something else: against pride, and dissimulation, and bribery, at White-Hall: you may expose rapine and injustice in the inns of court chapel: and in a city pulpit, be as fierce as you please against 30 avarice, hypocrisy, and extortion. 'Tis but a ball bandied to and fro, and every man carries a racket about him, to strike it from himself, among the rest of the company. But, on the other side, whoever should mistake the nature of

things so far, as to drop but a single hint in public; how such a one starved half the fleet, and half poisoned the rest: how such a one, from a true principle of love and honour, pays no debts but for wenches and play; how such a one has
5 wasted his health in debauch, and runs out of his estate: how Paris, bribed by Juno and Venus, loth to offend either party, slept out the whole cause on the bench: or, how such an orator makes long speeches in the senate, with much thought, little sense, and to no purpose; whoever, I say, should venture to be
10 thus particular, must expect to be imprisoned for *scandalum magnatum*; to have challenges sent him; to be sued for defamation; and to be brought before the bar of the house.

But I forget that I am expatiating on a subject wherein I have no concern, having neither a talent nor an inclination
15 for satire. On the other side, I am so entirely satisfied with the whole present procedure of human things, that I have been some years preparing materials towards A Panegyric upon the World; to which I intended to add a second part, entitled, A modest Defence of the Proceedings of the
20 Rabble in all Ages. Both these I had thoughts to publish, by way of appendix to the following treatise; but finding my common-place book fill much slower than I had reason to expect, I have chosen to defer them to another occasion. Besides, I have been unhappily prevented in that design by
25 a certain domestic misfortune; in the particulars whereof, though it would be very seasonable, and much in the modern way, to inform the gentle reader, and would also be of great assistance towards extending this preface into the size now
in vogue, which by rule ought to be large in proportion as
30 the subsequent volume is small; yet I shall now dismiss our impatient reader from any farther attendance at the porch, and, having duly prepared his mind by a preliminary discourse, shall gladly introduce him to the sublime mysteries that ensue.

A TALE OF A TUB.

SECT. I.—*The Introduction.*

WHOEVER has an ambition to be heard in a crowd, must press, and squeeze, and thrust, and climb, with indefatigable pains, till he has exalted himself to a certain degree of 5 altitude above them. Now, in all assemblies, though you wedge them ever so close, we may observe this peculiar property, that over their heads there is room enough, but how to reach it is the difficult point ; it being as hard to get quit of number, as of hell ; 10

‘——evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est.’

VIRGIL.

To this end, the philosopher’s way, in all ages, has been by erecting certain edifices in the air : but, whatever practice 15 and reputation these kind of structures have formerly possessed, or may still continue in, not excepting even that of Socrates, when he was suspended in a basket to help contemplation, I think, with due submission, they seem to labour under two inconveniences. First, That the founda- 20 tions being laid too high, they have been often out of sight, and ever out of hearing. Secondly, That the materials being very transitory, have suffered much from inclemencies of air, especially in these north-west regions.

Therefore, towards the just performance of this great 25 work, there remain but three methods that I can think of ; whereof the wisdom of our ancestors being highly sensible, has, to encourage all aspiring adventurers, thought fit to erect three wooden machines for the use of those orators, who desire to talk much without interruption. These are, 30 the pulpit, the ladder, and the stage itinerant. For, as to

the bar, though it be compounded of the same matter, and designed for the same use, it cannot, however, be well allowed the honour of a fourth, by reason of its level or inferior situation exposing it to perpetual interruption from
5 collaterals. Neither can the bench itself, though raised to a proper eminency, put in a better claim, whatever its advocates insist on. For, if they please to look into the original design of its erection, and the circumstances or adjuncts subservient to that design, they will soon acknowledge the
10 present practice, exactly correspondent to the primitive institution, and both to answer the etymology of the name, which in the Phœnician tongue is a word of great signification, importing, if literally interpreted, the place of sleep; but in common acceptance, a seat well bolstered and
15 cushioned, for the repose of old and gouty limbs: *senes ut in otia tuta recedant*. Fortune being indebted to them this part of retaliation, that, as formerly, they have long talked, while others slept; so now they may sleep as long, while others talk.

20 But if no other argument could occur, to exclude the bench and the bar from the list of oratorical machines, it were sufficient that the admission of them would overthrow a number, which I was resolved to establish, whatever argument it might cost me; in imitation of that prudent method
25 observed by many other philosophers, and great clerks, whose chief art in division has been to grow fond of some proper mystical number, which their imaginations have rendered sacred, to a degree, that they force common reason to find room for it, in every part of nature; reducing, in-
30 cluding, and adjusting, every genus and species within that compass, by coupling some against their wills, and banishing others at any rate. Now, among all the rest, the profound number THREE is that which has most employed my sublimest speculations, nor ever without wonderful delight.

There is now in the press, and will be published next term, a panegyrical essay of mine upon this number ; wherein I have, by most convincing proofs, not only reduced the senses and the elements under its banner, but brought over several deserters from its two great rivals, SEVEN and 5 NINE.

Now, the first of these oratorical machines, in place, as well as dignity, is the pulpit. Of pulpits there are in this island several sorts ; but I esteem only that made of timber from the *sylva Caledonia*, which agrees very well with our 10 climate. If it be upon its decay, it is the better both for conveyance of sound, and for other reasons to be mentioned by and by. The degree of perfection in shape and size, I take to consist in being extremely narrow, with little ornament ; and, best of all, without a cover, (for, by ancient 15 rule, it ought to be the only uncovered vessel in every assembly, where it is rightfully used,) by which means, from its near resemblance to a pillory, it will ever have a mighty influence on human ears.

Of ladders I need say nothing : it is observed by foreigners 20 themselves, to the honour of our country, that we excel all nations in our practice and understanding of this machine. The ascending orators do not only oblige their audience in the agreeable delivery, but the whole world in the early publication of their speeches ; which I look upon as the 25 choicest treasury of our British eloquence, and whereof, I am informed, that worthy citizen and bookseller, Mr. John Dunton, has made a faithful and painful collection, which he shortly designs to publish, in twelve volumes in folio, illustrated with copper-plates. A work highly useful and 30 curious, and altogether worthy of such a hand.

The last engine of orators is the stage itinerant, erected with much sagacity, *sub Jove pluvio, in triviis et quadriiviis*. It is the great seminary of the two former, and its orators

are sometimes preferred to the one, and sometimes to the other, in proportion to their deservings ; there being a strict and perpetual intercourse between all three.

From this accurate deduction it is manifest, that for
 5 obtaining attention in public, there is of necessity required a superior position of place. But, although this point be generally granted, yet the cause is little agreed in ; and it seems to me, that very few philosophers have fallen into a true, natural solution of this phenomenon. The deepest
 10 account, and the most fairly digested of any I have yet met with, is this ; that air being a heavy body, and therefore, according to the system of Epicurus, continually descending, must needs be more so, when loaded and pressed down by words ; which are also bodies of much weight and gravity,
 15 as it is manifest from those deep impressions they make and leave upon us ; and therefore must be delivered from a due altitude, or else they will neither carry a good aim, nor fall down with a sufficient force.

‘Corpoream quoque enim vocem constare fatendum est,
 20 Et sonitum, quoniam possunt impellere sensus.’

LUCR. Lib. 4.

And I am the readier to favour this conjecture, from a common observation, that in the several assemblies of these orators, nature itself has instructed the hearers to stand with
 25 their mouths open, and erected parallel to the horizon, so as they may be intersected by a perpendicular line from the zenith, to the centre of the earth. In which position, if the audience be well compact, every one carries home a share, and little or nothing is lost.

30 I confess there is something yet more refined, in the contrivance and structure of our modern theatres. For, first, the pit is sunk below the stage, with due regard to the institution above deduced ; that, whatever weighty matter shall be delivered thence, whether it be lead or gold, may

fall plumb into the jaws of certain critics, as I think they are called, which stand ready opened to devour them. Then, the boxes are built round, and raised to a level with the scene, in deference to the ladies ; because, that large portion of wit, laid out in raising pruriences, is observed to 5 run much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The whining passions, and little starved conceits, are gently wafted up, by their own extreme levity, to the middle region, and there fix and are frozen by the frigid understandings of the inhabitants. Bombastry and buffoonery, by nature lofty 10 and light, soar highest of all, and would be lost in the roof, if the prudent architect had not, with much foresight, contrived for them a fourth place, called the twelve-penny gallery, and there planted a suitable colony, who greedily intercept them in their passage. 15

Now this physico-logical scheme of oratorial receptacles or machines, contains a great mystery ; being a type, a sign, an emblem, a shadow, a symbol, bearing analogy to the spacious commonwealth of writers, and to those methods, by which they must exalt themselves to a certain eminency 20 above the inferior world. By the pulpit are adumbrated the writings of our modern saints in Great Britain, as they have spiritualized and refined them, from the dross and grossness of sense and human reason. The matter, as we have said, is of rotten wood ; and that upon two considera- 25 tions ; because it is the quality of rotten wood, to give light in the dark : and secondly, because its cavities are full of worms ; which is a type with a pair of handles, having a respect to the two principal qualifications of the orator, and the two different fates attending upon his works. 30

The ladder, is an adequate symbol of faction, and of poetry, to both of which so noble a number of authors are indebted for their fame. Of faction, because * * *

Hiatus in MS. * * * * *

* * * * * Of *poetry*, because its orators do *perorare* with a song; and because, climbing up by slow degrees, fate is sure to turn them off, before they can reach within many steps of the top: and because
 5 it is a preferment attained by transferring of propriety, and a confounding of *meum* and *tuum*.

Under the stage itinerant, are couched those productions designed for the pleasure and delight of mortal man; such as, Six-penny-worth of Wit, Westminster Drolleries,
 10 Delightful Tales, Complete Jesters, and the like; by which the writers of and for *Grub-street*, have in these latter ages so nobly triumphed over Time; have clipped his wings, pared his nails, filed his teeth, turned back his hour-glass, blunted his scythe, and drawn the hob-nails out of his
 15 shoes. It is under this class I have presumed to list my present treatise, being just come from having the honour conferred upon me, to be adopted a member of that illustrious fraternity.

Now, I am not unaware, how the productions of the
 20 *Grub-street* brotherhood have of late years fallen under many prejudices, nor how it has been the perpetual employment of two junior start-up societies to ridicule them and their authors, as unworthy their established post in the commonwealth of wit and learning. Their own consciences
 25 will easily inform them whom I mean; nor has the world been so negligent a looker-on, as not to observe the continual efforts made by the societies of Gresham, and of Will's, to edify a name and reputation upon the ruin of OURS. And this is yet a more feeling grief to us, upon the
 30 regards of tenderness as well as of justice, when we reflect on their proceedings not only as unjust, but as ungrateful, undutiful, and unnatural. For how can it be forgot by the world or themselves, to say nothing of our own records, which are full and clear in the point, that they both are

seminaries not only of our planting, but our watering too? I am informed, our two rivals have lately made an offer to enter into the lists with united forces, and challenge us to a comparison of books, both as to weight and number. In return to which, with licence from our president, I humbly offer two answers: first, we say, the proposal is like that which Archimedes made upon a smaller affair¹, including an impossibility in the practice; for, where can they find scales of capacity enough for the first, or an arithmetician of capacity enough for the second? Secondly, we are ready to accept the challenge; but with this condition, that a third indifferent person be assigned, to whose impartial judgment it shall be left to decide, which society each book, treatise, or pamphlet, do most properly belong to. This point, God knows, is very far from being fixed at present; for we are ready to produce a catalogue of some thousands, which in all common justice ought to be entitled to our fraternity, but by the revolted and new-fangled writers, most perfidiously ascribed to the others. Upon all which, we think it very unbecoming our prudence, that the determination should be remitted to the authors themselves; when our adversaries, by briguing and caballing, have caused so universal a defection from us, that the greatest part of our society has already deserted to them, and our nearest friends begin to stand aloof, as if they were half ashamed to own us.

This is the utmost I am authorized to say upon so ungrateful and melancholy a subject; because we are extreme unwilling to inflame a controversy, whose continuance may be so fatal to the interests of us all, desiring much rather that things be amicably composed; and we shall so far advance on our side, as to be ready to receive the two prodigals with open arms, whenever they shall think fit to

¹ Viz. about moving the earth.

return from their husks and their harlots; which, I think, from the present course of their studies ¹, they most properly may be said to be engaged in; and, like an indulgent parent, continue to them our affection and our blessing.

5 But the greatest maim given to that general reception, which the writings of our society have formerly received, (next to the transitory state of all sublunary things,) has been a superficial vein among many readers of the present age, who will by no means be persuaded to inspect beyond
10 the surface and the rind of things; whereas, wisdom is a fox, who, after long hunting, will at last cost you the pains to dig out; it is a cheese, which, by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the coarser coat; and whereof, to a judicious palate, the maggots are the best: it
15 is a sack-posset, wherein the deeper you go, you will find it the sweeter. Wisdom is a hen, whose cackling we must value and consider, because it is attended with an egg; but then lastly, it is a nut, which, unless you choose with judgment, may cost you a tooth, and pay you with nothing but
20 a worm. In consequence of these momentous truths, the grubæan sages have always chosen to convey their precepts and their arts, shut up within the vehicles of types and fables; which having been perhaps more careful and curious in adorning, than was altogether necessary, it has fared with
25 these vehicles, after the usual fate of coaches over-finely painted and gilt, that the transitory gazers have so dazzled their eyes, and filled their imaginations with the outward lustre, as neither to regard nor consider the person, or the parts, of the owner within. A misfortune we undergo with
30 somewhat less reluctancy, because it has been common to us with Pythagoras, Æsop, Socrates, and other of our predecessors.

However, that neither the world, nor ourselves, may any

¹ Virtuoso experiments, and modern comedies.

longer suffer by such misunderstandings, I have been prevailed on, after much importunity from my friends, to travel in a complete and laborious dissertation, upon the prime productions of our society; which, besides their beautiful externals, for the gratification of superficial readers, have 5 darkly and deeply couched under them, the most finished and refined systems of all sciences and arts; as I do not doubt to lay open, by untwisting or unwinding, and either to draw up by exantlation, or display by incision.

This great work was entered upon some years ago, by 10 one of our most eminent members: he began with the History of Reynard the Fox, but neither lived to publish his essay, nor to proceed farther in so useful an attempt; which is very much to be lamented, because the discovery he made, and communicated with his friends, is now uni- 15 versally received; nor do I think any of the learned will dispute that famous treatise to be a complete body of civil knowledge, and the revelation, or rather the apocalypse, of all state arcana. But the progress I have made is much greater, having already finished my annotations upon several 20 dozens; from some of which I shall impart a few hints to the candid reader, as far as will be necessary to the conclusion at which I aim.

The first piece I have handled is that of Tom Thumb, whose author was a Pythagorean philosopher. This dark 25 treatise contains the whole scheme of the Metempsychosis, deducing the progress of the soul through all her stages.

The next is Dr. Faustus, penned by Artephius, an author *bonæ notæ*, and an *adeptus*; he published it in the nine-hundred-eighty-fourth year of his age; this writer proceeds 30 wholly by reincrudation, or in the *via humida*; and the marriage between Faustus and Helen does most conspicuously dilucidate the fermenting of the male and female dragon.

Whittington and his Cat is the work of that mysterious rabbi, Jehuda Hannasi, containing a defence of the gemara of the Jerusalem misna, and its just preference to that of Babylon, contrary to the vulgar opinion.

- 5 The Hind and Panther. This is the masterpiece of a famous writer now living, intended for a complete abstract of sixteen thousand school-men, from Scotus to Bellarmin.

Tommy Pots. Another piece, supposed by the same hand, by way of supplement to the former.

- 10 The Wise Men of Gotham, *cum appendice*. This is a treatise of immense erudition, being the great original and fountain of those arguments, bandied about, both in France and England, for a just defence of the moderns' learning and wit, against the presumption, the pride, and ignorance
15 of the ancients. This unknown author has so exhausted the subject, that a penetrating reader will easily discover whatever has been written since upon that dispute, to be little more than repetition. An abstract of this treatise has been lately published by a worthy member of our society.

- 20 These notices may serve to give the learned reader an idea, as well as a taste, of what the whole work is likely to produce ; wherein I have now altogether circumscribed my thoughts and my studies ; and, if I can bring it to a perfection before I die, shall reckon I have well employed the
25 poor remains of an unfortunate life. This, indeed, is more than I can justly expect, from a quill worn to the pith in the service of the state, in *pros* and *cons* upon Popish plots, and meal-tubs, and exclusion bills, and passive obedience, and addresses of lives and fortunes, and prerogative, and
30 property, and liberty of conscience, and letters to a friend : from an understanding and a conscience thread-bare and ragged with perpetual turning ; and from a head broken in a hundred places by the malignants of the opposite factions. Fourscore and eleven pamphlets have I written

under three reigns, and for the service of six and thirty factions. But, finding the state has no farther occasion for me and my^{*} ink, I retire willingly to draw it out into speculations more becoming a philosopher; having, to my unspeakable comfort, passed a long life with a conscience 5 void of offence towards God and towards man.✓

But to return. I am assured from the reader's candour, that the brief specimen I have given, will easily clear all the rest of our society's productions from an aspersion grown, as it is manifest, out of envy and ignorance; that 10 they are of little farther use or value to mankind, beyond the common entertainments of their wit and their style; for these I am sure have never yet been disputed by our keenest adversaries: in both which, as well as the more profound and mystical part, I have, throughout this treatise, 15 closely followed the most applauded originals. And to render all complete, I have, with much thought and application of mind, so ordered, that the chief title prefixed to it, I mean that under which I design it shall pass in the common conversation of court and town, is modelled 20 exactly after the manner peculiar to our society.

I confess to have been somewhat liberal in the business of titles¹, having observed the humour of multiplying them, to bear great vogue among certain writers, whom I exceedingly reverence. And indeed it seems not unreason- 25 able, that books, the children of the brain, should have the honour to be christened with variety of names, as well as other infants of quality. Our famous Dryden has ventured to proceed a point farther, endeavouring to introduce also a multiplicity of god-fathers²; which is an improvement of 30 much more advantage upon a very obvious account. It is

¹ The title-page in the original was so torn, that it was not possible to recover several titles which the author here speaks of.

² See Virgil translated, &c.

a pity this admirable invention has not been better cultivated; so as to grow by this time into general imitation, when such an authority serves it for a precedent. Nor have my endeavours been wanting to second so useful an example; 5 but it seems there is an unhappy expense usually annexed to the calling of a god-father, which was clearly out of my head, as it is very reasonable to believe. Where the pinch lay, I cannot certainly affirm; but having employed a world of thoughts and pains to split my treatise into forty sections, 10 and having entreated forty lords of my acquaintance, that they would do me the honour to stand, they all made it a matter of conscience, and sent me their excuses.

SECT. II.

Once upon a time, there was a man who had three sons 15 by one wife, and all at a birth, neither could the midwife tell certainly, which was the eldest. Their father died while they were young; and upon his death-bed, calling the lads to him, spoke thus:

‘Sons; because I have purchased no estate, nor was 20 born to any, I have long considered of some good legacies to bequeath you; and at last, with much care, as well as expense, have provided each of you (here they are) a new coat. Now, you are to understand, that these coats have two virtues contained in them; one is, that with good 25 wearing, they will last you fresh and sound as long as you live: the other is, that they will grow in the same proportion with your bodies, lengthening and widening of themselves, so as to be always fit. Here; let me see them on you before I die. So; very well; pray, children, wear 30 them clean, and brush them often. You will find in my will (here it is) full instructions in every particular concerning

the wearing and management of your coats ; wherein you must be very exact, to avoid the penalties I have appointed for every transgression or neglect, upon which your future fortunes will entirely depend. I have also commanded in my will, that you should live together in one house like 5 brethren and friends, for then you will be sure to thrive, and not otherwise.'

Here the story says, this good father died, and the three sons went all together to seek their fortunes.

I shall not trouble you with recounting what adventures 10 they met for the first seven years, any farther than by taking notice, that they carefully observed their father's will, and kept their coats in very good order : that they travelled through several countries, encountered a reasonable quantity of giants, and slew certain dragons. 15

Being now arrived at the proper age for producing themselves, they came up to town, and fell in love with the ladies, but especially three, who about that time were in chief reputation ; the Duchess d'Argent, Madame de Grands Titres, and the Countess d'Orgueil. On their first appear- 20 ance, our three adventurers met with a very bad reception ; and soon with great sagacity guessing out the reason, they quickly began to improve in the good qualities of the town : they writ, and rallied, and rhymed, and sung, and said, and said nothing : they drank, and fought, and slept, and swore, 25 and took snuff : they went to new plays on the first night, haunted the chocolate houses, beat the watch, and lay on bulks : they bilked hackney-coachmen, and ran in debt with shopkeepers : they killed bailiffs, kicked fiddlers down stairs, eat at Locket's, loitered at Will's : they talked of the 30 drawing-room, and never came there : dined with lords they never saw : whispered a duchess, and spoke never a word : exposed the scrawls of their laundress for billetdoux of quality : came ever just from court, and were never seen in

it : attended the levee *sub dio* : got a list of peers by heart in one company, and with great familiarity retailed them in another. Above all, they constantly attended those committees of senators, who are silent in the house, and loud in
5 the coffee-house ; where they nightly adjourn to chew the cud of politics, and are encompassed with a ring of disciples, who lie in wait to catch up their droppings. The three brothers had acquired forty other qualifications of the like stamp, too tedious to recount, and by consequence, were justly reckoned
10 the most accomplished persons in the town : but all would not suffice, and the ladies aforesaid continued still inflexible. To clear up which difficulty I must, with the reader's good leave and patience, have recourse to some points of weight, which the authors of that age have not sufficiently
15 illustrated.

For, about this time it happened a sect arose, whose tenets obtained and spread very far, especially in the *grand monde*, and among everybody of good fashion. They worshipped a sort of idol, who, as their doctrine delivered,
20 did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This idol they placed in the highest part of the house, on an altar erected about three foot : he was shewn in the posture of a Persian emperor, sitting on a superficies, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a goose for his
25 ensign : whence it is that some learned men pretend to deduce his original from Jupiter Capitolinus. At his left hand, beneath the altar, Hell seemed to open, and catch at the animals the idol was creating ; to prevent which, certain of his priests hourly flung in pieces of the uninformed mass,
30 or substance, and sometimes whole limbs already enlivened, which that horrid gulf insatiably swallowed, terrible to behold. The goose was held a subaltern divinity or *deus minorum gentium*. The chief idol was also worshipped as the inventor of the yard and needle ; whether as the god

either ancient or modern. And it was not merely to entertain or satisfy the reader's curiosity, but rather to give him light into several circumstances of the following story.

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knobs. That fellow, cries one, has no sense, there is no
shoulder-knot? Our three brethren soon discovered their 30
want by sad experience, meeting in their walks with forty
mortifications and indignities. If they went to the play-
house, the door-keeper shewed them into the twelve-penny
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either ancient or modern. And it was not merely to entertain or satisfy the reader's curiosity, but rather to give him light into several circumstances of the following story; that knowing the state of dispositions and opinions in an age so remote, he may better comprehend those great events, which were the issue of them. I advise therefore the courteous reader to peruse with a world of application, again and again, whatever I have written upon this matter. And leaving these broken ends, I carefully gather up the chief thread of my story and proceed.

10

These opinions, therefore, were so universal, as well as the practices of them, among the refined part of court and town, that our three brother-adventurers, as their circumstances then stood, were strangely at a loss. For, on the one side, the three ladies they addressed themselves to, whom we have named already, were at the very top of the fashion, and abhorred all that were below it the breadth of a hair. On the other side, their father's will was very precise, and it was the main precept in it, with the greatest penalties annexed, not to add to, or diminish from their coats one thread, without a positive command in the will. Now, the coats their father had left them were, it is true, of very good cloth, and, besides, so neatly sewn, you would swear they were all of a piece; but, at the same time, very plain, and with little or no ornament: and it happened, that before they were a month in town, great shoulder-knots came up; straight all the world was shoulder-knots; no approaching the ladies' *ruelles* without the *quota* of shoulder-knots. That fellow, cries one, has no soul; where is his shoulder-knot? Our three brethren soon discovered their want by sad experience, meeting in their walks with forty mortifications and indignities. If they went to the play-house, the door-keeper shewed them into the twelve-penny gallery. If they called a boat, says a waterman, I am first

sculler. If they stepped to the Rose to take a bottle, the drawer would cry, Friend, we sell no ale. If they went to visit a lady, a footman met them at the door, with, Pray send up your message. In this unhappy case, they went
 5 immediately to consult their father's will, read it over and over, but not a word of the shoulder-knot : what should they do ? what temper should they find ? obedience was absolutely necessary, and yet shoulder-knots appeared extremely requisite. After much thought, one of the
 10 brothers, who happened to be more book-learned than the other two, said, he had found an expedient. It is true, said he, there is nothing here in this will, *totidem verbis*, making mention of shoulder-knots : but I dare conjecture, we may find them *inclusive*, or *totidem syllabis*. This distinction
 15 was immediately approved by all ; and so they fell again to examine the will ; but their evil star had so directed the matter, that the first syllable was not to be found in the whole writings. Upon which disappointment, he, who found the former evasion, took heart, and said, Brothers, there are
 20 yet hopes ; for though we cannot find them *totidem verbis*, nor *totidem syllabis*, I dare engage we shall make them out, *tertio modo*, or *totidem literis*. This discovery was also highly commended, upon which they fell once more to the scrutiny, and picked out S, H, O, U, L, D, E, R ; when the same
 25 planet, enemy to their repose, had wonderfully contrived, that a K was not to be found. Here was a weighty difficulty ! but the distinguishing brother, for whom we shall hereafter find a name, now his hand was in, proved by a very good argument, that K was a modern, illegitimate letter, unknown
 30 to the learned ages, nor anywhere to be found in ancient manuscripts. 'Tis true said he, Calendæ hath in Q. V. C.¹ been sometimes written with a K, but erroneously ; for, in the best copies, it has ever been spelt with a C. And, by

¹ Quibusdam veteribus codicibus.

consequence, it was a gross mistake in our language to spell knot with a k ; but that from henceforward, he would take care it should be written with a c. Upon this all farther difficulty vanished ; shoulder-knots were made clearly out to be *jure paterno* : and our three gentlemen swaggered 5 with as large and as flaunting ones as the best. But, as human happiness is of a very short duration, so in those days were human fashions, upon which it entirely depends. Shoulder-knots had their time, and we must now imagine them in their decline ; for a certain lord came just from 10 Paris, with fifty yards of gold lace upon his coat, exactly trimmed after the court fashion of that month. In two days all mankind appeared closed up in bars of gold lace : whoever durst peep abroad without his complement of gold lace, was ill received among the women : what should our 15 three knights do in this momentous affair ? They had sufficiently strained a point already in the affair of shoulder-knots : upon recourse to the will, nothing appeared there but *altum silentium*. That of the shoulder-knots was a loose, flying, circumstantial point ; but this of gold lace seemed 20 too considerable an alteration without better warrant ; it did *aliquo modo essentiae adhærere*, and therefore required a positive precept. But about this time it fell out, that the learned brother aforesaid had read *Aristotelis dialectica*, and especially that wonderful piece *de interpretatione*, 25 which has the faculty of teaching its readers to find out a meaning in everything but itself ; like commentators on the Revelations, who proceed prophets without understanding a syllable of the text. Brothers, said he, you are to be informed, that of wills *duo sunt genera*, nuncupatory and 30 scriptory ; that in the scriptory will here before us, there is no precept or mention about gold lace, *conceditur* : but, *si idem affirmetur de nuncupatorio, negatur*. For, brothers, if you remember, we heard a fellow say, when we were boys,

that he heard my father's man say, that he heard my father say, that he would advise his sons to get gold lace on their coats, as soon as ever they could procure money to buy it. By G—! that is very true, cried the other; I remember it perfectly well, said the third. And so without more ado got the largest gold lace in the parish, and walked about as fine as lords.

A while after there came up all in fashion a pretty sort of flame-coloured satin for linings; and the mercer brought a pattern of it immediately to our three gentlemen: An please your worships, said he, my Lord C—— and Sir J. W. had linings out of this very piece last night; it takes wonderfully, and I shall not have a remnant left enough to make my wife a pin-cushion, by to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. Upon this, they fell again to rummage the will, because the present case also required a positive precept, the lining being held by orthodox writers to be of the essence of the coat. After long search, they could fix upon nothing to the matter in hand, except a short advice of their father in the will, to take care of fire, and put out their candles before they went to sleep. This, though a good deal for the purpose, and helping very far towards self-conviction, yet not seeming wholly of force to establish a command; (being resolved to avoid farther scruple, as well as future occasion for scandal,) says he that was the scholar, I remember to have read in wills of a codicil annexed, which is indeed a part of the will, and what it contains has equal authority with the rest. Now, I have been considering of this same will here before us, and I cannot reckon it to be complete for want of such a codicil: I will therefore fasten one in its proper place very dexterously: I have had it by me some time; it was written by a dog-keeper of my grandfather's, and talks a great deal, as good luck would have it, of this very flame-coloured satin. The project was

immediately approved by the other two ; an old parchment scroll was tagged on according to art, in the form of a codicil annexed, and the satin bought and worn.

Next winter a player, hired for the purpose by the corporation of fringe-makers, acted his part in a new comedy, 5 all covered with silver fringe, and, according to the laudable custom, gave rise to that fashion. Upon which the brothers, consulting their father's will, to their great astonishment found these words ; *item*, I charge and command my said three sons to wear no sort of silver fringe upon or about 10 their said coats, &c., with a penalty, in case of disobedience, too long here to insert. However, after some pause, the brother so often mentioned for his erudition, who was well skilled in criticisms, had found in a certain author, which he said should be nameless, that the same word, which, in the 15 will, is called fringe, does also signify a broom-stick : and doubtless ought to have the same interpretation in this paragraph. This another of the brothers disliked, because of that epithet silver, which could not, he humbly conceived, in propriety of speech, be reasonably applied to a broom- 20 stick : but it was replied upon him, that his epithet was understood in a mythological and allegorical sense. However, he objected again, why their father should forbid them to wear a broom-stick on their coats, a caution that seemed unnatural and impertinent ; upon which he was 25 taken up short, as one who spoke irreverently of a mystery, which doubtless was very useful and significant, but ought not to be over-curiously pried into, or nicely reasoned upon. And, in short, their father's authority being now considerably sunk, this expedient was allowed to serve as 30 a lawful dispensation for wearing their full proportion of silver fringe.

A while after was revived an old fashion, long antiquated, of embroidery with Indian figures of men, women, and

children. Here they had no occasion to examine the will; they remembered but too well how their father had always abhorred this fashion; that he made several paragraphs on purpose, importing his utter detestation of it, and bestowing
5 his everlasting curse to his sons, whenever they should wear it. For all this, in a few days they appeared higher in the fashion than anybody else in the town. But they solved the matter by saying, that these figures were not at all the same with those that were formerly worn, and were meant in
10 the will. Besides, they did not wear them in the sense as forbidden by their father; but as they were a commendable custom, and of great use to the public. That these rigorous clauses in the will did therefore require some allowance, and a favourable interpretation, and ought to be understood *cum*
15 *grano salis*.

But fashions perpetually altering in that age, the scholastic brother grew weary of searching farther evasions, and solving everlasting contradictions. Resolved, therefore, at all hazards, to comply with the modes of the world, they
20 concerted matters together, and agreed unanimously to lock up their father's will in a strong box, brought out of Greece or Italy, I have forgotten which, and trouble themselves no farther to examine it, but only refer to its authority whenever they thought fit. In consequence whereof, a while after it
25 grew a general mode to wear an infinite number of points, most of them tagged with silver: upon which, the scholar pronounced *ex cathedra*, that points were absolutely *jure paterno*, as they might very well remember. It is true, indeed, the fashion prescribed somewhat more than were
30 directly named in the will; however, that they, as heirs-general of their father, had power to make and add certain clauses for public emolument, though not deducible, *totidem verbis*, from the letter of the will, or else *multa absurda sequerentur*. This was understood for canonical, and there-

fore on the following Sunday, they came to church all covered with points.

The learned brother, so often mentioned, was reckoned the best scholar in all that, or the next street to it; inso-much as, having run something behind-hand in the world, 5 he obtained the favour of a certain lord, to receive him into his house, and to teach his children. A while after the lord died, and he, by long practice of his father's will, found the way of contriving a deed of conveyance of that house to himself and his heirs; upon which he took possession, 10 turned the young squires out, and received his brothers in their stead.

SECT. III.—*A Digression Concerning Critics.*

Although I have been hitherto as cautious as I could, upon all occasions, most nicely to follow the rules and 15 methods of writing laid down by the example of our illustrious moderns; yet has the unhappy shortness of my memory led me into an error, from which I must extricate myself, before I can decently pursue my principal subject. I confess with shame, it was an unpardonable omission to 20 proceed so far as I have already done, before I had performed the due discourses, expostulatory, supplicatory, or deprecatory, with my good lords the critics. Towards some atonement for this grievous neglect, I do here make humbly bold, to present them with a short account of them- 25 selves, and their art, by looking into the original and pedigree of the word, as it is generally understood among us; and very briefly considering the ancient and present state thereof.

By the word critic, at this day so frequent in all conver- 30 sations, there have sometimes been distinguished three very different species of mortal men, according as I have read in

ancient books and pamphlets. For first, by this term was understood such persons as invented or drew up rules for themselves and the world, by observing which, a careful reader might be able to pronounce upon the productions of the learned, form his taste to a true relish of the sublime and the admirable, and divide every beauty of matter, or of style, from the corruption that apes it: in their common perusal of books, singling out the errors and defects, the nauseous, the fulsome, the dull, and the impertinent, with the caution of a man that walks through Edinburgh streets in a morning, who is indeed as careful as he can to watch diligently, and spy out the filth in his way; not that he is curious to observe the ordure; but only with a design to come out as cleanly as he may. These men seem, though very erroneously, to have understood the appellation of critic in a literal sense; that one principal part of his office was to praise and acquit; and that a critic, who sets up to read only for an occasion of censure and reproof, is a creature as barbarous as a judge, who should take up a resolution to hang all men that came before him upon a trial.

Again, by the word critic have been meant, the restorers of ancient learning from the worms, and graves, and dust of manuscripts.

Now the races of these two have been for some ages utterly extinct; and besides, to discourse any farther of them, would not be at all to my purpose.

The third and noblest sort, is that of the TRUE CRITIC, whose original is the most ancient of all. Every true critic is a hero born, descending in a direct line, from a celestial stem, by Momus and Hybris, who begat Zoilus, who begat Tigellius, who begat Etcætera the elder; who begat Bentley, and Rymer, and Wotton, and Perrault, and Dennis; who begat Etcætera the younger.

And these are the critics, from whom the commonwealth of learning has in all ages received such immense benefits, that the gratitude of their admirers placed their origin in Heaven, among those of Hercules, Theseus, Perseus, and other great deservers of mankind. But heroic virtue itself 5 has not been exempt from the obloquy of evil tongues. For it has been objected, that those ancient heroes, famous for their combating so many giants, and dragons, and robbers, were in their own persons a greater nuisance to mankind, than any of those monsters they subdued; and therefore 10 to render their obligations more complete, when all other vermin were destroyed, should, in conscience, have concluded with the same justice upon themselves. As Hercules most generously did, and has upon that score procured to himself more temples and votaries, than the best of his 15 fellows. For these reasons, I suppose it is, why some have conceived, it would be very expedient for the public good of learning, that every true critic, as soon as he had finished his task assigned, should immediately deliver himself up to ratsbane, or hemp, or leap from some convenient altitude; 20 and that no man's pretensions to so illustrious a character should by any means be received, before that operation were performed.

Now, from this heavenly descent of criticism, and the close analogy it bears to heroic virtue, it is easy to assign 25 the proper employment of a true ancient genuine critic; which is, to travel through this vast world of writings; to pursue and hunt those monstrous faults bred within them; to drag out the lurking errors, like Cacus from his den; to multiply them like Hydra's heads; and rake them together 30 like Augeas's dung: or else drive away a sort of dangerous fowl, who have a perverse inclination to plunder the best branches of the tree of knowledge, like those stymphalian birds that eat up the fruit.

These reasonings will furnish us with an adequate definition of a true critic : that he is discoverer and collector of writers' faults ; which may be farther put beyond dispute by the following demonstration ; that whoever will examine the
5 writings in all kinds, wherewith this ancient sect has honoured the world, shall immediately find, from the whole thread and tenor of them, that the ideas of the authors have been altogether conversant and taken up, with the faults, and blemishes, and oversights, and mistakes of other writers :
10 and, let the subject treated on be whatever it will, their imaginations are so entirely possessed and replete with the defects of other pens, that the very quintessence of what is bad, does of necessity distil into their own ; by which means the whole appears to be nothing else but an abstract of the
15 criticisms themselves have made.

Having thus briefly considered the original and office of a critic, as the word is understood in its most noble and universal acceptance, I proceed to refute the objections of those who argue from the silence and pretermission of
20 authors ; by which they pretend to prove, that the very art of criticism, as now exercised, and by me explained, is wholly modern ; and consequently, that the critics of Great Britain and France have no title to an original so ancient and illustrious as I have deduced. Now, if I can clearly
25 make out, on the contrary, that the ancient writers have particularly described both the person and the office of a true critic, agreeable to the definition laid down by me, their grand objection, from the silence of authors, will fall to the ground.

30 I confess to have, for a long time, borne a part in this general error : from which I should never have acquitted myself, but through the assistance of our noble moderns, whose most edifying volumes I turn indefatigably over night and day, for the improvement of my mind, and the

good of my country: these have, with unwearied pains, made many useful searches into the weak sides of the ancients, and given us a comprehensive list of them. Besides, they have proved beyond contradiction, that the very finest things delivered of old, have been long since invented, 5 and brought to light by much later pens; and that the noblest discoveries those ancients ever made, of art or nature, have all been produced by the transcending genius of the present age. Which clearly shews, how little merit those ancients can justly pretend to; and takes off that 10 blind admiration paid them by men in a corner, who have the unhappiness of conversing too little with present things. Reflecting maturely upon all this, and taking in the whole compass of human nature, I easily concluded, that these ancients, highly sensible of their many imperfections, must 15 needs have endeavoured, from some passages in their works, to obviate, soften, or divert the censorious reader, by satire, or panegyric upon the critics, in imitation of their masters, the moderns. Now, in the common-places of both these, I was plentifully instructed, by a long course of useful study 20 in prefaces and prologues; and therefore immediately resolved to try what I could discover of either, by a diligent perusal of the most ancient writers, and especially those who treated of the earliest times. Here I found, to my great surprise, that although they all entered, upon occasion, 25 into particular descriptions of the true critic, according as they were governed by their fears or their hopes; yet, whatever they touched of that kind, was with abundance of caution, adventuring no farther than mythology and hieroglyphic. This, I suppose, gave ground to superficial readers, 30 for urging the silence of authors, against the antiquity of the true critic, though the types are so apposite, and the applications so necessary and natural, that it is not easy to conceive how any reader of a modern eye and taste could

overlook them. I shall venture from a great number to produce a few, which, I am very confident, will put this question beyond dispute.

It well deserves considering, that these ancient writers, in
5 treating enigmatically upon the subject, have generally fixed
upon the very same hieroglyph, varying only the story, according to their affections, or their wit. For first; Pausanias is of opinion, that the perfection of writing correct was entirely owing to the institution of critics; and, that he can
10 possibly mean no other than the true critic, is, I think, manifest enough from the following description. He says, they were a race of men, who delighted to nibble at the superfluities, and excrescencies of books; which the learned at length observing, took warning, of their own accord, to
15 lop the luxuriant, the rotten, the dead, the sapless, and the overgrown branches from their works. But now, all this he cunningly shades under the following allegory; that the Nauplians in Argos learned the art of pruning their vines, by observing, that when an ASS had browsed upon one of
20 them, it thrived the better, and bore fairer fruit. But Herodotus, holding the very same hieroglyph, speaks much plainer, and almost *in terminis*. He has been so bold as to tax the true critics of ignorance and malice; telling us openly, for I think nothing can be plainer, that in the
25 western part of Libya, there were ASSES with horns: upon which relation Ctesias¹ yet refines, mentioning the very same animal about India, adding, that whereas all other ASSES wanted a gall, these horned ones were so redundant in that part, that their flesh was not to be eaten, because of its
30 extreme bitterness.

Now, the reason why those ancient writers treated this subject only by types and figures, was, because they durst not make open attacks against a party so potent and terrible,

¹ Vide excerpta ex eo apud Photium.

as the critics of those ages were ; whose very voice was so dreadful, that a legion of authors would tremble, and drop their pens at the sound ; for so Herodotus tells us expressly in another place, how a vast army of Scythians was put to flight in a panic terror by the braying of an ass. From 5 hence it is conjectured by certain profound philologists, that the great awe and reverence paid to a true critic, by the writers of Britain, have been derived to us from those our Scythian ancestors. In short, this dread was so universal, that in process of time, those authors, who had a 10 mind to publish their sentiments more freely, in describing the true critics of their several ages, were forced to leave off the use of the former hieroglyph, as too nearly approaching the prototype, and invented other terms instead thereof, that were more cautious and mystical : so, Diodorus, speak- 15 ing to the same purpose, ventures no farther, than to say, that in the mountains of Helicon, there grows a certain weed, which bears a flower of so damned a scent, as to poison those who offer to smell it. Lucretius gives exactly the same relation :

20

‘Est etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus arbos,
Floris odore hominem tetro consueta necare.’

Lib. 6.

But Ctesias, whom we lately quoted, has been a great deal bolder ; he had been used with much severity by the 25 true critics of his own age, and therefore could not forbear to leave behind him, at least one deep mark of his vengeance against the whole tribe. His meaning is so near the surface, that I wonder how it possibly came to be overlooked by those who deny the antiquity of true critics. For, pretending 30 to make a description of many strange animals about India, he has set down these remarkable words : Among the rest, says he, there is a serpent that wants teeth, and consequently cannot bite ; but if its vomit, to which it is much addicted,

happens to fall upon anything, a certain rottenness or corruption ensues : these serpents are generally found among the mountains, where jewels grow, and they frequently emit a poisonous juice : whereof whoever drinks, that person's
5 brains fly out of his nostrils.

There was also among the ancients a sort of critics, not distinguished in species from the former, but in growth or degree, who seem to have been only the tyros or junior scholars ; yet, because of their differing employments, they
10 are frequently mentioned as a sect by themselves. The usual exercise of these younger students, was, to attend constantly at theatres, and learn to spy out the worst parts of the play, whereof they were obliged carefully to take note, and render a rational account to their tutors. Fleshed
15 at these smaller sports, like young wolves, they grew up in time to be nimble and strong enough for hunting down large game. For it has been observed, both among ancients and moderns, that a true critic has one quality in common with an alderman, never to change his title or
20 his nature ; that a gray critic has been certainly a green one, the perfections and acquirements of his age being only the improved talents of his youth ; like hemp, which some naturalists inform us is bad for suffocations, though taken but in the seed. I esteem the invention, or at least the
25 refinement of prologues, to have been owing to these younger proficient, of whom Terence makes frequent and honourable mention, under the name of *malevoli*.

Now, it is certain, the institution of the true critics was of absolute necessity to the commonwealth of learning. For
30 all human actions seem to be divided, like Themistocles and his company ; one man can fiddle, and another can make a small town a great city ; and he that cannot do either one or the other, deserves to be kicked out of the creation. The avoiding of which penalty, has doubtless

given the first birth to the nation of critics ; and withal, an occasion for their secret detractors to report, that a true critic is a sort of mechanic, set up with a stock and tools for his trade, at as little expense as a tailor ; and that there is much analogy between the utensils and abilities of both : 5 that the tailor's hell is the type of a critic's common-place book, and his wit and learning held forth by the goose ; that it requires at least as many of these to the making up of one scholar, as of the others to the composition of a man ; that the valour of both is equal, and their weapons near of a size. 10 Much may be said in answer to these invidious reflections ; and I can positively affirm the first to be a falsehood : for, on the contrary, nothing is more certain, than that it requires greater layings out, to be free of the critic's company, than of any other you can name. For, as to be a true beggar, it 15 will cost the richest candidate every groat he is worth ; so, before one can commence a true critic, it will cost a man all the good qualities of his mind ; which, perhaps for a less purchase, would be thought but an indifferent bargain.

Having thus amply proved the antiquity of criticism, and 20 described the primitive state of it, I shall now examine the present condition of this empire, and shew how well it agrees with its ancient self. A certain author¹, whose works have many ages since been entirely lost, does, in his fifth book, and eighth chapter, say of critics, that their writings are the 25 mirrors of learning. This I understand in a literal sense, and suppose our author must mean, that whoever designs to be a perfect writer, must inspect into the books of critics, and correct his invention there, as in a mirror. Now, whoever considers, that the mirrors of the ancients were 30 made of brass, and *sine mercurio*, may presently apply the two principal qualifications of a true modern critic, and

¹ A quotation after the manner of a great author. Vide Bentley's Dissertation, &c.

consequently must needs conclude, that these have always been, and must be for ever the same. For brass is an emblem of duration, and, when it is skilfully burnished, will cast reflections from its own superficies, without any assistance of mercury from behind. All the other talents of a critic will not require a particular mention, being included, or easily deducible from these. However, I shall conclude with three maxims, which may serve both as characteristics to distinguish a true modern critic from a pretender, and will be also of admirable use to those worthy spirits, who engage in so useful and honourable an art.

The first is, that criticism, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the truest and best, when it is the very first result of the critic's mind ; as fowlers reckon the first aim for the surest, and seldom fail of missing the mark, if they stay for a second.

Secondly. the true critics are known, by their talents of swarming about the noblest writers, to which they are carried merely by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese, or a wasp to the fairest fruit. So when the king is on horseback, he is sure to be the dirtiest person of the company ; and they that make their court best, are such a bespatter him most.

Lastly, a true critic, in the perusal of a book, is like a dog at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what the guests fling away, and consequently is apt to snarl most when there are the fewest bones.

Thus much, I think, is sufficient to serve by way of address to my patrons, the true modern critics ; and may very well atone for my past silence, as well as that which I am like to observe for the future. I hope I have deserved so well of their whole body, as to meet with generous and tender usage from their hands. Supported by which expectation, I go on boldly to pursue those adventures, already so happily begun.

SECT. IV.—*A Tale of a Tub.*

I have now, with much pains and study, conducted the reader to a period, where he must expect to hear of great revolutions. For no sooner had our learned brother, so often mentioned, got a warm house of his own over his head, than he began to look big, and take mightily upon him; insomuch, that unless the gentle reader, out of his great candour, will please a little to exalt his idea, I am afraid he will henceforth hardly know the hero of the play, when he happens to meet him; his part, his dress, and his mien being so much altered.

He told his brothers, he would have them to know that he was their elder, and consequently his father's sole heir; nay, a while after, he would not allow them to call him brother, but *Mr. PETER*; and then he must be styled *Father PETER*; and sometimes, *My Lord PETER*. To support this grandeur, which he soon began to consider could not be maintained without a better *fondé* than what he was born to; after much thought, he cast about at last to turn projector and virtuoso, wherein he so well succeeded, that many famous discoveries, projects, and machines, which bear great vogue and practice at present in the world, are owing entirely to 'Lord PETER's invention. I will deduce the best account I have been able to collect of the chief among them, without considering much the order they came out in; because, I think, authors are not well agreed as to that point.

I hope, when this treatise of mine shall be translated into foreign languages (as I may without vanity affirm, that the labour of collecting, the faithfulness in recounting, and the great usefulness of the matter to the public, will amply deserve that justice) that the worthy members of the several academies abroad, especially those of France and Italy, will

favourably accept these humble offers, for the advancement of universal knowledge. I do also advertise the most reverend fathers, the Eastern Missionaries, that I have, purely for their sakes, made use of such words and phrases, as will best admit an easy turn into any of the oriental languages, especially the Chinese. And so I proceed with great content of mind, upon reflecting, how much emolument this whole globe of the earth is likely to reap by my labours.

The first undertaking of Lord Peter, was, to purchase a large continent, lately said to have been discovered in *terra australis incognita*. This tract of land he bought at a very great penny-worth, from the discoverers themselves, (though some pretend to doubt whether they had ever been there,) and then retailed it into several cantons to certain dealers, who carried over colonies, but were all shipwrecked in the voyage. Upon which Lord Peter sold the said continent to other customers again, and again, and again, and again, with the same success.

The second project I shall mention, was his sovereign remedy for the worms, especially those in the spleen. The patient was to eat nothing after supper for three nights: as soon as he went to bed, he was carefully to lie on one side, and when he grew weary, to turn upon the other; he must also duly confine his two eyes to the same object. These prescriptions diligently observed, the worms would void insensibly by perspiration, ascending through the brain.

A third invention was the erecting of a whispering-office, for the public good, and ease of all such as are hypochondriacal, or troubled with the colic; as midwives, small politicians, friends fallen out, repeating poets, lovers happy or in despair, privy-counsellors, pages, parasites, and buffoons: in short, of all such as are in danger of bursting with too much wind. An ass's head was placed so conveniently, that the party affected, might easily with his

mouth accost either of the animal's ears ; to which he was to apply close for a certain space, and by a fugitive faculty, peculiar to the ears of that animal, receive immediate benefit, either by eructation, or expiration, or evomitation.

Another very beneficial project of Lord Peter's was, an office of insurance for tobacco-pipes, martyrs of the modern zeal, volumes of poetry, shadows,—and rivers : that these, nor any of these, shall receive damage by fire. Whence our friendly societies may plainly find themselves to be only transcribers from this original ; though the one and the other have been of great benefit to the undertakers, as well as of equal to the public.

Lord Peter was also held the original author of puppets and raree-shows ; the great usefulness whereof being so generally known, I shall not enlarge farther upon this particular.

But another discovery, for which he was much renowned, was his famous universal pickle. For, having remarked how your common pickle, in use among housewives, was of no farther benefit than to preserve dead flesh, and certain kinds of vegetables, Peter, with great cost as well as art, had contrived a pickle proper for houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle ; wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber. Now, this pickle to the taste, the smell, and the sight, appeared exactly the same with what is in common service for beef, and butter, and herrings, and has been often that way applied with great success ; but, for its many sovereign virtues, was a quite different thing. For Peter would put in a certain quantity of his powder pimperlomp, after which it never failed of success. The operation was performed by spargefaction, in a proper time of the moon. The patient, who was to be pickled, if it were a house, would infallibly be preserved from all spiders, rats, and

weasels ; if the party affected were a dog, he should be exempt from mange, and madness, and hunger. It also infallibly took away all scabs, and lice, and scalled heads from children, never hindering the patient from any duty,
 5 either at bed or board.

But of all Peter's rarities, he most valued a certain set of bulls, whose race was by great fortune preserved in a lineal descent from those that guarded the golden fleece. Though some, who pretended to observe them curiously, doubted
 10 the breed had not been kept entirely chaste ; because they had degenerated from their ancestors in some qualities, and had acquired others very extraordinary, by a foreign mixture. The bulls of Colchis are recorded to have brazen feet ; but whether it happened by ill pasture and running, by an alloy
 15 from intervention of other parents, from stolen intrigues ; whether a weakness in their progenitors had impaired the seminal virtue, or by a decline necessary through a long course of time, the originals of nature being depraved in these latter sinful ages of the world ; whatever was the cause,
 20 it is certain, that Lord Peter's bulls were extremely vitiated by the rust of time in the metal of their feet, which was now sunk into common lead. However, the terrible roaring, peculiar to their lineage, was preserved ; as likewise that faculty of breathing out fire from their nostrils ; which,
 25 notwithstanding, many of their detractors took to be a feat of art ; to be nothing so terrible as it appeared ; proceeding only from their usual course of diet, which was of squibs and crackers. However, they had two peculiar marks, which extremely distinguished them from the bulls of Jason,
 30 and I have not met together in the description of any other monster, beside that in Horace :—

‘ Varias inducere plumas ;’

and

‘ Atrum desinit in piscem.’

For these had fishes' tails, yet upon occasion could outfly any bird in the air. Peter put these bulls upon several employs. Sometimes he would set them a-roaring to fright naughty boys, and make them quiet. Sometimes he would send them out upon errands of great importance ; where, it is wonderful to recount, (and perhaps the cautious reader may think much to believe it,) an *appetitus sensibilis* deriving itself through the whole family from their noble ancestors, guardians of the golden fleece, they continued so extremely fond of gold that if Peter sent them abroad, though it were only upon a compliment, they would roar, and spit, and snivel out fire, and keep a perpetual coil, till you flung them a bit of gold ; but then, *pulveris exigui jactu*, they would grow calm and quiet as lambs. In short, whether by secret connivance, or encouragement from their master, or out of their own liquorish affection to gold, or both, it is certain they were no better than a sort of sturdy, swaggering beggars ; and where they could not prevail to get an alms, would make women miscarry, and children fall into fits, who to this very day, usually call sprites and hobgoblins by the name of bull-beggars. They grew at last so very troublesome to the neighbourhood, that some gentlemen of the north-west got a parcel of right English bull-dogs, and baited them so terribly, that they felt it ever after.

I must needs mention one more of Lord Peter's projects, which was very extraordinary, and discovered him to be master of a high reach, and profound invention. Whenever it happened, that any rogue of Newgate was condemned to be hanged, Peter would offer him a pardon for a certain sum of money ; which when the poor caitiff had made all shifts to scrape up, and send, his lordship would return a piece of paper in this form.

'TO all mayors, sheriffs, jailors, constables, bailiffs, hangmen, &c. Whereas we are informed, that A. B. remains in

the hands of you, or some of you, under the sentence of death. We will and command you, upon sight hereof, to let the said prisoner depart to his own habitation, whether he stands condemned for murder, rape, sacrilege, incest, 5 treason, blasphemy, &c. for which this shall be your sufficient warrant: and if you fail hereof, G— d—mn you and yours to all eternity. And so we bid you heartily farewell.

Your most humble

man's man,

Emperor PETER.

10

The wretches, trusting to this, lost their lives and money too.

I desire of those, whom the learned among posterity will 15 appoint for commentators upon this elaborate treatise, that they will proceed with great caution upon certain dark points, wherein all, who are not *verè adepts*, may be in danger to form rash and hasty conclusions, especially in some mysterious paragraphs, where certain *arcana* are joined for 20 brevity sake, which in the operation must be divided. And I am certain, that future sons of art will return large thanks to my memory, for so grateful, so useful an *innuendo*.

It will be no difficult part to persuade the reader, that so many worthy discoveries met with great success in the 25 world; though I may justly assure him, that I have related much the smallest number; my design having been only to single out such as will be of most benefit for public imitation, or which best served to give some idea of the reach and wit of the inventor. And therefore it need not be wondered at, 30 if, by this time, Lord Peter was become exceeding rich: but, alas! he had kept his brain so long and so violently upon the rack, that at last it shook itself, and began to turn round for a little ease. In short, what with pride, projects,

and knavery, poor Peter was grown distracted, and conceived the strangest imaginations in the world. In the height of his fits, as it is usual with those who run mad out of pride, he would call himself God Almighty, and sometimes monarch of the universe. I have seen him (says my author) take 5 three old high-crowned hats, and clap them all on his head three story high, with a huge bunch of keys at his girdle, and an angling-rod in his hand. In which guise, whoever went to take him by the hand in the way of salutation, Peter with much grace, like a well-educated spaniel, would 10 present them with his foot; and if they refused his civility, then he would raise it as high as their chaps, and give them a damned kick on the mouth, which hath ever since been called a salute. Whoever walked by without paying him their compliments, having a wonderful strong breath, he 15 would blow their hats off into the dirt. Meantime his affairs at home went upside down, and his two brothers had a wretched time; where his first *boutade* was, to kick both their wives one morning out of doors, and his own too; and in their stead, gave orders to pick up the first three strollers 20 that could be met with in the streets. A while after he nailed up the cellar-door; and would not allow his brothers a drop of drink to their victuals. Dining one day at an alderman's in the city, Peter observed him expatiating, after the manner of his brethren, in the praises of his sirloin of 25 beef. Beef, said the sage magistrate, is the king of meat; beef comprehends in it the quintessence of partridge, and quail, and venison, and pheasant, and plum-pudding, and custard. When Peter came home, he would needs take the fancy of cooking up this doctrine into use, and apply the 30 precept, in default of a sirloin, to his brown loaf: Bread, says he, dear brothers, is the staff of life; in which bread is contained, inclusive, the quintessence of beef, mutton, veal, venison, partridge, plum-pudding, and custard: and, to

render all complete, there is intermingled a due quantity of water, whose crudities are also corrected by yeast or barm; through which means it becomes a wholesome fermented liquor, diffused through the mass of the bread. Upon the
5 strength of these conclusions, next day at dinner, was the brown loaf served up in all the formality of a city feast. Come, brothers, said Peter, fall to, and spare not; here is excellent good mutton; or hold, now my hand is in, I will help you. At which word, in much ceremony, with fork and
10 knife, he carves out two good slices of a loaf, and presents each on a plate to his brothers. The elder of the two, not suddenly entering into Lord Peter's conceit, began with very civil language to examine the mystery. My lord, said he, I doubt, with great submission, there may be some
15 mistake. What, says Peter, you are pleasant; come then, let us hear this jest your head is so big with. None in the world, my lord; but, unless I am very much deceived, your lordship was pleased a while ago to let fall a word about mutton, and I would be glad to see it with all my heart.
20 How, said Peter appearing in great surprise, I do not comprehend this at all.—Upon which, the younger interposing to set the business aright; My lord, said he, my brother, I suppose, is hungry, and longs for the mutton your lordship hath promised us to dinner. Pray, said Peter, take me along
25 with you; either you are both mad, or disposed to be merrier than I approve of; if you there do not like your piece, I will carve you another: though I should take that to be the choice bit of the whole shoulder. What then, my lord, replied the first, it seems this is a shoulder of mutton all
30 this while? Pray, sir, says Peter, eat your victuals, and leave off your impertinence, if you please, for I am not disposed to relish it at present: but the other could not forbear, being over-provoked at the affected seriousness of Peter's countenance: By G—, my lord, said he, I can

only say, that to my eyes, and fingers, and teeth, and nose, it seems to be nothing but a crust of bread. Upon which the second put in his word: I never saw a piece of mutton in my life so nearly resembling a slice from a twelve-penny loaf. Look ye, gentlemen, cries Peter in a rage, to convince 5 you what a couple of blind, positive, ignorant, wilful puppies you are, I will use but this plain argument; by G—, it is true, good, natural mutton as any in Leadenhall market; and G— confound you both eternally, if you offer to believe otherwise. Such a thundering proof as this left no farther 10 room for objection; the two unbelievers began to gather and pocket up their mistake as hastily as they could. Why, truly, said the first, upon more mature consideration—Ay, says the other, interrupting him, now I have thought better on the thing, your lordship seems to have a great deal of reason. 15 Very well, said Peter; here, boy, fill me a beer-glass of claret; here's to you both, with all my heart. The two brethren, much delighted to see him so readily appeased, returned their most humble thanks, and said they would be glad to pledge his lordship. That you shall, said Peter; I 20 am not a person to refuse you anything that is reasonable: wine, moderately taken, is a cordial; here is a glass a-piece for you; it is true natural juice from the grape, none of your damned vintner's brewings. Having spoke thus, he presented to each of them another large dry crust, bidding 25 them drink it off, and not be bashful, for it would do them no hurt. The two brothers, after having performed the usual office in such delicate conjunctures, of staring a sufficient period at Lord Peter and each other, and finding how matters were likely to go, resolved not to enter on a new 30 dispute, but let him carry the point as he pleased: for he was now got into one of his mad fits, and to argue or expostulate farther, would only serve to render him a hundred times more untractable.

I have chosen to relate this worthy matter in all its circumstances, because it gave a principal occasion to that great and famous rupture, which happened about the same time among these brethren, and was never afterwards made 5 up. But of that I shall treat at large in another section.

However, it is certain, that Lord Peter, even in his lucid intervals, was very lewdly given in his common conversation; extreme wilful and positive, and would at any time rather argue to the death, than allow himself once to be in an error. 10 Besides, he had an abominable faculty of telling huge palpable lies upon all occasions; and not only swearing to the truth, but cursing the whole company to hell, if they pretended to make the least scruple of believing him. One time he swore he had a cow at home, which gave as much 15 milk at a meal, as would fill three thousand churches; and what was yet more extraordinary, would never turn sour. { Another time he was telling of an old sign-post, that belonged to his father, with nails and timber enough in it to build sixteen large men of war. Talking one day of Chinese 20 waggons, which were made so light as to sail over mountains, Z—ds, said Peter, where's the wonder of that? by G—, I saw a large house of lime and stone travel over sea and land, (granting that it stopped sometimes to bait,) above two thousand German leagues. And that which was the 25 good of it, he would swear desperately all the while, that he never told a lie in his life; and at every word; by G—, gentlemen, I tell you nothing but the truth: and the D—l broil them eternally, that will not believe me.

In short, Peter grew so scandalous, that all the neigh- 30 bourhood began in plain words to say, he was no better than a knave. And his two brothers, long weary of his ill-usage, resolved at last to leave him; but first, they humbly desired a copy of their father's will, which had now lain by neglected time out of mind. Instead of granting this request, he

called them damned sons of whores, rogues, traitors, and the rest of the vile names he could muster up. However, while he was abroad one day upon his projects, the two youngsters watched their opportunity, made a shift to come at the will, and took a *copia vera*, by which they presently 5 saw how grossly they had been abused ; their father having left them equal heirs, and strictly commanded, that whatever they got, should lie in common among them all. Pursuant to which, their next enterprise was, to break open the cellar-door, and get a little good drink, to spirit and comfort their 10 hearts. In copying the will, they had met another precept against whoring, divorce, and separate maintenance ; upon which their next work was to discard their concubines, and send for their wives. While all this was in agitation, there enters a solicitor from Newgate, desiring Lord Peter would 15 please procure a pardon for a thief that was to be hanged to-morrow. But the two brothers told him, he was a coxcomb to seek pardons from a fellow who deserved to be hanged much better than his client ; and discovered all the method of that imposture, in the same form I delivered it a 20 while ago, advising the solicitor to put his friend upon obtaining a pardon from the king. In the midst of all this clutter and revolution, in comes Peter with a file of dragoons at his heels, and gathering from all hands what was in the wind, he and his gang, after several millions of scurrilities 25 and curses, not very important here to repeat, by main force very fairly kicked them both out of doors, and would never let them come under his roof from that day to this.

SECT. V.—*A Digression in the Modern Kind.*

We, whom the world is pleased to honour with the title 30 of modern authors, should never have been able to compass our great design of an everlasting remembrance, and never-

dying fame, if our endeavours had not been so highly serviceable to the general good of mankind. This, O universe ! is the adventurous attempt of me thy secretary ;

‘——Quemvis perferre laborem

5

Suadet, et inducit noctes vigilare serenas.’

To this end, I have some time since, with a world of pains and art, dissected the carcase of human nature, and read many useful lectures upon the several parts, both containing and contained ; till at last it smelt so strong, I could preserve
 10 it no longer. Upon which, I have been at a great expense to fit up all the bones with exact contexture, and in due symmetry ; so that I am ready to shew a complete anatomy thereof, to all curious gentlemen and others. But not to digress farther in the midst of a digression, as I have known
 15 some authors enclose digressions in one another, like a nest of boxes ; I do affirm, that having carefully cut up human nature, I have found a very strange, new, and important discovery : That the public good of mankind is performed by two ways, instruction and diversion. And I have farther
 20 proved, in my said several readings, (which perhaps the world may one day see, if I can prevail on any friend to steal a copy, or on certain gentlemen of my admirers to be very importunate,) that as mankind is now disposed, he receives much greater advantage by being diverted than instructed ;
 25 his epidemical diseases being fastidiousity, amorphity, and oscitation ; whereas, in the present universal empire of wit and learning, there seems but little matter left for instruction. However, in compliance with a lesson of great age and authority, I have attempted carrying the point in all its
 30 heights ; and, accordingly, throughout this divine treatise, have skilfully kneaded up both together, with a layer of *utile*, and a layer of *dulce*.

When I consider how exceedingly our illustrious moderns have eclipsed the weak glimmering lights of the ancients,

and turned them out of the road of all fashionable commerce, to a degree, that our choice town wits, of most refined accomplishments, are in grave dispute, whether there have been ever any ancients or no : in which point, we are likely to receive wonderful satisfaction from the most useful labours 5 and lucubrations of that worthy modern, Dr. Bentley: I say, when I consider all this, I cannot but bewail, that no famous modern has ever yet attempted a universal system, in a small portable volume, of all things that are to be known, or believed, or imagined, or practised in life. I am, however, 10 forced to acknowledge, that such an enterprize was thought on some time ago by a great philosopher of O Brazile. The method he proposed was, by a certain curious receipt, a nostrum, which, after his untimely death, I found among his papers ; and do here, out of my great affection to the 15 modern learned, present them with it, not doubting it may one day encourage some worthy undertaker.

You take fair correct copies, well bound in calf-skin, and lettered at the back, of all modern bodies of arts and sciences whatsoever, and in what language you please. These you 20 distil in *balneo Mariæ*, infusing quintessence of poppy Q. S., together with three pints of Lethe, to be had from the apothecaries. You cleanse away carefully the *sordes* and *caput mortuum*, letting all that is volatile evaporate. You preserve only the first running, which is again to be distilled 25 seventeen times, till what remains will amount to about two drams. This you keep in a glass vial, hermetically sealed, for one-and-twenty days. Then you begin your Catholic treatise, taking every morning fasting, first shaking the vial, three drops of this elixir, snuffing it strongly up your nose. 30 It will dilate itself about the brain, (where there is any,) in fourteen minutes, and you immediately perceive in your head an infinite number of abstracts, summaries, compendiums, extracts, collections, medullas, *excerpta quædams*,

florilegas, and the like, all disposed into great order, and reducible upon paper.

I must needs own, it was by the assistance of this arcanum, that I, though otherwise *impar*, have adventured upon so
 5 daring an attempt, never achieved or undertaken before, but by a certain author called Homer; in whom, though otherwise a person not without some abilities, and, for an ancient, of a tolerable genius, I have discovered many gross errors, which are not to be forgiven his very ashes, if, by chance,
 10 any of them are left. For whereas we are assured he designed his work for a complete body of all knowledge¹, human, divine, political, and mechanic, it is manifest he hath wholly neglected some, and been very imperfect in the rest. For, first of all, as eminent a cabalist as his disciples would
 15 represent him, his account of the *opus magnum* is extremely poor and deficient; he seems to have read but very superficially either Sendivogius, Behmen, or Anthroposophia Theomagica. He is also quite mistaken about the *sphæra pyroplastica*, a neglect not to be atoned for; and, if the reader
 20 will admit so severe a censure, *vix crederem autorem hunc unquam audivisse ignis vocem*. His failings are not less prominent in several parts of the mechanics. For, having read his writings with the utmost application, usual among modern wits, I could never yet discover the least direction
 25 about the structure of that useful instrument, a save-all. For want of which, if the moderns had not lent their assistance, we might yet have wandered in the dark. But I have still behind a fault far more notorious to tax the author with;
 ↘ I mean, his gross ignorance in the common laws of this
 30 realm, and in the doctrine as well as discipline of the Church of England. A defect, indeed, for which both he, and all the ancients, stand most justly censured, by my worthy and ingenious friend, Mr. Wotton, Bachelor of Divinity, in his
¹ 'Homerus omnes res humanas poematis complexus est.' Xenoph. Conviv.

incomparable Treatise of Ancient and Modern Learning : a book never to be sufficiently valued, whether we consider the happy turns and flowings of the author's wit, the great usefulness of his sublime discoveries upon the subject of flies and spittle, or the laborious eloquence of his style. And I cannot forbear doing that author the justice of my public acknowledgments, for the great helps and liftings I had out of his incomparable piece, while I was penning this treatise.

But, beside these omissions in Homer already mentioned, the curious reader will also observe several defects in that author's writings, for which he is not altogether so accountable. For whereas every branch of knowledge has received such wonderful acquirements since his age, especially within these last three years, or thereabouts, it is almost impossible he could be so very perfect in modern discoveries as his advocates pretend. We freely acknowledge him to be the inventor of the compass, of gunpowder, and the circulation of the blood : but I challenge any of his admirers to shew me, in all his writings, a complete account of the spleen ; does he not also leave us wholly to seek in the art of political waging ? What can be more defective and unsatisfactory than his long dissertation upon tea ?

It was to supply such momentous defects, that I have been prevailed on, after long solicitation, to take pen in hand ; and I dare venture to promise, the judicious reader shall find nothing neglected here, that can be of use upon any emergency of life. I am confident to have included and exhausted all that human imagination can rise or fall to. Particularly, I recommend to the perusal of the learned, certain discoveries, that are wholly untouched by others ; whereof I shall only mention, among a great many more, my *New Help for Smatterers*, or *The Art of being deep-learned and shallow-read*. *A curious invention about mouse-traps*. *A universal rule of reason, or every man his own carver* ;

together with a most useful engine for catching of owls.
All which, the judicious reader will find largely treated on in the several parts of this discourse.

I hold myself obliged to give as much light as is possible,
5 into the beauties and excellencies of what I am writing: because it is become the fashion and humour most applauded, among the first authors of this polite and learned age, when they would correct the ill-nature of critical, or inform the ignorance of courteous readers. Besides, there
10 have been several famous pieces lately published, both in verse and prose, wherein, if the writers had not been pleased, out of their great humanity and affection to the public, to give us a nice detail of the sublime and the admirable they contain, it is a thousand to one, whether
15 we should ever have discovered one grain of either. For my own particular, I cannot deny, that whatever I have said upon this occasion, had been more proper in a preface, and more agreeable to the mode which usually directs it there. But I here think fit to lay hold on that great and
20 honourable privilege, of being the last writer; I claim an absolute authority in right, as the freshest modern, which gives me a despotic power over all authors before me. In the strength of which title, I do utterly disapprove and declare against that pernicious custom, of making the preface
25 a bill of fare to the book. For I have always looked upon it as a high point of indiscretion in monster-mongers, and other retailers of strange sights, to hang out a fair large picture over the door, drawn after the life, with a most eloquent description underneath: this hath saved me many
30 a threepence; for my curiosity was fully satisfied, and I never offered to go in, though often invited by the urging and attending orator, with his last moving and standing piece of rhetoric: Sir, upon my word we are just going to begin. Such is exactly the fate, at this time, of Prefaces,

Epistles, Advertisements, Introductions, Prolegomenas, Apparatuses, To the Readers. This expedient was admirable at first; our great Dryden hath long carried it as far as it would go, and with incredible success. He hath often said to me in confidence, that the world would have never suspected him to be so great a poet, if he had not assured them so frequently in his prefaces, that it was impossible they could either doubt or forget it. Perhaps it may be so; however, I much fear, his instructions have edified out of their place, and taught men to grow wiser in certain 10 points, where he never intended they should; for it is lamentable to behold, with what a lazy scorn many of the yawning readers of our age do now-a-days twirl over forty or fifty pages of preface and dedication, (which is the usual modern stint,) as if it were so much Latin. Though it 15 must be also allowed on the other hand, that a very considerable number is known to proceed critics and wits, by reading nothing else. Into which two factions, I think, all present readers may justly be divided. Now, for myself, I profess to be of the former sort; and therefore, having the 20 modern inclination, to expatiate upon the beauty of my own productions, and display the bright parts of my discourse, I thought best to do it in the body of the work; where, as it now lies, it makes a very considerable addition to the bulk of the volume; a circumstance by no means to be 25 neglected by a skilful writer.

Having thus paid my due deference and acknowledgment to an established custom of our newest authors, by a long digression unsought for, and a universal censure unprovoked; by forcing into the light, with much pains and 30 dexterity, my own excellencies, and other men's defaults, with great justice to myself, and candour to them, I now happily resume my subject, to the infinite satisfaction both of the reader and the author.

SECT. VI.—*A Tale of a Tub.*

⌈ We left Lord Peter in open rupture with his two brethren; both for ever discarded from his house, and resigned to the wide world, with little or nothing to trust to. Which are
5 circumstances that render them proper subjects for the charity of a writer's pen to work on; scenes of misery ever affording the fairest harvest for great adventures. And in this, the world may perceive the difference between the integrity of a generous author and that of a common friend.
10 The latter is observed to adhere close in prosperity, but on the decline of fortune, to drop suddenly off. Whereas the generous author, just on the contrary, finds his hero on the dunghill, from thence by gradual steps raises him to a throne, and then immediately withdraws, expecting not so
15 much as thanks for his pains; in imitation of which example, I have placed Lord Peter in a noble house, given him a title to wear, and money to spend. There I shall leave him for some time; returning where common charity directs me, to the assistance of his two brothers, at their lowest ebb.
20 However, I shall by no means forget my character of an historian to follow the truth step by step, whatever happens, or wherever it may lead me.

The two exiles, so nearly united in fortune and interest, took a lodging together; where, at their first leisure, they
25 began to reflect on the numberless misfortunes and vexations of their life past, and could not tell on the sudden, to what failure in their conduct they ought to impute them: when, after some recollection, they called to mind the copy of their father's will, which they had so happily recovered.
30 This was immediately produced, and a firm resolution taken between them, to alter whatever was already amiss, and reduce all their future measures to the strictest obedience prescribed therein. The main body of the will (as

the reader cannot easily have forgot) consisted in certain admirable rules about the wearing of their coats; in the perusal whereof, the two brothers, at every period, duly comparing the doctrine with the practice, there was never seen a wider difference between two things; horrible down- 5 right transgressions of every point. Upon which they both resolved, without further delay, to fall immediately upon reducing the whole, exactly after their father's model.

But, here it is good to stop the hasty reader, ever impatient to see the end of an adventure, before we writers 10 can duly prepare him for it. I am to record, that these two brothers began to be distinguished at this time by certain names. One of them desired to be called MARTIN, and the other took the appellation of JACK. These two had lived in much friendship and agreement, under the tyranny 15 of their brother Peter, as it is the talent of fellow-sufferers to do; men in misfortune, being like men in the dark, to whom all colours are the same: but when they came forward into the world, and began to display themselves to each other, and to the light, their complexions appeared ex- 20 tremely different; which the present posture of their affairs gave them sudden opportunity to discover.

But, here the severe reader may justly tax me as a writer of short memory, a deficiency to which a true modern cannot but, of necessity, be a little subject. Because, 25 memory being an employment of the mind upon things past, is a faculty for which the learned in our illustrious age have no manner of occasion, who deal entirely with invention, and strike all things out of themselves, or at least by collision from each other: upon which account, we 30 think it highly reasonable to produce our great forgetfulness, as an argument unanswerable for our great wit. I ought in method to have informed the reader, about fifty pages ago, of a fancy Lord Peter took, and infused into his brothers,

to wear on their coats whatever trimmings came up in fashion ; never pulling off any, as they went out of the mode, but keeping on all together, which amounted in time to a medley the most antic you can possibly conceive ; and
5 this to a degree, that upon the time of their falling out, there was hardly a thread of the original coat to be seen : but an infinite quantity of lace and ribbons, and fringe, and embroidery, and points ; I mean only those tagged with silver, for the rest fell off. Now this material circumstance
10 having been forgot in due place, as good fortune hath ordered, comes in very properly here, when the two brothers are just going to reform their vestures into the primitive state, prescribed by their father's will.

They both unanimously entered upon this great work,
15 looking sometimes on their coats, and sometimes on the will. Martin laid the first hand ; at one twitch brought off a large handful of points ; and, with a second pull, stripped away ten dozen yards of fringe. But when he had gone thus far, he demurred a while : he knew very well there yet
20 remained a great deal more to be done ; however, the first heat being over, his violence began to cool, and he resolved to proceed more moderately in the rest of the work ; having already narrowly escaped a swinging rent in pulling off the points, which, being tagged with silver (as we have observed
25 before) the judicious workman had, with much sagacity, double sewn, to preserve them from falling. Resolving therefore to rid his coat of a huge quantity of gold-lace, he picked up the stitches with much caution, and diligently gleaned out all the loose threads as he went, which proved
30 to be a work of time. Then he fell about the embroidered Indian figures of men, women, and children ; against which, as you have heard in its due place, their father's testament was extremely exact and severe : these, with much dexterity and application, were, after a while, quite eradicated, or

utterly defaced. For the rest, where he observed the embroidery to be worked so close, as not to be got away without damaging the cloth, or where it served to hide or strengthen any flaw in the body of the coat, contracted by the perpetual tampering of workmen upon it; he concluded, 5 the wisest course was to let it remain, resolving in no case whatsoever, that the substance of the stuff should suffer injury; which he thought the best method for serving the true intent and meaning of his father's will. And this is the nearest account I have been able to collect of Martin's 10 proceedings upon this great revolution.

But his brother Jack, whose adventures will be so extraordinary, as to furnish a great part 'in the remainder of this discourse, entered upon the matter with other thoughts, and a quite different spirit. For the memory of Lord Peter's 15 injuries, produced a degree of hatred and spite, which had a much greater share of inciting him, than any regards after his father's commands; since these appeared, at best, only secondary and subservient to the other. However, for this medley of humour, he made a shift to find a very plausible 20 name, honouring it with the title of zeal; which is perhaps the most significant word that hath been ever yet produced in any language; as, I think, I have fully proved in my excellent analytical discourse upon that subject; wherein I have deduced a histori-theo-physi-logical account of zeal, 25 shewing how it first proceeded from a notion into a word, and thence, in a hot summer, ripened into a tangible substance. This work, containing three large volumes in folio, I design very shortly to publish by the modern way of subscription, not doubting but the nobility and gentry of the land will 30 give me all possible encouragement; having had already such a taste of what I am able to perform.

I record, therefore, that brother Jack, brimful of this miraculous compound, reflecting with indignation upon

Peter's tyranny, and farther provoked by the despondency of Martin, prefaced his resolutions to this purpose. What, said he, a rogue that locked up his drink, turned away our wives, cheated us of our fortunes; palmed his damned
5 crusts upon us for mutton; and, at last, kicked us out of doors; must we be in his fashions, with a plague! a rascal, besides, that all the street cries out against. Having thus kindled and inflamed himself, as high as possible, and by consequence in a delicate temper, for beginning a reformation,
10 tion, he set about the work immediately; and in three minutes made more dispatch than Martin had done in as many hours. For, courteous reader, you are given to understand, that zeal is never so highly obliged, as when you set it a-tearing; and Jack, who doated on that quality in himself,
15 allowed it at this time its full swing. Thus it happened, that, stripping down a parcel of gold lace a little too hastily, he rent the main body of his coat from top to bottom; and whereas his talent was not of the happiest in taking up a stitch, he knew no better way, than to darn it again with
20 packthread and a skewer. But the matter was yet infinitely worse (I record it with tears) when he proceeded to the embroidery: for, being clumsy by nature, and of temper impatient; withal, beholding millions of stitches that required the nicest hand, and sedatest constitution, to extricate; in
25 a great rage he tore off the whole piece, cloth and all, and flung it into the kennel, and furiously thus continuing his career: Ah, good brother Martin, said he, do as I do, for the love of God; strip, tear, pull, rend, flay off all, that we may appear as unlike the rogue Peter as it is possible; I
30 would not, for a hundred pounds, carry the least mark about me, that might give occasion to the neighbours of suspecting that I was related to such a rascal. But Martin, who at this time happened to be extremely phlegmatic and sedate, begged his brother, of all love, not to damage his

coat by any means ; for he never would get such another : desired him to consider, that it was not their business to form their actions by any reflection upon Peter, but by observing the rules prescribed in their father's will. That he should remember, Peter was still their brother, whatever faults or 5 injuries he had committed ; and therefore they should, by all means, avoid such a thought as that of taking measures for good and evil, from no other rule than of opposition to him. That it was true, the testament of their good father was very exact in what related to the wearing of their coats : 10 yet it was no less penal and strict, in prescribing agreement, and friendship, and affection between them. And therefore, if straining a point were at all dispensable, it would certainly be so, rather to the advance of unity, than increase of contradiction.

15

MARTIN had still proceeded as gravely as he began, and doubtless would have delivered an admirable lecture of morality, which might have exceedingly contributed to my reader's repose both of body and mind, (the true ultimate end of ethics) ; but Jack was already gone a flight-shot 20 beyond his patience. And as in scholastic disputes, nothing serves to rouse the spleen of him that opposes, so much as a kind of pedantic affected calmness in the respondent ; disputants being for the most part like unequal scales, where the gravity of one side advances the lightness of the 25 other, and causes it to fly up, and kick the beam : so it happened here that the weight of Martin's argument exalted Jack's levity, and made him fly out, and spurn against his brother's moderation. In short, Martin's patience put Jack in a rage ; but that which most afflicted him, was, to observe 30 his brother's coat so well reduced into the state of innocence ; while his own was either wholly rent to his shirt ; or those places which had escaped his cruel clutches, were still in Peter's livery. So that he looked like a drunken beau, half

rifled by bullies; or like a fresh tenant of Newgate, when he has refused the payment of garnish; or like a discovered shoplifter, left to the mercy of Exchange women. Like any, or like all of these, a medley of rags, and lace, and rents, and fringes, unfortunate Jack did now appear: he would have been extremely glad to see his coat in the condition of Martin's, but infinitely gladder to find that of Martin in the same predicament with his. However, since neither of these was likely to come to pass, he thought fit to lend the whole business another turn, and to dress up necessity into a virtue. Therefore, after as many of the fox's arguments as he could muster up, for bringing Martin to reason, as he called it; or, as he meant it, into his own ragged; bobtailed condition; and observing he said all to little purpose; what, alas! was left for the forlorn Jack to do, but, after a million of scurrilities against his brother, to run mad with spleen, and spite, and contradiction. To be short, here began a mortal breach between these two. Jack went immediately to new lodgings, and in a few days it was for certain reported, that he had run out of his wits. In a short time after he appeared abroad, and confirmed the report by falling into the oddest whimseys that ever a sick brain conceived.

And now the little boys in the streets began to salute him with several names. Sometimes they would call him Jack the bald; sometimes, Jack with a lantern; sometimes, Dutch Jack; sometimes, French Hugh; sometimes, Tom the beggar; and sometimes, Knocking Jack of the north. And it was under one, or some, or all of these appellations, (which I leave the learned reader to determine,) that he has given rise to the most illustrious and epidemic sect of Æolists; who, with honourable commemoration, do still acknowledge the renowned JACK for their author and founder. Of whose originals, as well as principles, I am

now advancing to gratify the world with a very particular account.

Melleo contingens cuncta lepore.

SECT. VII.—*A Digression in Praise of Digressions.*

I have sometimes heard of an Iliad in a nutshell ; but it hath been my fortune to have much oftener seen a nutshell in an Iliad. There is no doubt that human life hath received most wonderful advantages from both ; but to which of the two the world is chiefly indebted, I shall leave among the curious, as a problem worthy of their utmost inquiry. For the invention of the latter, I think the commonwealth of learning is chiefly obliged to the great modern improvement of digressions : the late refinements in knowledge, running parallel to those of diet in our nation, which, among men of a judicious taste, are dressed up in various compounds, consisting in soups and olios, fricassees, and ragouts.

'Tis true, there is a sort of morose, detracting, ill-bred people, who pretend utterly to disrelish these polite innovations ; and as to the similitude from diet, they allow the parallel, but are so bold to pronounce the example itself, a corruption and degeneracy of taste. They tell us that the fashion of jumbling fifty things together in a dish, was at first introduced, in compliance to a depraved and debauched appetite, as well as to a crazy constitution : and to see a man hunting through an olio, after the head and brains of a goose, a widgeon, or a woodcock, is a sign he wants a stomach and digestion for more substantial victuals. Farther, they affirm, that digressions in a book are like foreign troops in a state, which argue the nation to want a heart and hands of its own, and often either subdue the natives, or drive them into the most unfruitful corners.

But, after all that can be objected by these supercilious censors, 'tis manifest, the society of writers would quickly

be reduced to a very inconsiderable number, if men were put upon making books, with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpose. 'Tis acknowledged, that were the case the same among us, as
5 with the Greeks and Romans, when learning was in its cradle, to be reared, and fed, and clothed by invention, it would be an easy task to fill up volumes upon particular occasions, without farther expatiating from the subjects, than by moderate excursions, helping to advance or clear the
10 main design. But with knowledge it hath fared as with a numerous army, encamped in a fruitful country, which, for a few days, maintains itself by the product of the soil it is on ; till, provisions being spent, they send to forage many a mile, among friends or enemies, it matters not.
15 Meanwhile, the neighbouring fields, trampled and beaten down, become barren and dry, affording no sustenance, but clouds of dust.

The whole course of things being thus entirely changed between us and the ancients, and the moderns wisely
20 sensible of it, we of this age have discovered a shorter, and more prudent method, to become scholars and wits, without the fatigue of reading or of thinking. The most accomplished way of using books at present, is two-fold ; either, first, to serve them as some men do lords, learn
25 their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance. Or, secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer method, to get a thorough insight into the index, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like fishes by the tail. For, to enter the palace of learning at the great
30 gate, requires an expense of time and forms ; therefore men of much haste, and little ceremony, are content to get in by the back door. For the arts are all in a flying march, and therefore more easily subdued by attacking them in the rear. Thus men catch knowledge, by throwing their wit

on the posteriors of a book, as boys do sparrows with flinging salt upon their tails. Thus human life is best understood, by the wise man's rule, of regarding the end. Thus are the sciences found, like Hercules's oxen, by tracing them backwards. Thus are old sciences unravelled, 5 like old stockings, by beginning at the foot. Besides all this, the army of the sciences hath been of late, with a world of martial discipline, drawn into its close order, so that a view or a muster may be taken of it with abundance of expedition. For this great blessing we are wholly indebted to systems 10 and abstracts, in which the modern fathers of learning, like prudent usurers, spent their sweat for the ease of us their children. For labour is the seed of idleness, and it is the peculiar happiness of our noble age to gather the fruit.

Now, the method of growing wise, learned, and sublime, 15 having become so regular an affair, and so established in all its forms, the number of writers must needs have increased accordingly, and to a pitch that hath made it of absolute necessity for them to interfere continually with each other. Besides, it is reckoned, that there is not, at 20 this present, a sufficient quantity of new matter left in nature, to furnish and adorn any one particular subject, to the extent of a volume. This I am told by a very skilful computer, who hath given a full demonstration of it from rules of arithmetic. 25

This will stand as an incontestable argument, that our modern wits are not to reckon upon the infinity of matter for a constant supply. What remains therefore, but that our last recourse must be had to large indexes, and little compendiums? quotations must be plentifully gathered, 30 and booked in alphabet; to this end, though authors need be little consulted, yet critics, and commentators, and lexicons, carefully must. But above all, those judicious collectors of bright parts, and flowers, and observandas,

are to be nicely dwelt on, by some called the sieves and boulders of learning ; though it is left undetermined, whether they dealt in pearls or meal ; and consequently, whether we are more to value that which passed through, or what staid
5 behind.

By these methods, in a few weeks, there starts up many a writer, capable of managing the profoundest and most universal subjects. For, what though his head be empty, provided his common-place book be full ; and if you will
10 bate him but the circumstances of method, and style, and grammar, and invention ; allow him but the common privileges of transcribing from others, and digressing from himself, as often as he shall see occasion ; he will desire no more ingredients towards fitting up a treatise, that shall
15 make a very comely figure on a bookseller's shelf ; there to be preserved neat and clean for a long eternity, adorned with the heraldry of its title fairly inscribed on a label ; never to be thumbed or greased by students, nor bound to everlasting chains of darkness in a library : but, when the
20 fulness of time is come, shall happily undergo the trial of purgatory, in order to ascend the sky.

Without these allowances, how is it possible we modern wits should ever have an opportunity to introduce our collections, listed under so many thousand heads of a
25 different nature ; for want of which, the learned world would be deprived of infinite delight, as well as instruction, and we ourselves buried beyond redress, in an inglorious and undistinguished oblivion ?

From such elements as these, I am alive to behold the
30 day, wherein the corporation of authors can outvie all its brethren in the field. A happiness derived to us, with a great many others, from our Scythian ancestors ; among whom the number of pens was so infinite, that the Grecian¹

¹ Herodot. lib. 4.

eloquence had no other way of expressing it, than by saying, that in the regions, far to the north, it was hardly possible for a man to travel, the very air was so replete with feathers.

The necessity of this digression will easily excuse the 5 length; and I have chosen for it as proper a place as I could readily find. If the judicious reader can assign a fitter, I do here empower him to remove it into any other corner he pleases. And so I return, with great alacrity, to pursue a more important concern. 10

SECT. VIII.—*A Tale of a Tub.*

The learned Æolists maintain the original cause of all things to be wind, from which principle this whole universe was at first produced, and into which it must at last be resolved; that the same breath, which had kindled, and 15 blew up the flame of nature, should one day blow it out:—

Quod procul a nobis flectat fortuna gubernans.

This is what the *adepti* understand by their *anima mundi*; that is to say, the spirit, or breath, or wind of the world; for, examine the whole system by the particulars of nature, 20 and you will find it not to be disputed. For whether you please to call the *forma informans* of man, by the name of *spiritus*, *animus*, *afflatus*, or *anima*; what are all these but several appellations for wind, which is the ruling element in every compound, and into which they all resolve upon their 25 corruption? Farther, what is life itself, but, as it is commonly called, the breath of our nostrils? Whence it is very justly observed by naturalists, that wind still continues of great benefit, giving occasion for those happy epithets of *turgidus* and *inflatus*, applied either to the *emittent* or 30 *recipient* organs.

By what I have gathered out of ancient records, I find the compass of their doctrine took in two-and-thirty points, wherein it would be tedious to be very particular. However, a few of their most important precepts, deducible
5 from it, are by no means to be omitted ; among which the following maxim was of much weight ; that since wind had the master share, as well as operation, in every compound, by consequence, those beings must be of chief excellence, wherein that *primordium* appears most prominently to
10 abound ; and therefore man is in highest perfection of all created things, as having, by the great bounty of philosophers, been endued with three distinct *animas* or winds, to which the sage *Æolists*, with much liberality, have added a fourth, of equal necessity as well as ornament with the
15 other three ; by this *quartum principium*, taking in the four corners of the world ; which gave occasion to that renowned *cabalist*, *Bumbastus*, of placing the body of man in due position to the four cardinal points.

In consequence of this, their next principle was, that
20 man brings with him into the world, a peculiar portion or grain of wind, which may be called a *quinta essentia*, extracted from the other four. This quintessence is of catholic use upon all emergencies of life, is improveable into all arts and sciences, and may be wonderfully refined,
25 as well as enlarged, by certain methods in education. This, when blown up to its perfection, ought not to be covetously hoarded up, stifled, or hid under a bushel, but freely communicated to mankind.

Their gods were the four winds, whom they worshipped,
30 as the spirits that pervade and enliven the universe, and as those from whom alone all inspiration can properly be said to proceed. However, the chief of these, to whom they performed the adoration of *latria*, was the almighty North, an ancient deity, whom the inhabitants of Megalopolis, in

Greece, had likewise in the highest reverence: *omnium deorum Boream maxime celebrant*. This god, though endued with ubiquity, was yet supposed, by the profounder Æolists, to possess one peculiar habitation, or, (to speak in form,) a *cælum empyræum*, wherein he was more intimately present. 5 This was situated in a certain region, well known to the ancient Greeks, by them called, Σκορία, or the land of darkness. And although many controversies have arisen upon that matter, yet so much is undisputed, that from a region of the like denomination, the most refined Æolists 10 have borrowed their original; whence, in every age, the zealous among their priesthood have brought over their choicest inspiration, fetching it with their own hands from the fountain-head in certain bladders, and disploting it among the sectaries in all nations, who did, and do, and 15 ever will, daily gasp and pant after it.

And whereas the mind of man, when he gives the spur and bridle to his thoughts, doth never stop, but naturally sallies out into both extremes, of high and low, of good and evil; his first flight of fancy commonly transports him 20 to ideas of what is most perfect, finished, and exalted; till, having soared out of his own reach and sight, not well perceiving how near the frontiers of height and depth border upon each other; with the same course and wing, he falls down plumb into the lowest bottom of things; like 25 one who travels the east into the west; or like a straight line drawn by its own length into a circle. Whether a tincture of malice in our natures makes us fond of furnishing every bright idea with its reverse; or whether reason, reflecting upon the sum of things, can, like the sun, 30 serve only to enlighten one half of the globe, leaving the other half by necessity under shade and darkness; or whether fancy, flying up to the imagination of what is highest and best, becomes overshot, and spent, and weary,

and suddenly falls, like a dead bird of paradise, to the ground; or whether, after all these metaphysical conjectures, I have not entirely missed the true reason; the proposition, however, which hath stood me in so much
5 circumstance, is altogether true; that, as the most uncivilized parts of mankind have some way or other climbed up into the conception of a god, or supreme power, so they have seldom forgot to provide their fears with certain ghastly notions, which, instead of better, have served them
10 pretty tolerably for a devil. And this proceeding seems to be natural enough; for it is with men, whose imaginations are lifted up very high, after the same rate as with those whose bodies are so; that, as they are delighted with the advantage of a nearer contemplation upwards, so they are
15 equally terrified with the dismal prospect of a precipice below. Thus, in the choice of a devil, it hath been the usual method of mankind, to single out some being, either in act or in vision, which was in most antipathy to the god they had framed. Thus also the sect of Æolists possessed
20 themselves with a dread, and horror, and hatred of two malignant natures, betwixt whom, and the deities they adored, perpetual enmity was established. The first of these was the chameleon, sworn foe to inspiration, who in scorn devoured large influences of their god, without re-
25 funding the smallest blast by eructation. The other was a huge terrible monster, called Moulinavent, who, with four strong arms, waged eternal battle with all their divinities, dexterously turning to avoid their blows, and repay them with interest.

30 Thus furnished, and set out with gods, as well as devils, was the renowned sect of Æolists, which makes at this day so illustrious a figure in the world, and whereof that polite nation of Laplanders are, beyond all doubt, a most authentic branch; of whom I therefore cannot, without in-

justice, here omit to make honourable mention ; since they appear to be so closely allied in point of interest, as well as inclinations, with their brother Æolists among us, as not only to buy their winds by wholesale from the same merchants, but also to retail them after the same rate and method, and to customers much alike.

Now, whether the system here delivered was wholly compiled by Jack ; or, as some writers believe, rather copied from the original at Delphos, with certain additions and emendations, suited to times and circumstances ; I shall not absolutely determine. This I may affirm, that Jack gave it at least a new turn, and formed it into the same dress and model as it lies deduced by me.

I have long sought after this opportunity of doing justice to a society of men for whom I have a peculiar honour ; and whose opinions, as well as practices, have been extremely misrepresented and traduced by the malice or ignorance of their adversaries. For I think it one of the greatest and best of human actions, to remove prejudices, and place things in their truest and fairest light ; which I therefore boldly undertake, without any regards of my own, besides the conscience, the honour, and the thanks.

SECT. IX.—*A Digression concerning the Original, the Use, and Improvement of Madness, in a Commonwealth.*

Nor shall it any ways detract from the just reputation of this famous sect, that its rise and institution are owing to such an author as I have described Jack to be ; a person whose intellectuals were overturned, and his brain shaken out of its natural position ; which we commonly suppose to be a distemper, and call by the name of madness or phrensy. For, if we take a survey of the greatest actions that have been performed in the world, under the influence

of single men ; which are, the establishment of new empires by conquest ; the advance and progress of new schemes in philosophy ; and the contriving, as well as the propagating of new religions ; we shall find the authors of them all to have been persons, whose natural reason hath admitted great revolutions, from their diet, their education, the prevalence of some certain temper, together with the particular influence of air and climate. Besides, there is something individual in human minds, that easily kindles, at the accidental approach and collision of certain circumstances which, though of paltry and mean appearance, do often flame out into the greatest emergencies of life. For great turns are not always given by strong hands, but by lucky adaption, and at proper seasons ; and it is of no importance where the fire was kindled, if the vapour has once got up into the brain. For the upper region of man is furnished like the middle region of the air ; the materials are formed from causes of the widest difference, yet produce at last the same substance and effect. Mists arise from the earth, steam from dunghills, exhalations from the sea, and smoke from fire ; yet all clouds are the same in composition as well as consequences, and the fumes issuing from a dunghill will furnish as comely and useful a vapour as incense from an altar. Thus far, I suppose, will easily be granted me and then it will follow, that, as the face of nature never produces rain, but when it is overcast and disturbed, so human understanding, seated in the brain, must be troubled and overspread by vapours, ascending from the lower faculties to water the invention, and render it fruitful. Now, although these vapours (as it hath been already said) are of as various original as those of the skies, yet the crops they produce differ both in kind and degree, merely according to the soil. I will produce two instances to prove and explain what I am now advancing.

A certain great prince raised a mighty army, filled his coffers with infinite treasures, provided an invincible fleet, and all this without giving the least part of his design to his greatest ministers, or his nearest favourites. Immediately the whole world was alarmed ; the neighbouring crowns in 5 trembling expectations, towards what point the storm would burst ; the small politicians everywhere forming profound conjectures. Some believed he had laid a scheme for universal monarchy ; others, after much insight, determined the matter to be a project for pulling down the pope, and 10 setting up the reformed religion, which had once been his own. Some, again, of a deeper sagacity, sent him into Asia to subdue the Turk, and recover Palestine. In the midst of all these projects and preparations, a certain state-surgeon, gathering the nature of the disease by these 15 symptoms, attempted the cure, at one blow performed the operation, broke the bag, and out flew the vapour ; nor did anything want to render it a complete remedy, only that the prince unfortunately happened to die in the performance. Now, is the reader exceeding curious to learn from whence 20 this vapour took its rise, which had so long set the nations at a gaze ? what secret wheel, what hidden spring, could put into motion so wonderful an engine ? It was afterwards discovered, that the movement of this whole machine had been directed by an absent female.

25

The other instance is what I have read somewhere in a very ancient author, of a mighty king, who, for the space of above thirty years, amused himself to take and lose towns ; beat armies, and be beaten ; drive princes out of their dominions ; fright children from their bread and butter ; 30 burn, lay waste, plunder, dragoon, massacre subject and stranger, friend and foe, male and female. 'Tis recorded, that the philosophers of each country were in grave dispute upon causes natural, moral, and political, to find out

where they should assign an original solution of this phenomenon. At last, the vapour or spirit, which animated the hero's brain, being in perpetual circulation, seized upon one region of the human body, and, gathering there into
5 a tumour, left the rest of the world for that time in peace. Of such mighty consequence it is where those exhalations fix, and of so little from whence they proceed.

Let us next examine the great introducers of new schemes in philosophy, and search till we can find from what faculty
10 of the soul the disposition arises in mortal man, of taking it into his head to advance new systems, with such an eager zeal, in things agreed on all hands impossible to be known: from what seeds this disposition springs, and to what quality of human nature these grand innovators have been indebted
15 for their number of disciples. Because it is plain, that several of the chief among them, both ancient and modern, were usually mistaken by their adversaries, and indeed by all, except their own followers, to have been persons crazed, or out of their wits; having generally proceeded, in the
20 common course of their words and actions, by a method very different from the vulgar dictates of unrefined reason; agreeing for the most part in their several models, with their present undoubted successors in the academy of modern Bedlam; whose merits and principles I shall
25 farther examine in due place. Of this kind were Epicurus, Diogenes, Apollonius, Lucretius, Paracelsus, Des Cartes, and others; who, if they were now in the world, tied fast, and separate from their followers, would, in this our undistinguishing age, incur manifest danger of phlebotomy, and
30 whips, and chains, and dark chambers, and straw. For what man, in the natural state or course of thinking, did ever conceive it in his power to reduce the notions of all mankind exactly to the same length, and breadth, and height of his own? yet this is the first humble and civil

design of all innovators in the empire of reason. Epicurus modestly hoped, that, one time or other, a certain fortuitous concourse of all men's opinions, after perpetual justlings, the sharp with the smooth, the light and the heavy, the round and the square, would, by certain clinamina, unite 5 in the notions of atoms and void, as these did in the originals of all things. Cartesius reckoned to see, before he died, the sentiments of all philosophers, like so many lesser stars in his romantic system, rapt and drawn within his own vortex. Now, I would gladly be informed, how 10 it is possible to account for such imaginations as these in particular men, without recourse to my phenomenon of vapours, ascending from the lower faculties to overshadow the brain, and there distilling into conceptions, for which the narrowness of our mother-tongue has not 15 yet assigned any other name besides that of madness or phrensy. Let us therefore now conjecture how it comes to pass, that none of these great prescribers do ever fail providing themselves and their notions with a number of implicit disciples. And, I think, the reason is easy 20 to be assigned: for there is a peculiar string in the harmony of human understanding, which, in several individuals, is exactly of the same tuning. This, if you can dexterously screw up to its right key, and then strike gently upon it, whenever you have the good fortune to 25 light among those of the same pitch, they will, by a secret necessary sympathy, strike exactly at the same time. And in this one circumstance lies all the skill or luck of the matter; for, if you chance to jar the string among those who are either above or below your own height, instead 30 of subscribing to your doctrine, they will tie you fast, call you mad, and feed you with bread and water. It is therefore a point of the nicest conduct, to distinguish and adapt this noble talent, with respect to the differences of persons

and of times. Cicero understood this very well, when writing to a friend in England, with a caution, among other matters, to beware of being cheated by our hackney-coachmen, (who, it seems, in those days were as arrant rascals as they are
5 now,) has these remarkable words : *Est quod gaudeas te in ista loca venisse, ubi aliquid sapere viderere.* For, to speak a bold truth, it is a fatal miscarriage so ill to order affairs, as to pass for a fool in one company, when, in another, you might be treated as a philosopher. Which I desire some
10 certain gentlemen of my acquaintance to lay up in their hearts, as a very seasonable *innuendo*.

This, indeed, was the fatal mistake of that worthy gentleman, my most ingenious friend, Mr. Wotton : a person, in appearance, ordained for great designs, as well as per-
15 formances ; whether you will consider his notions or his looks. Surely no man ever advanced into the public with fitter qualifications of body and mind, for the propagation of a new religion. Oh, had those happy talents, misapplied to vain philosophy, been turned into their proper channels
20 of dreams and visions, where distortion of mind and countenance are of such sovereign use, the base detracting world would not then have dared to report, that something is amiss, that his brain hath undergone an unlucky shake ; which even his brother modernists themselves, like ungrates,
25 do whisper so loud, that it reaches up to the very garret I am now writing in !

Lastly, whosoever pleases to look into the fountains of enthusiasm, from whence, in all ages, have eternally proceeded such fattening streams, will find the spring-head
30 to have been as troubled and muddy as the current : of such great emolument is a tincture of this vapour, which the world calls madness, that without its help, the world would not only be deprived of those two great blessings, conquests and systems, but even all mankind would

happily be reduced to the same belief in things invisible. Now, the former *postulatum* being held, that it is of no import from what originals this vapour proceeds, but either in what angles it strikes and spreads over the understanding, or upon what species of brain it ascends; it will be a very 5 delicate point to cut the feather, and divide the several reasons to a nice and curious reader, how this numerical difference in the brain can produce effects of so vast a difference from the same vapour, as to be the sole point of individuation between Alexander the Great, Jack 10 of Leyden, and Monsieur des Cartes. The present argument is the most abstracted that ever I engaged in; it strains my faculties to their highest stretch: and I desire the reader to attend with the utmost perpensity; for I now proceed to unravel this knotty point.

15

There is in mankind a certain	*	*	*	*
* * * * *	*	*	*	*
<i>Hic multa</i>	*	*	*	*
<i>desiderantur</i>	*	*	*	*
* *	And this I take to be a clear solution of the 20			

matter.

Having therefore so narrowly passed through this intricate difficulty, the reader will, I am sure, agree with me in the conclusion, that if the moderns mean by madness, only a disturbance or transposition of the brain, by force of 25 certain vapours issuing up from the lower faculties, then hath this madness been the parent of all those mighty revolutions that have happened in empire, in philosophy, and in religion. For the brain, in its natural position and state of serenity, disposes its owner to pass his life 30 in the common forms, without any thought of subduing multitudes to his own power, his reasons, or his visions; and the more he shapes his understanding by the pattern of human learning, the less he is inclined to form parties,

after his particular notions, because that instructs him in his private infirmities, as well as in the stubborn ignorance of the people. But when a man's fancy gets astride on his reason; when imagination is at cuffs with the senses; 5 and common understanding, as well as common sense, is kicked out of doors; the first proselyte he makes is himself; and when that is once compassed, the difficulty is not so great in bringing over others; a strong delusion always operating from without as vigorously as from within.

10 For cant and vision are to the ear and the eye, the same that tickling is to the touch. Those entertainments and pleasures we most value in life, are such as dupe and play the wag with the senses. For, if we take an examination of what is generally understood by happiness, as it hath 15 respect either to the understanding or the senses, we shall find all its properties and adjuncts will herd under this short definition, that it is a perpetual possession of being well deceived. And, first, with relation to the mind or understanding, 'tis manifest what mighty advantages fiction 20 has over truth; and the reason is just at our elbow, because imagination can build nobler scenes, and produce more wonderful revolutions, than fortune or nature will be at expense to furnish. Nor is mankind so much to blame in his choice, thus determining him, if we consider that 25 the debate merely lies between things past and things conceived: and so the question is only this; whether things, that have place in the imagination, may not as properly be said to exist, as those that are seated in the memory; which may be justly held in the affirmative, 30 and very much to the advantage of the former, since this is acknowledged to be the womb of things, and the other allowed to be no more than the grave. Again, if we take this definition of happiness, and examine it with reference to the senses, it will be acknowledged

wonderfully adapt. How fading and insipid do all objects accost us, that are not conveyed in the vehicle of delusion ! how shrunk is everything, as it appears in the glass of nature ! so that if it were not for the assistance of artificial mediums, false lights, refracted angles, varnish and tinsel, 5 there would be a mighty level in the felicity and enjoyments of mortal men. If this were seriously considered by the world, as I have a certain reason to suspect it hardly will, men would no longer reckon among their high points of wisdom, the art of exposing weak sides, and publishing 10 infirmities ; an employment, in my opinion, neither better nor worse than that of unmasking, which, I think, has never been allowed fair usage, either in the world, or in the play-house.

In the proportion that credulity is a more peaceful 15 possession of the mind than curiosity ; so far preferable is that wisdom, which converses about the surface, to that pretended philosophy, which enters into the depth of things, and then comes gravely back with informations and discoveries, that in the inside they are good 20 for nothing. The two senses, to which all objects first address themselves, are the sight and the touch ; these never examine farther than the colour, the shape, the size, and whatever other qualities dwell, or are drawn by art upon the outward of bodies ; and then comes reason 25 officiously with tools for cutting, and opening, and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonstrate, that they are not of the same consistence quite through. Now I take all this to be the last degree of perverting nature ; one of , whose eternal laws it is, to put her best furniture forward. 30 And therefore, in order to save the charges of all such expensive anatomy for the time to come, I do here think fit to inform the reader, that in such conclusions as these, reason is certainly in the right ; and that in most corporeal

beings, which have fallen under my cognizance, the outside has been infinitely preferable to the in: whereof I have been farther convinced from some late experiments. Last week I saw a woman flayed, and you will hardly believe
5 how much it altered her person for the worse. Yesterday I ordered the carcase of a beau to be stripped in my presence; when we were all amazed to find so many unsuspected faults under one suit of clothes. Then I laid open his brain, his heart, and his spleen: but I plainly
10 perceived at every operation, that the farther we proceeded, we found the defects increase upon us in number and bulk: from all which, I justly formed this conclusion to myself, that whatever philosopher or projector can find out an art to solder and patch up the flaws
15 and imperfections of nature, will deserve much better of mankind, and teach us a more useful science, than that so much in present esteem, of widening and exposing them, like him who held anatomy to be the ultimate end of physic. And he, whose fortunes and dispositions
20 have placed him in a convenient station to enjoy the fruits of this noble art; he that can, with Epicurus, content his ideas with the films and images that fly off upon his senses from the superficies of things; such a man, truly wise, creams off nature, leaving the sour and the dregs
25 for philosophy and reason to lap up. This is the sublime and refined point of felicity, called the possession of being well deceived; the serene peaceful state, of being a fool among knaves.

But to return to madness. It is certain, that, according
30 to the system I have above deduced, every species thereof proceeds from a redundancy of vapour; therefore, as some kinds of phrensy give double strength to the sinews, so there are of other species, which add vigour, and life, and spirit to the brain: now, it usually

happens, that these active spirits, getting possession of the brain, resemble those that haunt other waste and empty dwellings, which, for want of business, either vanish, and carry away a piece of the house, or else stay at home, and fling it all out of the windows. By which, are mystically displayed the two principal branches of madness, and which some philosophers, not considering so well as I, have mistook to be different in their causes, over hastily assigning the first to deficiency, and the other to redundancy. 10

I think it therefore manifest, from what I have here advanced, that the main point of skill and address is, to furnish employment for this redundancy of vapour, and prudently to adjust the seasons of it; by which means, it may certainly become of cardinal and catholic emolument, in a commonwealth. Thus one man, choosing a proper juncture, leaps into a gulf, from thence proceeds a hero, and is called the saviour of his country: another achieves the same enterprize, but, unluckily timing it, has left the brand of madness fixed as a reproach upon his memory: upon so nice a distinction, are we taught to repeat the name of Curtius with reverence and love; that of Empedocles with hatred and contempt. Thus also it is usually conceived, that the elder Brutus only personated the fool and madman for the good of the public; but this was nothing else than a redundancy of the same vapour long misapplied, called by the Latins, *ingenium par negotiis*¹; or, to translate it as nearly as I can, a sort of phrensy, never in its right element, till you take it up in business of the state. 20 30

Upon all which, and many other reasons of equal weight, though not equally curious, I do here gladly

¹ Tacitus.

embrace an opportunity I have long sought for, of recommending it as a very noble undertaking to Sir Edward Seymour, Sir Christopher Musgrave, Sir John Bowls, John How, Esq., and other patriots concerned, that they would
 5 move for leave to bring in a bill for appointing commissioners to inspect into Bedlam, and the parts adjacent; who shall be empowered to send for persons, papers, and records; to examine into the merits and qualifications of every student and professor; to observe with utmost
 10 exactness their several dispositions and behaviour; by which means, duly distinguishing and adapting their talents, they might produce admirable instruments for the several offices in a state, * * * * *, civil, and military; proceeding in such methods as I shall here
 15 humbly propose. And I hope the gentle reader will give some allowance to my great solitudes in this important affair, upon account of the high esteem I have ever borne that honourable society, whereof I had some time the happiness to be an unworthy member.

20 Is any student tearing his straw in piecemeal, swearing and blaspheming, biting his grate, foaming at the mouth? let the right worshipful the commissioners of inspection give him a regiment of dragoons, and send him into Flanders among the rest. Is another eternally talking,
 25 sputtering, gaping, bawling in a sound without period or article? what wonderful talents are here mislaid! let him be furnished immediately with a green bag and papers, and threepence in his pocket¹, and away with him to Westminster Hall. You will find a third gravely taking the
 30 dimensions of his kennel; a person of foresight and insight, though kept quite in the dark; for why, like Moses, *ecce cornuta erat ejus facies*. He walks duly in one pace, entreats

¹ A lawyer's coach-hire, when four together, from any of the inns of court to Westminster.

your penny with due gravity and ceremony ; talks much of hard times, and taxes, and the whore of Babylon ; bars up the wooden window of his cell constantly at eight o'clock ; dreams of fire, and shoplifters and court customers, and privileged places. Now, what a figure would all these acquirements amount to, if the owner were sent into the city among his brethren ! Behold a fourth, in much and deep conversation with himself, biting his thumbs at proper junctures ; his countenance chequered with business and design ; sometimes walking very fast, with his eyes nailed to a paper that he holds in his hands : a great saver of time, somewhat thick of hearing, very short of sight, but more of memory : a man ever in haste, a great hatcher and breeder of business, and excellent at the famous art of whispering nothing : a huge idolater of monosyllables and procrastination ; so ready to give his word to everybody, that he never keeps it : one that has forgot the common meaning of words, but an admirable retainer of the sound. If you approach his grate in his familiar intervals ; Sir, says he, give me a penny, and I'll sing you a song : but give me the penny first. (Hence comes the common saying, and commoner practice, of parting with money for a song.) What a complete system of court skill is here described in every branch of it, and all utterly lost with wrong application ! Accost the hole of another kennel, (first stopping your nose,) you will behold a surly, gloomy, nasty, slovenly mortal. The student of this apartment is very sparing of his words, but somewhat over-liberal of his breath : he holds his hand out ready to receive your penny, and immediately upon receipt withdraws to his former occupations. Now, is it not amazing to think, the society of Warwick Lane should have no more concern for the recovery of so useful a member ; who, if one may judge from these appearances, would become the greatest ornament

to that illustrious body? Another student struts up fiercely to your teeth, puffing with his lips, half squeezing out his eyes, and very graciously holds you out his hand to kiss. The keeper desires you not to be afraid of this professor, 5 for he will do you no hurt: to him alone is allowed the liberty of the ante-chamber, and the orator of the place gives you to understand, that this solemn person is a tailor run mad with pride. This considerable student is adorned with many other qualities, upon which at present 10 I shall not farther enlarge.—Hark in your ear—I am strangely mistaken, if all his address, his motions, and his airs, would not then be very natural, and in their proper element.

I shall not descend so minutely, as to insist upon the 15 vast number of beaux, fiddlers, poets, and politicians; that the world might recover by such a reformation; but what is more material, besides the clear gain redounding to the commonwealth, by so large an acquisition of persons to employ, whose talents and acquirements, if I may be so 20 bold to affirm it, are now buried, or at least misapplied; it would be a mighty advantage accruing to the public from this inquiry, that all these would very much excel, and arrive at great perfection in their several kinds; which, I think, is manifest from what I have already shewn, and 25 shall enforce by this one plain instance; that even I myself, the author of these momentous truths, am a person, whose imaginations are hard-mouthed, and exceedingly disposed to run away with his reason, which I have observed, from long experience, to be a very light rider, and easily shook 30 off; upon which account, my friends will never trust me alone, without a solemn promise to vent my speculations in this, or the like manner, for the universal benefit of human kind; which perhaps the gentle, courteous, and candid reader, brimful of that modern charity and tenderness

usually annexed to his office, will be very hardly persuaded to believe.

SECT. X.—*A Farther Digression.*

It is an unanswerable argument of a very refined age, the wonderful civilities that have passed of late years between 5 the nation of authors and that of readers. There can hardly pop out a play, a pamphlet, or a poem, without a preface full of acknowledgments to the world for the general reception and applause they have given it, which the Lord knows where, or when, or how, or from whom it received. 10 In due deference to so laudable a custom, I do here return my humble thanks to his Majesty, and both houses of Parliament; to the Lords of the King's Most Honourable Privy Council; to the reverend the Judges; to the clergy, and gentry, and yeomanry of this land: but in a more 15 especial manner to my worthy brethren and friends at Will's coffee house, and Gresham College, and Warwick Lane, and Moorfields, and Scotland Yard, and Westminster Hall, and Guildhall: in short, to all inhabitants and retainers whatsoever, either in court, or church, or camp, or city, or 20 country, for their generous and universal acceptance of this divine treatise. I accept their approbation and good opinion with extreme gratitude, and, to the utmost of my poor capacity, shall take hold of all opportunities to return the obligation. 25

I am also happy, that fate has flung me into so blessed an age for the mutual felicity of booksellers and authors, whom I may safely affirm to be at this day the two only satisfied parties in England. Ask an author how his last piece has succeeded; why, truly, he thanks his stars, the 30 world has been very favourable, and he has not the least reason to complain: and yet, by G—, he writ it in a week, at bits and starts, when he could steal an hour from

his urgent affairs ; as, it is a hundred to one, you may see farther in the preface, to which he refers you ; and for the rest, to the bookseller. There you go as a customer, and make the same question : he blesses his God the thing
5 takes wonderful, he is just printing a second edition, and has but three left in his shop. You beat down the price : sir, we shall not differ ; and, in hopes of your custom another time, lets you have it as reasonable as you please ; and pray send as many of your acquaintance as you
10 will, I shall, upon your account, furnish them all at the same rate.

Now, it is not well enough considered, to what accidents and occasions the world is indebted for the greatest part of those noble writings, which hourly start up to
15 entertain it. If it were not for a rainy day, a drunken vigil, a fit of the spleen, a course of physic, a sleepy Sunday, an ill run at dice, a long tailor's bill, a beggar's purse, a factious head, a hot sun, costive diet, want of books, and a just contempt of learning ; but for these
20 events, I say, and some others too long to recite (especially a prudent neglect of taking brimstone inwardly) I doubt, the number of authors and of writings would dwindle away to a degree most woful to behold. To confirm this opinion, hear the words of the famous Trog-
25 lodyte philosopher : 'Tis certain, (said he,) some grains of folly are of course annexed, as part in the composition of human nature, only the choice is left us, whether we please to wear them inlaid or embossed : and we need not go very far to seek how that is usually determined,
30 when we remember it is with human faculties as with liquors, the lightest will be ever at the top.

There is in this famous island of Britain a certain paltry scribbler, very voluminous, whose character the reader cannot wholly be a stranger to. He deals in a pernicious kind

of writings, called second parts ; and usually passes under the name of the author of the first. I easily foresee, that as soon as I lay down my pen, this nimble operator will have stole it, and treat me as inhumanly as he hath already done Dr. Blackmore, Lestrangle, and many others, who shall here be 5 nameless; I therefore fly for justice and relief into the hands of that great rectifier of saddles, and lover of mankind, Dr. Bentley; begging he will take this enormous grievance into his most modern consideration : and if it should so happen, that the furniture of an ass, in the shape of a second part, 10 must, for my sins, be clapped by a mistake upon my back, that he will immediately please, in the presence of the world, to lighten me of the burden, and take it home to his own house, till the true beast thinks fit to call for it.

In the meantime I do here give this public notice, that 15 my resolutions are to circumscribe, within this discourse, the whole stock of matter I have been so many years providing. Since my vein is once opened, I am content to exhaust it all at a running, for the peculiar advantage of my dear country, and for the universal benefit of mankind. There- 20 fore, hospitably considering the number of my guests, they shall have my whole entertainment at a meal ; and I scorn to set up the leavings in the cupboard. What the guests cannot eat, may be given to the poor ; and the dogs under the table may gnaw the bones. This I understand for a 25 more generous proceeding, than to turn the company's stomach, by inviting them again to-morrow to a scurvy meal of scraps.

If the reader fairly considers the strength of what I have advanced in the foregoing section, I am convinced it will 30 produce a wonderful revolution in his notions and opinions ; and he will be abundantly better prepared to receive and to relish the concluding part of this miraculous treatise. Readers may be divided into three classes, the superficial,

the ignorant, and the learned : and I have with much felicity fitted my pen to the genius and advantage of each. The superficial reader will be strangely provoked to laughter ; which clears the breast and the lungs, is sovereign against
5 the spleen, and the most innocent of all diuretics. The ignorant reader, between whom and the former the distinction is extremely nice, will find himself disposed to stare ; which is an admirable remedy for ill eyes, serves to raise and enliven the spirits, and wonderfully helps perspiration.
10 But the reader truly learned, chiefly for whose benefit I wake when others sleep, and sleep when others wake, will here find sufficient matter to employ his speculations for the rest of his life. It were much to be wished, and I do here humbly propose for an experiment, that every prince in
15 Christendom will take seven of the deepest scholars in his dominions, and shut them up close for seven years in seven chambers, with a command to write seven ample commentaries on this comprehensive discourse. I shall venture to affirm, that whatever difference may be found in their
20 several conjectures, they will be all, without the least distortion, manifestly deducible from the text. Meantime, it is my earnest request, that so useful an undertaking may be entered upon, if their Majesties please, with all convenient speed ; because I have a strong inclination, before I leave
25 the world, to taste a blessing, which we mysterious writers can seldom reach, till we have got into our graves : whether it is, that fame, being a fruit grafted on the body, can hardly grow, and much less ripen, till the stock is in the earth : or, whether she be a bird of prey, and is lured,
30 among the rest, to pursue after the scent of a carcase : or, whether she conceives her trumpet sounds best and farthest when she stands on a tomb, by the advantage of a rising ground, and the echo of a hollow vault.

'Tis true, indeed, the republic of dark authors, after they

once found out this excellent expedient of dying, have been peculiarly happy in the variety, as well as extent of their reputation. For, night being the universal mother of things, wise philosophers hold all writings to be fruitful, in the proportion they are dark ; and therefore, the true illuminated¹ 5 (that is to say, the darkest of all) have met with such numberless commentators, whose scholastic midwifery hath delivered them of meanings, that the authors themselves perhaps never conceived, and yet may very justly be allowed the lawful parents of them ; the words of such 10 writers being like seed, which, however scattered at random, when they light upon a fruitful ground, will multiply far beyond either the hopes or imagination of the sower.

And therefore, in order to promote so useful a work, I will here take leave to glance a few innuendoes, that may be 15 of great assistance to those sublime spirits, who shall be appointed to labour in a universal comment upon this wonderful discourse. And, first, I have couched a very profound mystery in the number of O's multiplied by seven, and divided by nine. Also, if a devout brother of the rosy 20 cross will pray fervently for sixty-three mornings, with a lively faith, and then transpose certain letters and syllables, according to prescription, in the second and fifth section ; they will certainly reveal into a full receipt of the *opus magnum*. Lastly, whoever will be at the pains to calculate 25 the whole number of each letter in this treatise, and sum up the difference exactly between the several numbers, assigning the true natural cause for every such difference, the discoveries in the product will plentifully reward his labour. But then he must beware of Bythus and Sigé, and be sure 30 not to forget the qualities of Acamoth ; *a cujus lacrymis humecta prodit substantia, a risu lucida, a tristitia solida, et*

¹ A name of the Rosicrucians.

a timore mobilis ; wherein Eugenius Philalethes ¹ hath committed an unpardonable mistake.

SECT. XI.—*A Tale of a Tub.*

After so wide a compass as I have wandered, I do now
5 gladly overtake, and close in with my subject, and shall
henceforth hold on with it an even pace to the end of my
journey, except some beautiful prospect appears within sight
of my way ; whereof though at present I have neither warn-
ing nor expectation, yet upon such an accident, come
10 when it will, I shall beg my reader's favour and company,
allowing me to conduct him through it along with myself.
For in writing it is as in travelling ; if a man is in haste to
be at home, (which I acknowledge to be none of my case,
having never so little business as when I am there,) if his
15 horse be tired with long riding and ill ways, or be naturally
a jade, I advise him clearly to make the straightest and
the commonest road, be it ever so dirty : but then surely
we must own such a man to be a scurvy companion at
best ; he spatters himself and his fellow-travellers at every
20 step : all their thoughts, and wishes, and conversation, turn
entirely upon the subject of their journey's end ; and at
every splash, and plunge, and stumble, they heartily wish
one another at the devil.

On the other side, when a traveller and his horse are in
25 heart and plight ; when his purse is full, and the day before
him ; he takes the road only where it is clean and con-
venient ; entertains his company there as agreeably as he
can ; but, upon the first occasion, carries them along with
him to every delightful scene in view, whether of art, of
30 nature, or of both ; and if they chance to refuse, out of
stupidity or weariness, let them jog on by themselves and be

¹ Vid. *Anima magica abscondita.*

d——n'd ; he'll overtake them at the next town ; at which arriving, he rides furiously through ; the men, women, and children run out to gaze ; a hundred noisy curs run barking after him, of which, if he honours the boldest with a lash of his whip, it is rather out of sport than revenge ; but should 5 some sourer mongrel dare too near an approach, he receives a salute on the chaps by an accidental stroke from the courser's heels, (nor is any ground lost by the blow,) which sends him yelping and limping home.

I now proceed to sum up the singular adventures of my 10 renowned Jack ; the state of whose dispositions and fortunes the careful reader does, no doubt, most exactly remember, as I last parted with them in the conclusion of a former section. Therefore, his next care must be, from two of the foregoing, to extract a scheme of notions, that may best fit 15 his understanding, for a true relish of what is to ensue.

Jack had not only calculated the first revolution of his brain so prudently, as to give rise to that epidemic sect of Æolists, but succeeding also into a new and strange variety of conceptions, the fruitfulness of his imagination led him 20 into certain notions, which, although in appearance very unaccountable, were not without their mysteries and their meanings, nor wanted followers to countenance and improve them. I shall therefore be extremely careful and exact in recounting such material passages of this nature as I have 25 been able to collect, either from undoubted tradition, or indefatigable reading ; and shall describe them as graphically as it is possible, and as far as notions of that height and latitude can be brought within the compass of a pen. Nor do I at all question, but they will furnish plenty of 30 noble matter for such, whose converting imaginations dispose them to reduce all things into types ; who can make shadows, no thanks to the sun ; and then mould them into substances, no thanks to philosophy ; whose peculiar talent

lies in fixing tropes and allegories to the letter, and refining what is literal into figure and mystery.

Jack had provided a fair copy of his father's will, engrossed in form upon a large skin of parchment ; and, resolving to
5 act the part of a most dutiful son, he became the fondest creature of it imaginable. For although, as I have often told the reader, it consisted wholly in certain plain, easy directions, about the management and wearing of their coats, with legacies and penalties in case of obedience or neglect,
10 yet he began to entertain a fancy that the matter was deeper and darker, and therefore must needs have a great deal more of mystery at the bottom. Gentlemen, said he, I will prove this very skin of parchment to be meat, drink, and cloth, to be the philosopher's stone, and the universal
15 medicine. In consequence of which raptures, he resolved to make use of it in the most necessary, as well as the most paltry occasions of life. He had a way of working it into any shape he pleased ; so that it served him for a nightcap when he went to bed, and for an umbrella in rainy weather.
20 He would lap a piece of it about a sore toe, or, when he had fits, burn two inches under his nose ; or, if anything lay heavy on his stomach, scrape off, and swallow as much of the powder, as would lie on a silver penny ; they were all infallible remedies. With analogy to these refinements, his
25 common talk and conversation ran wholly in the phrase of his will, and he circumscribed the utmost of his eloquence within that compass, not daring to let slip a syllable without authority from thence.

He made it a part of his religion, never to say grace to
30 his meat ; nor could all the world persuade him, as the common phrase is, to eat his victuals like a Christian.

He bore a strange kind of appetite to snap-dragon, and to the livid snuffs of a burning candle, which he would catch and swallow with an agility wonderful to conceive ; and, by

this procedure, maintained a perpetual flame in his belly, which, issuing in a glowing steam from both his eyes, as well as his nostrils and his mouth, made his head appear in a dark night, like the skull of an ass, wherein a roguish boy hath conveyed a farthing candle, to the terror of his majesty's liege subjects. Therefore, he made use of no other expedient to light himself home, but was wont to say, that a wise man was his own lantern.

He would shut his eyes as he walked along the streets, and if he happened to bounce his head against a post, or fall into a kennel, (as he seldom missed either to do one or both,) he would tell the gibing prentices, who looked on, that he submitted with entire resignation, as to a trip, or a blow of fate, with whom he found, by long experience, how vain it was either to wrestle or to cuff; and whoever durst undertake to do either, would be sure to come off with a swinging fall, or a bloody nose. It was ordained, said he, some few days before the creation, that my nose and this very post should have a rencounter; and, therefore, nature thought fit to send us both into the world in the same age, and to make us countrymen and fellow-citizens. Now, had my eyes been open, it is very likely the business might have been a great deal worse; for how many a confounded slip is daily got by a man with all his foresight about him? Besides, the eyes of the understanding see best, when those of the senses are out of the way; and therefore, blind men are observed to tread their steps with much more caution, and conduct, and judgment, than those who rely with too much confidence upon the virtue of the visual nerve, which every little accident shakes out of order, and a drop, or a film, can wholly disconcert; like a lantern among a pack of roaring bullies when they scour the streets, exposing its owner and itself to outward kicks and buffets, which both might have escaped, if the vanity of appearing would have

suffered them to walk in the dark. But further, if we examine the conduct of these boasted lights, it will prove yet a great deal worse than their fortune. 'Tis true, I have broke my nose against this post, because Providence either
5 forgot, or did not think it convenient, to twitch me by the elbow, and give me notice to avoid it. But, let not this encourage either the present age, or posterity, to trust their noses into the keeping of their eyes, which may prove the fairest way of losing them for good and all. For, O ye eyes,
10 ye blind guides; miserable guardians are ye of our frail noses; ye, I say, who fasten upon the first precipice in view, and then tow our wretched willing bodies after you, to the very brink of destruction: but, alas! that brink is rotten, our feet slip, and we tumble down prone into a gulf, without
15 one hospitable shrub in the way to break the fall; a fall, to which not any nose of mortal make is equal, except that of the giant Laurcalco, who was lord of the silver bridge. Most properly therefore, O eyes, and with great justice, may you be compared to those foolish lights, which conduct men
20 through dirt and darkness, till they fall into a deep pit or a noisome bog.

This I have produced as a scantling of Jack's great eloquence, and the force of his reasoning upon such abstruse matters.

25 He was, besides, a person of great design and improvement in affairs of devotion, having introduced a new deity; who has since met with a vast number of worshippers; by some called Babel, by others Chaos; who had an ancient temple of Gothic structure upon Salisbury plain, famous for
30 its shrine, and celebration by pilgrims.

When he had some roguish trick to play, he would down with his knees, up with his eyes, and fall to prayers, though in the midst of the kennel.

In winter he went always loose and unbuttoned, and clad

as thin as possible, to let in the ambient heat ; and in summer lapped himself close and thick to keep it out.

In all revolutions of government, he would make his court for the office of hangman general : and in the exercise of that dignity, wherein he was very dexterous, would make 5 use of no other vizard, than a long prayer.

He had a tongue so musculous and subtile, that he could twist it up into his nose, and deliver a strange kind of speech from thence. He was also the first in these kingdoms, who began to improve the Spanish accomplishment of braying ; 10 and having large ears, perpetually exposed and erected, he carried his art to such a perfection, that it was a point of great difficulty to distinguish, either by the view or the sound, between the original and the copy.

He was troubled with a disease, reverse to that called 15 the stinging of the tarantula ; and would run dog-mad at the noise of music, especially a pair of bagpipes. But he would cure himself again, by taking two or three turns in Westminster Hall, or Billingsgate, or in a boarding-school, or the Royal Exchange, or a state coffee-house. 20

He was a person that feared no colours, but mortally hated all, and, upon that account, bore a cruel aversion against painters ; insomuch, that, in his paroxysms, as he walked the streets, he would have his pockets loaden with stones to pelt at the signs. 25

Having, from his manner of living, frequent occasions to wash himself, he would often leap over head and ears into the water, though it were in the midst of the winter, but was always observed to come out again much dirtier, if possible, than he went in. 30

He was the first that ever found out the secret of contriving a soporiferous medicine to be conveyed in at the ears ; it was a compound of sulphur and balm of Gilead, with a little pilgrim's salve.

He wore a large plaster of artificial caustics on his stomach, with the fervour of which, he could set himself a groaning, like the famous board upon application of a red-hot iron.

5 He would stand in the turning of a street, and, calling to those who passed by, would cry to one, Worthy sir, do me the honour of a good slap in the chaps. To another, Honest friend, pray favour me with a handsome kick: Madam, shall I entreat a small box on the ear from your ladyship's
10 fair hands? Noble captain, lend a reasonable thwack, for the love of God, with that cane of yours over these poor shoulders. And when he had, by such earnest solicitations, made a shift to procure a basting sufficient to swell up his fancy and his sides, he would return home extremely com-
15 forted, and full of terrible accounts of what he had undergone for the public good. Observe this stroke, (said he, shewing his bare shoulders,) a plaguy janizary gave it me this very morning at seven o'clock, as, with much ado, I was driving off the great Turk. Neighbours mine, this
20 broken head deserves a plaster: had poor Jack been tender of his noddle, you would have seen the Pope and the French king, long before this time of day, among your wives and your warehouses. Dear Christians, the great Mogul was come as far as Whitechapel, and you may thank
25 these poor sides, that he hath not (God bless us!) already swallowed up man, woman, and child.

It was highly worth observing the singular effects of that aversion, or antipathy, which Jack and his brother Peter seemed, even to an affectation, to bear towards each other.
30 Peter had lately done some rogueries, that forced him to abscond; and he seldom ventured to stir out before night, for fear of bailiffs. Their lodgings were at the two most distant parts of the town from each other: and whenever their occasions or humours called them abroad, they would

make choice of the oddest unlikely times, and most uncouth rounds, they could invent, that they might be sure to avoid one another : yet, after all this, it was their perpetual fortune to meet. The reason of which is easy enough to apprehend ; for, the phrensy and the spleen of both having 5 the same foundation, we may look upon them as two pair of compasses, equally extended, and the fixed foot of each remaining in the same centre ; which, though moving contrary ways at first, will be sure to encounter somewhere or other in the circumference. Besides, it was among the 10 great misfortunes of Jack, to bear a huge personal resemblance with his brother Peter. Their humour and dispositions were not only the same, but there was a close analogy in their shape, their size, and their mien. Insomuch, as nothing was more frequent than for a bailiff to seize Jack 15 by the shoulders, and cry, Mr. Peter, you are the king's prisoner. Or, at other times, for one of Peter's nearest friends to accost Jack with open arms, Dear Peter, I am glad to see thee, pray send me one of your best medicines for the worms. This, we may suppose, was a mortifying 20 return of those pains and proceedings Jack had laboured in so long ; and finding how directly opposite all his endeavours had answered to the sole end and intention, which he had proposed to himself, how could it avoid having terrible effects upon a head and heart so furnished as his ? However, 25 the poor remainders of his coat bore all the punishment ; the orient sun never entered upon his diurnal progress, without missing a piece of it. He hired a tailor to stitch up the collar so close, that it was ready to choke him, and squeezed out his eyes at such a rate, as one could see 30 nothing but the white. What little was left of the main substance of the coat, he rubbed every day for two hours against a rough-cast wall, in order to grind away the remnants of lace and embroidery ; but at the same time went

on with so much violence, that he proceeded a heathen philosopher. Yet, after all he could do of this kind, the success continued still to disappoint his expectation. For, as it is the nature of rags to bear a kind of mock resemblance to finery, there being a sort of fluttering appearance in both, which is not to be distinguished at a distance, in the dark, or by short-sighted eyes; so, in those junctures, it fared with Jack and his tatters, that they offered to the first view a ridiculous flaunting; which, assisting the resemblance in person and air, thwarted all his projects of separation, and left so near a similitude between them, as frequently deceived the very disciples and followers of both.

	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
15	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
	<i>Desunt non-</i>	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
	<i>nulla.</i>	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*

20 The old Slavonian proverb said well, that it is with men as with asses; whoever would keep them fast, must find a very good hold at their ears. Yet I think we may affirm, that it hath been verified by repeated experience, that,

25 Effugiet tamen hæc sceleratus vincula Proteus.

It is good, therefore, to read the maxims of our ancestors, with great allowances to times and persons: for, if we look into primitive records, we shall find, that no revolutions have been so great, or so frequent, as those of human ears. 30 In former days, there was a curious invention to catch and keep them; which, I think, we may justly reckon among the *artes perditæ*; and how can it be otherwise, when, in these latter centuries, the very species is not only diminished to a very lamentable degree, but the poor remainder is also

degenerated so far as to mock our skilfullest tenure? For, if the only slitting of one ear in a stag hath been found sufficient to propagate the defect through a whole forest, why should we wonder at the greatest consequences, from so many loppings and mutilations, to which the ears of our 5 fathers, and our own, have been of late so much exposed? 'Tis true, indeed, that while this island of ours was under the dominion of grace, many endeavours were made to improve the growth of ears once more among us. The proportion of largeness was not only looked upon as an 10 ornament of the outward man, but as a type of grace in the inward.

Such was the progress of the saints for advancing the size of that member; and it is thought the success would have been every way answerable, if, in process of time, a cruel 15 king had not arose, who raised a bloody persecution against all ears above a certain standard: upon which, some were glad to hide their flourishing sprouts in a black border, others crept wholly under a periwig; some were slit, others cropped, and a great number sliced off to the 20 stumps. But of this more hereafter in my general history of ears; which I design very speedily to bestow upon the public.

From this brief survey of the falling state of ears in the last age, and the small care had to advance their ancient 25 growth in the present, it is manifest, how little reason we can have to rely upon a hold so short, so weak, and so slippery; and that whoever desires to catch mankind fast, must have recourse to some other methods. Now, he that will examine human nature with circumspection enough, 30 may discover several handles, whereof the six¹ senses afford one a-piece, beside a great number that are screwed to the passions, and some few rivetted to the intellect. Among

¹ Including Scaliger's.

these last, curiosity is one, and, of all others, affords the firmest grasp : curiosity, that spur in the side, that bridle in the mouth, that ring in the nose, of a lazy, an impatient, and a grunting reader. By this handle it is, that an author
5 should seize upon his readers ; which as soon as he hath once compassed, all resistance and struggling are in vain ; and they become his prisoners as close as he pleases, till weariness or dulness force him to let go his gripe.

And therefore, I, the author of this miraculous treatise,
10 having hitherto, beyond expectation, maintained, by the aforesaid handle, a firm hold upon my gentle readers, it is with great reluctance, that I am at length compelled to remit my grasp ; leaving them, in the perusal of what remains, to that natural oscitancy inherent in the tribe. I
15 can only assure thee, courteous reader, for both our comforts, that my concern is altogether equal to thine, for my unhappiness in losing, or mislaying among my papers, the remaining part of these memoirs ; which consisted of accidents, turns, and adventures, both new, agreeable, and
20 surprising ; and therefore calculated, in all due points, to the delicate taste of this our noble age. But, alas ! with my utmost endeavours, I have been able only to retain a few of the heads. Under which, there was a full account, how Peter got a protection out of the King's Bench ; and of a
25 reconcilment between Jack and him, upon a design they had, in a certain rainy night, to trepan brother Martin into a spunging-house, and there strip him to the skin. How Martin, with much ado, shewed them both a fair pair of heels. How a new warrant came out against Peter ; upon
30 which, how Jack left him in the lurch, stole his protection, and made use of it himself. How Jack's tatters came into fashion in court and city ; how he got upon a great horse, and eat custard. But the particulars of all these, with several others, which have now slid out of my memory, are

lost beyond all hopes of recovery. For which misfortune, leaving my readers to condole with each other, as far as they shall find it to agree with their several constitutions ; but conjuring them by all the friendship that hath passed between us, from the title-page to this, not to proceed so far 5 as to injure their healths for an accident past remedy ; I now go on to the ceremonial part of an accomplished writer, and therefore, by a courtly modern, least of all others to be omitted.

THE CONCLUSION.

10

Going too long, is a cause of abortion, as effectual, though not so frequent, as going too short ; and holds true especially in the labours of the brain. Well fare the heart of that noble Jesuit¹, who first adventured to confess in print, that books must be suited to their several seasons, like dress, 15 and diet, and diversions ; and better fare our noble nation, for refining upon this among other French modes. I am living fast to see the time, when a book that misses its tide, shall be neglected, as the moon by day, or like mackerel a week after the season. No man hath more nicely observed 20 our climate, than the bookseller who bought the copy of this work ; he knows to a tittle what subjects will best go off in a dry year, and which it is proper to expose foremost, when the weather-glass is fallen to much rain. When he had seen this treatise, and consulted his almanac upon it, 25 he gave me to understand, that he had manifestly considered the two principal things, which were, the bulk and the subject ; and found it would never take but after a long vacation, and then only in case it should happen to be a hard year for turnips. Upon which I desired to know, 30 considering my urgent necessities, what he thought might be acceptable this month. He looked westward, and said,

¹ Père d'Orléans.

I doubt we shall have a fit of bad weather ; however, if you could prepare some pretty little banter, (but not in verse), or a small treatise upon the —, it would run like wildfire. But, if it hold up, I have already hired an author to write something against Dr. Bentley, which, I am sure, will turn to account.

At length we agreed upon this expedient ; that, when a customer comes for one of these, and desires in confidence to know the author, he will tell him very privately, as a friend, naming whichever of the wits shall happen to be that week in the vogue ; and if Durfey's last play should be in course, I had as lieve he may be the person as Congreve. This I mention, because I am wonderfully well acquainted with the present relish of courteous readers ; and have often observed, with singular pleasure, that a fly, driven from a honey-pot, will immediately, with very good appetite, alight, and finish his meal on ordure.

I have one word to say upon the subject of profound writers, who are grown very numerous of late ; and I know very well, the judicious world is resolved to list me in that number. I conceive therefore, as to the business of being profound, that it is with writers as with wells ; a person with good eyes may see to the bottom of the deepest, provided any water be there ; and that often, when there is nothing in the world at the bottom, besides dryness and dirt, though it be but a yard and a half under ground, it shall pass, however, for wondrous deep, upon no wiser a reason, than because it is wondrous dark.

I am now trying an experiment very frequent among modern authors ; which is to write upon nothing ; when the subject is utterly exhausted, to let the pen still move on ; by some called the ghost of wit, delighting to walk after the death of its body. And to say the truth, there seems to be no part of knowledge in fewer hands, than that of discerning

when to have done. By the time that an author has writ out a book, he and his readers are become old acquaintance, and grow very loth to part; so that I have sometimes known it to be in writing, as in visiting, where the ceremony of taking leave has employed more time than 5 the whole conversation before. The conclusion of a treatise resembles the conclusion of human life, which hath sometimes been compared to the end of a feast; where few are satisfied to depart, *ut plenus vitæ conviva*: for men will sit down after the fullest meal, though it be only to doze, or to 10 sleep out the rest of the day. But, in this latter, I differ extremely from other writers; and shall be too proud, if, by all my labours, I can have anyways contributed to the repose of mankind, in times so turbulent and unquiet as these. Neither do I think such an employment so very alien from 15 the office of a wit as some would suppose. For, among a very polite nation in Greece¹, there were the same temples built and consecrated, to Sleep and the Muses; between which two deities they believed the strictest friendship was established. 20

I have one concluding favour to request of my reader; that he will not expect to be equally diverted and informed by every line or every page of this discourse; but give some allowance to the author's spleen, and short fits or intervals of dulness, as well as his own; and lay it seriously to his 25 conscience, whether, if he were walking the streets in dirty weather, or a rainy day, he would allow it fair dealing, in folks at their ease from a window to critick his gait, and ridicule his dress at such a juncture.

In my disposeure of employments of the brain, I have 30 thought fit to make invention the master, and to give method and reason the office of its lackeys. The cause of this distribution was, from observing it my peculiar case, to

¹ The Troezenii, Pausan. lib. ii.

be often under a temptation of being witty upon occasion, where I could be neither wise, nor sound, nor anything to the matter in hand. And I am too much a servant of the modern way, to neglect any such opportunities, whatever
5 pains or improprieties I may be at, to introduce them. For I have observed, that, from a laborious collection of seven hundred and thirty-eight flowers, and shining hints of the best modern authors, digested with great reading into my book of commonplaces, I have not been able, after five
10 years, to draw, hook, or force, into common conversation, any more than a dozen. Of which dozen, the one moiety failed of success, by being dropped among unsuitable company; and the other cost me so many strains, and traps, and ambages to introduce, that I at length resolved to give
15 it over. Now, this disappointment, (to discover a secret,) I must own, gave me the first hint of setting up for an author; and I have since found, among some particular friends, that it is become a very general complaint, and has produced the same effects upon many others. For I have remarked
20 many a towardly word to be wholly neglected or despised in discourse, which hath passed very smoothly, with some consideration and esteem, after its preferment and sanction in print. But now, since, by the liberty and encouragement of the press, I am grown absolute master of the occasions
25 and opportunities to expose the talents I have acquired, I already discover, that the issues of my *observanda* begin to grow too large for the receipts. Therefore, I shall here pause a while, till I find, by feeling the world's pulse and my own, that it will be of absolute necessity for us both, to resume my pen.

III.

A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE
FOUGHT LAST FRIDAY BETWEEN THE
ANCIENT AND THE MODERN BOOKS
IN ST. JAMES'S LIBRARY.

LONDON, 1704.

THIS, perhaps the earliest of Swift's satirical works, was written in great part, if not entirely, about 1697, and it may then have been passed from hand to hand amongst the circle of Moor Park; but it was not published until 1704, when it appeared in the same volume with the *Tale of a Tub*. It would be waste of labour to attempt to assign the *Tale of a Tub* to any special phase of contemporary controversy; but the *Battle of the Books* forms an episode in a very definite literary conflict of the day, and the circumstances which led Swift to interfere in that conflict may be distinctly traced.

Amongst other results of the triumphant complacency of the France of Louis XIV, was a claim advanced on her behalf that the achievements of that country and that age transcended all that humanity had yet imagined. The praise that had hitherto been given to the great names of antiquity was, according to this theory, only the effect of the glamour that surrounded them, and had no solid foundation. The first to advance this paradox was Fontenelle: and it was repeated in Perrault's *Siècle de Louis le Grand*, a poem read before the Academy in 1687. But even in France, and even amongst those whom its supporters had attempted to please by their flattery, the theory met with little acceptance. Boileau laughed the claim to scorn: and the taste of France in the age of the Grand Monarch was

sufficiently superior to her vanity, to render her intolerant of such criticism.

The topic had already been discussed for some time in France when Swift's patron, Sir William Temple, introduced it to England in a treatise upholding the superiority of Ancient to Modern Learning. The Essay was not a critical one, nor did it aim at a careful treatment of the subject. It was rather a collection, half-playful and half-serious, of reflections on literary genius, couched in a graceful literary style. The illustrations, drawn indiscriminately from classical legend and literature, are not put forward as having any real historical basis : and Macaulay's ridicule of their flimsiness is therefore misplaced. A reply to this treatise was written by William Wotton, a youthful prodigy of scholarship belonging to Catherine Hall at Cambridge, whose classical references are as much more accurate than Temple's, as in humour and style he is inferior. One opinion which Temple had hazarded, in favour of the genuineness of the so-called Epistles of Phalaris, formed a subject of easy attack ; and on the other hand, the brilliant, but superficial, scholars of Christ Church, Oxford, took up the cudgels on his behalf, and published, under the name of Charles Boyle, afterwards Earl of Orrery, a new edition of the Epistles. Boyle did not, indeed, as Macaulay wrongly represents, maintain the genuineness of the Epistles. He expressly refrains from doing so, and indeed points out the arguments that tell the other way. But he came into collision with another opponent of the Christ Church clique, of stronger calibre than Wotton. For the purposes of his edition he had borrowed from the Royal Library at St. James's a manuscript of the spurious Letters : and the sudden withdrawal of the manuscript, before its collation was complete, by Dr. Bentley, the librarian, led Boyle to comment in his preface on Bentley's churlish act, as one in keeping with his usual manners—*pro sua gloria et suâ*. Stung by the attack, Bentley added an appendix to a new edition of Wotton's *Reflections*, in which he ridiculed the flimsy scholarship of the Oxford faction, and proved by overwhelming arguments the absolute spuriousness of the Letters. Bentley showed that the opposite contention was so obviously absurd, and so entirely inconsistent with the known facts of antiquity, that even a passing doubt on the subject convicted any man of ignorance. If the Epistles were true, Phalaris had borrowed money from men who lived 300 years after his death, had destroyed towns that were not founded, and conquered nations that had no names ; had falsified the histories of Herodotus and Thucydides, and had written in a dialect which he could not possibly have understood.

At this stage in the dispute, Swift stepped into the arena to assist in his patron's defence, and contributed the sole work connected with the controversy which has obtained immortality. Argument and scholarship were not required, and in them Swift would have been no match for Bentley. It is curious, indeed, that Swift's allegory assumes, what Boyle had not affirmed, the genuineness of the Letters. But he had a weapon of sarcastic humour which Bentley was powerless to wield, and before which Bentley's erudition grew pale. Swift, it need not be said, espoused the cause of the Ancients, and he did so, not only because his patron had appeared for that side, but also because the whole tendency of his own taste lay in that direction. Wotton attempted to reply. He accused Swift of plagiarism, and claimed to have been informed that the *Battle of the Books* was taken from 'a French book, entitled *Combat des Livres*.' Johnson repeated the same charge; Scott even adduced Courtray as the author of this hypothetical *Combat*; and Mr. Forster, claiming to have a copy of the book, which was unique, accepts the author's name from Scott. As a fact the book appears in the British Museum: it is without an author's name; but it was written by François de Callières, a well-known Academician and diplomatist: and its contents amply prove that, though the book might, and probably did, pass through Swift's hands, and perhaps suggested certain incidents in his own narrative, it yet possesses no claim whatever to have been the basis of the main structure of his satire. Swift's part in the controversy may have been at first determined by the attitude of his patron; but it was also consistent with the whole bent of his taste and opinions. *The Battle of the Books* marks the period when his genius began to find its fitting employment, and when, discarding 'Pindarics,' he turned to satire, and learned the power which belonged to him by right of that faculty of sarcastic humour in which he stands unsurpassed.

The Bookseller to the Reader.

The following Discourse, as it is unquestionably of the same author, so it seems to have been written about the same time with the former; I mean the year 1697, when the famous dispute was on foot about ancient and modern learning. The controversy took its rise from an essay of Sir William Temple's upon that subject, which was

answered by W. Wotton, B.D., with an Appendix by Dr. Bentley, endeavouring to destroy the credit of Æsop and Phalaris for authors, whom Sir William Temple had, in the essay before mentioned, highly commended. In that appendix, the doctor falls hard upon a new edition of Phalaris, put out by the Honourable Charles Boyle, now Earl of Orrery, to which Mr. Boyle replied at large, with great learning and wit; and the doctor voluminously rejoined. In this dispute, the town highly resented to see a person of
 5 Sir William Temple's character and merits roughly used by the two reverend gentlemen aforesaid, and without any manner of provocation. At length, there appearing no end of the quarrel, our author tells us, that the BOOKS in St. James's Library, looking upon themselves as parties principally concerned, took up the controversy, and came to a
 10 decisive battle; but the manuscript, by the injury of fortune or weather, being in several places imperfect, we cannot learn to which side the victory fell.

I must warn the reader to beware of applying to persons
 20 what is here meant only of books, in the most literal sense. So, when Virgil is mentioned, we are not to understand the person of a famous poet called by that name; but only certain sheets of paper, bound up in leather, containing in print the works of the said poet: and so of the rest.

25

The Preface of the Author.

Satire is a sort of glass, wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own; which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets in the world, and that so very few are offended with it. But, if it should
 30 happen otherwise, the danger is not great; and I have learned, from long experience, never to apprehend mischief from those understandings I have been able to provoke: for

anger and fury, though they add strength to the sinews of the body, yet are found to relax those of the mind, and to render all its efforts feeble and impotent.

There is a brain that will endure but one scumming ; let the owner gather it with discretion, and manage his little 5 stock with husbandry ; but, of all things, let him beware of bringing it under the lash of his betters, because that will make it all bubble up into impertinence, and he will find no new supply. Wit, without knowledge, being a sort of cream, which gathers in a night to the top, and, by a skilful 10 hand, may be soon whipped into froth ; but, once scummed away, what appears underneath will be fit for nothing but to be thrown to the hogs.

A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT, &c.

Whoever examines, with due circumspection, into the 15 *Annual Records of Time*, will find it remarked, that war is the child of pride, and pride the daughter of riches :—the former of which assertions may be soon granted, but one cannot so easily subscribe to the latter ; for pride is nearly related to beggary and want, either by father or mother, and 20 sometimes by both : and to speak naturally, it very seldom happens among men to fall out when all have enough ; invasions usually travelling from north to south, that is to say, from poverty upon plenty. The most ancient and natural grounds of quarrels, are lust and avarice ; which, though we 25 may allow to be brethren, or collateral branches of pride, are certainly the issues of want. For, to speak in the phrase of writers upon the politics, we may observe in the republic of dogs, which, in its original, seems to be an institution of the many, that the whole state is ever in the profoundest 30

peace after a full meal; and that civil broils arise among them when it happens for one great bone to be seized on by some leading dog, who either divides it among the few, and then it falls to an oligarchy, or keeps it to himself, 5 and then it runs up to a tyranny. The same reasoning also holds place among them in those dissensions we behold in regard to any of their females. For the right of possession lying in common, (it being impossible to establish a property in so delicate a case,) jealousies and suspicions do 10 so abound, that the whole commonwealth of that street is reduced to a manifest state of war, of every citizen against every citizen, till some one, of more courage, conduct, or fortune than the rest, seizes and enjoys the prize; upon which naturally arises plenty of heart-burning, and envy, 15 and snarling against the happy dog. Again, if we look upon any of these republics engaged in a foreign war, either of invasion or defence, we shall find the same reasoning will serve as to the grounds and occasions of each; and that poverty or want, in some degree or other, (whether 20 real or in opinion, which makes no alteration in the case,) hath a great share, as well as pride, on the part of the aggressor.

Now, whoever will please to take this scheme, and either reduce or adapt it to an intellectual state, or commonwealth 25 of learning, will soon discover the first ground of disagreement between the two great parties at this time in arms, and may form just conclusions upon the merits of either cause. But the issue or events of this war are not so easy to conjecture at; for the present quarrel is so inflamed 30 by the warm heads of either faction, and the pretensions somewhere or other so exorbitant, as not to admit the least overtures of accommodation. This quarrel first began, as I have heard it affirmed by an old dweller in the neighbourhood, about a small spot of ground, lying and being upon

one of the two tops of the hill Parnassus ; the highest and largest of which had, it seems, been time out of mind in quiet possession of certain tenants, called the Ancients ; and the other was held by the Moderns. But these, disliking their present station, sent certain ambassadors to the 5 ancients, complaining of a great nuisance ; how the height of that part of Parnassus quite spoiled the prospect of theirs, especially towards the *east* ; and therefore, to avoid a war, offered them the choice of this alternative, either that the ancients would please to remove themselves and their effects 10 down to the lower summity, which the moderns would graciously surrender to them, and advance in their place ; or else the said ancients will give leave to the moderns to come with shovels and mattocks, and level the said hill as low as they shall think it convenient. To which the ancients made 15 answer, how little they expected such a message as this from a colony, whom they had admitted, out of their own free grace, to so near a neighbourhood. That, as to their own seat, they were aborigines of it, and therefore, to talk with them of a removal or surrender, was a language they 20 did not understand. That, if the height of the hill on their side shortened the prospect of the moderns, it was a disadvantage they could not help ; but desired them to consider, whether that injury (if it be any) were not largely recompensed by the shade and shelter it afforded them. 25 That as to the levelling or digging down, it was either folly or ignorance to propose it, if they did, or did not, know, how that side of the hill was an entire rock, which would break their tools and hearts, without any damage to itself. That they would therefore advise the moderns 30 rather to raise their own side of the hill, than dream of pulling down that of the ancients : to the former of which they would not only give licence, but also largely contribute. All this was rejected by the moderns with much indignation,

who still insisted upon one of the two expedients ; and so this difference broke out into a long and obstinate war, maintained on the one part by resolution, and by the courage of certain leaders and allies ; but, on the other, by the greatness of their number, upon all defeats affording continual recruits. In this quarrel whole rivulets of ink have been exhausted, and the virulence of both parties enormously augmented. Now, it must here be understood, that ink is the great missive weapon in all battles of the learned, which, conveyed through a sort of engine called a quill, infinite numbers of these are darted at the enemy, by the valiant on each side, with equal skill and violence, as if it were an engagement of *porcupines*. This malignant liquor was compounded, by the engineer who invented it, of two ingredients, which are, gall and copperas ; by its bitterness and venom to suit, in some degree, as well as to foment, the genius of the combatants. And as the *Grecians*, after an engagement, when they could not agree about the victory, were wont to set up trophies on both sides, the beaten party being content to be at the same expense, to keep itself in countenance ; (a laudable and ancient custom, happily revived of late, in the art of war ;) so the learned, after a sharp and bloody dispute, do, on both sides, hang out their trophies too, whichever comes by the worst. These trophies have largely inscribed on them the merits of the cause ; a full impartial account of such a battle, and how the victory fell clearly to the party that set them up. They are known to the world under several names : as, disputes, arguments, rejoinders, brief considerations, answers, replies, remarks, reflections, objections, confutations. For a very few days they are fixed up in all public places, either by themselves or their representatives¹, for passengers to

¹ Their title-pages.

gaze at ; whence the chiefest and largest are removed to certain magazines they call libraries, there to remain in a quarter purposely assigned them, and from thenceforth begin to be called books of controversy.

In these books is wonderfully instilled 'and preserved the 5 spirit of each warrior, while he is alive ; and after his death, his soul transmigrates there to inform them. This at least is the more common opinion ; but I believe it is with libraries as with other cemeteries ; where some philosophers affirm, that a certain spirit, which they call *brutum hominis*, hovers 10 over the monument, till the body is corrupted, and turns to dust, or to worms, but then vanishes or dissolves ; so, we may say, a restless spirit haunts over every book, till dust or worms have seized upon it ; which to some may happen in a few days, but to others later : and therefore books of con- 15 troversy being, of all others, haunted by the most disorderly spirits, have always been confined in a separate lodge from the rest ; and, for fear of mutual violence against each other, it was thought prudent by our ancestors to bind them to the peace with strong iron chains. Of which invention 20 the original occasion was this : When the works of Scotus first came out, they were carried to a certain library, and had lodgings appointed them ; but this author was no sooner settled than he went to visit his master Aristotle ; and there both concerted together to seize Plato by main 25 force, and turn him out from his ancient station among the divines, where he had peaceably dwelt near eight hundred years. The attempt succeeded, and the two usurpers have reigned ever since in his stead : but, to maintain quiet for the future, it was decreed, that all *polemics* of the larger size 30 should be held fast with a chain.

By this expedient, the public peace of libraries might certainly have been preserved, if a new species of controversial books had not arose of late years, instinct with

a most malignant spirit, from the war above mentioned between the learned, about the higher summit of *Parnassus*.

When these books were first admitted into the public
5 libraries, I remember to have said, upon occasion, to several persons concerned, how I was sure they would create broils wherever they came, unless a world of care were taken: and therefore I advised, that the champions of each side should be coupled together, or otherwise mixed, that, like the
10 blending of contrary poisons, their malignity might be employed among themselves. And it seems I was neither an ill prophet, nor an ill counsellor; for it was nothing else but the neglect of this caution which gave occasion to the terrible fight that happened on Friday last, between the
15 ancient and modern books, in the king's library. Now, because the talk of this battle is so fresh in everybody's mouth, and the expectation of the town so great to be informed in the particulars, I, being possessed of all qualifications requisite in an historian, and retained by neither
20 party, have resolved to comply with the urgent importunity of my friends, by writing down a full impartial account thereof.

The guardian of the regal library, a person of great valour, but chiefly renowned for his humanity, had been a fierce
25 champion for the moderns; and, in an engagement upon Parnassus, had vowed, with his own hands, to knock down two of the ancient chiefs, who guarded a small pass on the superior rock; but, endeavouring to climb up, was cruelly obstructed by his own unhappy weight, and tendency to-
30 wards his centre; a quality to which those of the modern party are extreme subject; for, being light-headed, they have, in speculation, a wonderful agility, and conceive nothing too high for them to mount; but, in reducing to practice, discover a mighty pressure about their backs, and their

heels. Having thus failed in his design, the disappointed champion bore a cruel rancour to the ancients; which he resolved to gratify, by shewing all marks of his favour to the books of their adversaries, and lodging them in the fairest apartments; when, at the same time, whatever book had the boldness to own itself for an advocate of the ancients, was buried alive in some obscure corner, and threatened, upon the least displeasure, to be turned out of doors. Besides, it so happened, that about this time there was a strange confusion of place among all the books in the library; for which several reasons were assigned. Some imputed it to a great heap of learned dust, which a perverse wind blew off from a shelf of moderns, into the keeper's eyes. Others affirmed, he had a humour to pick the worms out of the schoolmen, and swallow them fresh and fasting; whereof some fell upon his spleen, and some climbed up into his head, to the great perturbation of both. And lastly, others maintained, that, by walking much in the dark about the library, he had quite lost the situation of it out of his head; and therefore, in replacing his books, he was apt to mistake, and clap *Des Cartes* next to *Aristotle*; poor *Plato* had got between *Hobbes* and the *Seven Wise Masters*, and *Virgil* was hemmed in with *Dryden* on one side, and *Withers* on the other.

Meanwhile those books that were advocates for the moderns, chose out one from among them to make a progress through the whole library, examine the number and strength of their party, and concert their affairs. This messenger performed all things very industriously, and brought back with him a list of their forces, in all fifty thousand, consisting chiefly of light-horse, heavy-armed foot, and mercenaries: whereof the foot were in general but sorrowly armed, and worse clad: their horses large, but extremely out of case and heart; however, some few, by

trading among the ancients, had furnished themselves tolerably enough.

While things were in this ferment, discord grew extremely high; hot words passed on both sides, and ill blood was
5 plentifully bred. Here a solitary ancient, squeezed up among a whole shelf of moderns, offered fairly to dispute the case, and to prove by manifest reasons, that the priority was due to them, from long possession; and in regard of their prudence, antiquity, and, above all, their great merits
10 toward the moderns. But these denied the premises, and seemed very much to wonder, how the ancients could pretend to insist upon their antiquity, when it was so plain, (if they went to that,) that the moderns were much the more ancient¹ of the two. As for any obligations they
15 owed to the ancients, they renounced them all. 'Tis true, said they, we are informed, some few of our party have been so mean to borrow their subsistence from you; but the rest, infinitely the greater number, (and especially we French and English,) were so far from stooping to so base
20 an example, that there never passed, till this very hour, six words between us. For our horses are of our own breeding, our arms of our own forging, and our clothes of our own cutting out and sewing. Plato was by chance up on the next shelf, and observing those that spoke to be in
25 the ragged plight mentioned a while ago; their jades lean and foundered, their weapons of rotten wood, their armour rusty, and nothing but rags underneath; he laughed loud, and in his pleasant way swore, by — he believed them.

30 Now, the moderns had not proceeded in their late negotiation with secrecy enough to escape the notice of the enemy. For those advocates, who had begun the quarrel, by setting first on foot the dispute of precedence, talked so loud of

¹ According to the modern paradox.

coming to a battle, that Temple happened to overhear them, and gave immediate intelligence to the ancients; who, there-upon, drew up their scattered troops together, resolving to act upon the defensive; upon which, several of the moderns fled over to their party, and among the rest Temple himself. 5 This Temple, having been educated and long conversed among the ancients, was, of all the moderns, their greatest favourite, and became their greatest champion.

Things were at this crisis, when a material accident fell out. For, upon the highest corner of a large window, there 10 dwelt a certain spider, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisadoes, all after the 15 modern way of fortification. After you had passed several courts, you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out, upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he 20 had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person, by swallows from above, or to his palace, by brooms from below: when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself, 25 and in he went; where, expatiating a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel; which, yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The 30 spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first that nature was approaching to her final dissolution; or else, that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects, whom

this enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth, and meet his fate. . Meanwhile the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was adventured out, when, beholding the chasms, the ruins, and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wit's end; he stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events, (for they knew each other by sight), A plague split you, said he; is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here? could not you look before you, and be d—d? do you think I have nothing else to do (in the devil's name) but to mend and repair after you?—Good words, friend, said the bee, (having now pruned himself, and being disposed to droll), I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more; I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born.—Sirrah, replied the spider, if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners.—I pray have patience, said the bee, or you will spend your substance, and, for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all towards the repair of your house.—Rogue, rogue, replied the spider, yet, methinks you should have more respect to a person, whom all the world allows to be so much your betters.—By my troth, said the bee, the comparison will amount to a very good jest; and you will do me a favour to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute. At this the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with a resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry, to urge on his own

reasons, without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite ; and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

Not to disparage myself, said he, by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house 5 or home, without stock or inheritance, born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe ? Your livelihood is an universal plunder upon nature ; a freebooter over fields and gardens ; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as readily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic 10 animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to shew my improvements in the mathematics) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of mine own person.

I am glad, answered the bee, to hear you grant at least 15 that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice ; for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music ; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts, without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit indeed all the flowers and blossoms of the field 20 and the garden ; but whatever I collect from thence, enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now, for you and your skill in architecture, and other mathematics, I have little to say : in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labour 25 and method enough ; but, by woful experience for us both, 'tis too plain, the materials are naught ; and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter, as well as method and art. You boast, indeed, of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning 30 out all from yourself ; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel, by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast ; and, though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock

of either, yet, I doubt you are somewhat obliged, for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions, by sweepings exhaled from below ; and one insect furnishes you with
5 a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this ; whether is the nobler being of the two, that which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, which, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into venom, producing nothing at
10 all, but flybane and a cobweb ; or that which, by an universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax ?

This dispute was managed with such eagerness, clamour, and warmth, that the two parties of books, in arms below,
15 stood silent a while, waiting in suspense what would be the issue ; which was not long undetermined : for the bee, grown impatient at so much loss of time, fled straight away to a bed of roses, without looking for a reply ; and left the spider, like an orator, collected in himself, and just prepared
20 to burst out.

It happened upon this emergency, that Æsop broke silence first. He had been of late most barbarously treated by a strange effect of the regent's humanity, who had tore off his title-page, sorely defaced one half of his
25 leaves, and chained him fast among a shelf of moderns. Where, soon discovering how high the quarrel was likely to proceed, he tried all his arts, and turned himself to a thousand forms. At length, in the borrowed shape of an ass, the regent mistook him for a modern ; by which means he
30 had time and opportunity to escape to the ancients, just when the spider and the bee were entering into their contest ; to which he gave his attention with a world of pleasure ; and when it was ended, swore in the loudest key, that in all his life he had never known two cases so parallel

and adapt to each other, as that in the window, and this upon the shelves. The disputants, said he, have admirably managed the dispute between them, have taken in the full strength of all that is to be said on both sides, and exhausted the substance of every argument *pro* and *con*. It is but to 5 adjust the reasonings of both to the present quarrel, then to compare and apply the labours and fruits of each, as the bee hath learnedly deduced them, and we shall find the conclusion fall plain and close upon the moderns and us. For, pray, gentlemen, was ever anything so modern as the 10 spider in his air, his turns, and his paradoxes? He argues in the behalf of you his brethren, and himself, with many boastings of his native stock and great genius; that he spins and spits wholly from himself, and scorns to own any obligation or assistance from without. Then he displays to 15 you his great skill in architecture, and improvement in the mathematics. To all this the bee, as an advocate, retained by us the ancients, thinks fit to answer; that, if one may judge of the great genius or inventions of the moderns by what they have produced, you will hardly have coun- 20 tenance to bear you out, in boasting of either. Erect your schemes with as much method and skill as you please; yet if the materials be nothing but dirt, spun out of your own entrails (the guts of modern brains) the edifice will conclude at last in a cobweb; the duration of which, like that of other 25 spiders' webs, may be imputed to their being forgotten, or neglected, or hid in a corner. For anything else of genuine that the moderns may pretend to, I cannot recollect; unless it be a large vein of wrangling and satire, much of a nature and substance with the spider's poison; which, however 30 they pretend to spit wholly out of themselves, is improved by the same arts, by feeding upon the insects and vermin of the age. As for us the ancients, we are content, with the bee, to pretend to nothing of our own, beyond our wings

and our voice : that is to say, our flights and our language. For the rest, whatever we have got, hath been by infinite labour and search, and ranging through every corner of nature ; the difference is, that, instead of dirt and poison, we have rather chose to fill our hives with honey and wax ; thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light.

It is wonderful to conceive the tumult arisen among the books, upon the close of this long descant of *Æsop* : both parties took the hint, and heightened their animosities so on a sudden, that they resolved it should come to a battle. Immediately the two main bodies withdrew, under their several ensigns, to the farthest parts of the library, and there entered into cabals and consults upon the present emergency. The moderns were in very warm debates upon the choice of their leaders ; and nothing less than the fear impending from their enemies, could have kept them from mutinies upon this occasion. The difference was greatest among the horse, where every private trooper pretended to the chief command, from *Tasso* and *Milton*, to *Dryden* and *Withers*. The light-horse were commanded by *Cowley* and *Despreaux*. There came the bowmen under their valiant leaders, *Des Cartes*, *Gassendi*, and *Hobbes* ; whose strength was such, that they could shoot their arrows behind the atmosphere, never to fall down again, but turn, like that of *Evander*, into meteors ; or, like the cannon-ball, into stars. *Paracelsus* brought a squadron of stink-pot-flingers from the snowy mountains of *Rhætia*. There came a vast body of dragoons, of different nations, under the leading of *Harvey*, their great aga : part armed with scythes, the weapons of death ; part with lances and long knives, all steeped in poison ; part shot bullets of a most malignant nature, and used white powder, which infallibly killed without report. There came several bodies

of heavy-armed foot, all mercenaries, under the ensigns of Guicciardini, Davila, Polydore Virgil, Buchanan, Mariana, Cambden, and others. The engineers were commanded by Regiomontanus and Wilkins. The rest were a confused multitude, led by Scotus, Aquinas, and Bellarmine; of 5 mighty bulk and stature, but without either arms, courage, or discipline. In the last place, came infinite swarms of calones, a disorderly rout led by L'Estrange; rogues and ragamuffins, that follow the camp for nothing but the plunder, all without coats to cover them. 10

The army of the ancients was much fewer in number; Homer led the horse, and Pindar the light-horse; Euclid was chief engineer; Plato and Aristotle commanded the bowmen; Herodotus and Livy the foot; Hippocrates the dragoons; the allies, led by Vossius and Temple, brought 15 up the rear.

All things violently tending to a decisive battle, Fame, who much frequented, and had a large apartment formerly assigned her in the regal library, fled up straight to Jupiter, to whom she delivered a faithful account of all that 20 passed between the two parties below; (for, among the gods, she always tells truth). Jove, in great concern, convokes a council in the milky way. The senate assembled, he declares the occasion of convening them; a bloody battle just independent between two mighty armies of ancient and modern 25 creatures, called books, wherein the celestial interest was but too deeply concerned. Momus, the patron of the moderns, made an excellent speech in their favour, which was answered by Pallas, the protectress of the ancients. The assembly was divided in their affections; when Jupiter 30 commanded the book of fate to be laid before him. Immediately were brought by Mercury three large volumes in folio, containing memoirs of all things past, present, and to come. The clasps were of silver double gilt; the covers of

celestial turkey leather ; and the paper such as here on earth might almost pass for vellum. Jupiter, having silently read the decree, would communicate the import to none, but presently shut up the book.

- 5 Without the doors of this assembly, there attended a vast number of light, nimble gods, menial servants to Jupiter: these are his ministering instruments in all affairs below. They travel in a caravan, more or less together, and are fastened to each other, like a link of galley-slaves, by a light
10 chain, which passes from them to Jupiter's great toe: and yet, in receiving or delivering a message, they may never approach above the lowest step of his throne, where he and they whisper to each other, through a long hollow trunk. These deities are called by mortal men accidents or events;
15 but the gods call them second causes. Jupiter having delivered his message to a certain number of these divinities, they flew immediately down to the pinnacle of the regal library, and, consulting a few minutes, entered unseen, and disposed the parties according to their orders.
- 20 Meanwhile, Momus, fearing the worst, and calling to mind an ancient prophecy, which bore no very good face to his children the moderns, bent his flight to the region of a malignant deity, called Criticism. She dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla ; there Momus found
25 her extended in her den, upon the spoils of numberless volumes, half devoured. At her right hand sat Ignorance, her father and husband, blind with age ; at her left, Pride, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There was Opinion, her sister, light of foot, hood-
30 winked, and headstrong, yet giddy, and perpetually turning. About her played her children, Noise and Impudence, Dulness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry, and Ill-manners. The goddess herself had claws like a cat ; her head, and ears, and voice, resembled those of an ass : her teeth fallen

out before, her eyes turned inward, as if she looked only upon herself; her diet was the overflowing of her own gall; her spleen was so large, as to stand prominent; nor did she want teats, at which a crew of ugly monsters were greedily sucking; and, what is wonderful to conceive, the 5 bulk of spleen increased faster than the sucking could diminish it. Goddess, said Momus, can you sit idly here while our devout worshippers, the moderns, are this minute entering into a cruel battle, and perhaps now lying under the swords of their enemies? who then hereafter will ever 10 sacrifice, or build altars to our divinities? Haste, therefore, to the British isle, and, if possible, prevent their destruction; while I make factions among the gods, and gain them over to our party.

Momus, having thus delivered himself, staid not for an 15 answer, but left the goddess to her own resentments. Up she rose in a rage, and, as it is the form upon such occasions, began a soliloquy: 'Tis I, (said she,) who give wisdom to infants and idiots; by me, children grow wiser than their parents; by me, beaux become politicians, and school-boys 20 judges of philosophy; by me, sophisters debate, and conclude upon the depths of knowledge; and coffee-house wits, instinct by me, can correct an author's style, and display his minutest errors, without understanding a syllable of his matter, or his language. By me, striplings spend their judgment, as they 25 do their estate, before it comes into their hands. 'Tis I who have deposed wit and knowledge from their empire over poetry, and advanced myself in their stead. And shall a few upstart ancients dare to oppose me?—But come, my aged parents, and you, my children dear, and thou, my 30 beauteous sister; let us ascend my chariot, and haste to assist our devout moderns, who are now sacrificing to us a hecatomb, as I perceive by that grateful smell, which from thence reaches my nostrils.

The goddess and her train having mounted the chariot, which was drawn by tame geese, flew over infinite regions, shedding her influence in due places, till at length she arrived at her beloved island of Britain; but, in hovering
5 over its metropolis, what blessings did she not let fall upon her seminaries of Gresham and Covent Garden! And now she reached the fatal plain of St. James's library, at what time the two armies were upon the point to engage; where, entering with all her caravan unseen, and landing upon a
10 case of shelves, now desert, but once inhabited by a colony of virtuosos, she staid awhile to observe the posture of both armies.

But here the tender cares of a mother began to fill her thoughts, and move in her breast: for, at the head of a troop
15 of modern bowmen, she cast her eyes upon her son Wotton; to whom the fates had assigned a very short thread. Wotton, a young hero, whom an unknown father of mortal race begot by stolen embraces with this goddess. He was the darling of his mother above all her children, and she resolved to go
20 and comfort him. But first, according to the good old custom of deities, she cast about to change her shape, for fear the divinity of her countenance might dazzle his mortal sight, and overcharge the rest of his senses. She therefore gathered up her person into an octavo compass: her body
25 grew white and arid, and split in pieces with dryness; the thick turned into pasteboard, and the thin into paper; upon which her parents and children artfully strowed a black juice, or decoction of gall and soot, in form of letters: her head, and voice, and spleen, kept their primitive form: and that
30 which before was a cover of skin, did still continue so. In which guise, she marched on towards the moderns, undistinguishable in shape and dress from the divine Bentley, Wotton's dearest friend. Brave Wotton, said the goddess, why do our troops stand idle here, to spend their present

vigour, and opportunity of the day? Away, let us haste to the generals, and advise to give the onset immediately. Having spoke thus, she took the ugliest of her monsters, full glutted from her spleen, and flung it invisibly into his mouth, which, flying straight up into his head, squeezed out his eye- 5 balls, gave him a distorted look, and half overturned his brain. Then she privately ordered two of her beloved children, Dulness and Ill-Manners, closely to attend his person in all encounters. Having thus accoutred him, she vanished in a mist, and the hero perceived it was the goddess his 10 mother.

The destined hour of fate being now arrived, the fight began; whereof, before I dare adventure to make a particular description, I must, after the example of other authors, petition for a hundred tongues, and mouths, and hands, and 15 pens, which would all be too little to perform so immense a work. Say, goddess, that presidest over history, who it was that first advanced in the field of battle! Paracelsus, at the head of his dragoons, observing Galen in the adverse wing, darted his javelin with a mighty force, which the brave 20 ancient received upon his shield, the point breaking in the second fold. * * * * *

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * * *Hic pauca*
 * * * * * *desunt.* 25

They bore the wounded aga on their shields to his chariot

* * * * *
Desunt * * * * *
nonnulla. * * * * *
 * * * * *

Then Aristotle, observing Bacon advance with a furious mien, drew his bow to the head, and let fly his arrow, which missed the valiant modern, and went hissing over his head; but Des Cartes it hit; the steel point quickly 30

found a defect in his head-piece ; it pierced the leather and the pasteboard, and went in at his right eye. The torture of the pain whirled the valiant bowman round, till death, like a star of superior influence, drew him into his

5 own vortex.

Ingens hiatus * * * * *

hic in MS. * * * * *

* * , when Homer appeared at the head of the cavalry, mounted on a furious horse, with difficulty managed
10 by the rider himself, but which no other mortal durst approach ; he rode among the enemy's ranks, and bore down all before him. Say, goddess, whom he slew first, and whom he slew last ! First, Gondibert advanced against him, clad in heavy armour, and mounted on a staid, sober
15 gelding, not so famed for his speed as his docility in kneeling, whenever his rider would mount or alight. He had made a vow to Pallas, that he would never leave the field till he had spoiled Homer of his armour : madman, who had never once seen the wearer, nor understood his
20 strength ! Him Homer overthrew, horse and man, to the ground, there to be trampled and choked in the dirt. Then, with a long spear, he slew Denham, a stout modern, who from his father's side derived his lineage from Apollo, but his mother was of mortal race. He fell, and bit the
25 earth. The celestial part Apollo took, and made it a star ; but the terrestrial lay wallowing upon the ground. Then Homer slew Wesley, with a kick of his horse's heel ; he took Perrault by mighty force out of his saddle, then hurled him at Fontenelle, with the same blow dashing out both
30 their brains.

On the left wing of the horse, Virgil appeared, in shining armour, completely fitted to his body : he was mounted on a dapple-gray steed, the slowness of whose pace was an effect of the highest mettle and vigour. He cast his eye

on the adverse wing, with a desire to find an object worthy of his valour, when, behold, upon a sorrel gelding of a monstrous size, appeared a foe, issuing from among the thickest of the enemy's squadrons; but his speed was less than his noise; for his horse, old and lean, spent the dregs 5 of his strength in a high trot, which, though it made slow advances, yet caused a loud clashing of his armour, terrible to hear. The two cavaliers had now approached within the throw of a lance, when the stranger desired a parley, and, lifting up the vizard of his helmet, a face hardly appeared 10 from within, which, after a pause, was known for that of the renowned Dryden. The brave ancient suddenly started, as one possessed with surprise and disappointment together; for the helmet was nine times too large for the head, which appeared situate far in the hinder part, even like the lady 15 in a lobster, or like a mouse under a canopy of state, or like a shrivelled beau, from within the penthouse of a modern periwig; and the voice was suited to the visage, sounding weak and remote. Dryden, in a long harangue, soothed up the good ancient; called him father, and, by a large de- 20 duction of genealogies, made it plainly appear that they were nearly related. Then he humbly proposed an exchange of armour, as a lasting mark of hospitality between them. Virgil consented, (for the goddess Diffidence came unseen, and cast a mist before his eyes,) though his was of 25 gold, and cost a hundred beeves, the other's but of rusty iron. However, this glittering armour became the modern yet worse than his own. Then they agreed to exchange horses; but, when it came to the trial, Dryden was afraid, and utterly unable to mount.

*	*	*	*	*	*	* 30
*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	<i>Alter hiatus</i>	
*	*	*	*	*	<i>in MS.</i>	
*	*	*	*	*	*	*

Lucan appeared upon a fiery horse of admirable shape, but headstrong, bearing the rider where he list over the field; he made a mighty slaughter among the enemy's horse; which destruction to stop, Blackmore, a famous
 5 modern, (but one of the mercenaries,) strenuously opposed himself, and darted a javelin with a strong hand, which, falling short of its mark, struck deep in the earth. Then Lucan threw a lance; but Æsculapius came unseen, and turned off the point. Brave modern, said Lucan, I per-
 10 ceive some god protects you, for never did my arm so deceive me before; but what mortal can contend with a god? Therefore, let us fight no longer, but present gifts to each other. Lucan then bestowed the modern a pair of spurs, and Blackmore gave Lucan a bridle. * *

15 * * * * *
Pauca de- * * * * *
sunt. * * * * *
 * * * * *

Creech: but the goddess Dulness took a cloud, formed
 20 into the shape of Horace, armed and mounted, and placed it in a flying posture before him. Glad was the cavalier to begin a combat with a flying foe, and pursued the image, threatening loud; till at last it led him to the peaceful bower of his father, Ogleby, by whom he was disarmed, and
 25 assigned to his repose.

Then Pindar slew —, and —, and Oldham, and —, and Afra the Amazon, light of foot; never advancing in a direct line, but wheeling with incredible agility and force, he made a terrible slaughter among the enemy's light horse. Him
 30 when Cowley observed, his generous heart burnt within him, and he advanced against the fierce ancient, imitating his address, and pace, and career, as well as the vigour of his horse and his own skill would allow. When the two cavaliers had approached within the length of three javelins,

first Cowley threw a lance, which missed Pindar, and, passing into the enemy's ranks, fell ineffectual to the ground. Then Pindar darted a javelin so large and weighty, that scarce a dozen cavaliers, as cavaliers are in our degenerate days, could raise it from the ground; yet he threw 5 it with ease, and it went, by an unerring hand, singing through the air; nor could the modern have avoided present death, if he had not luckily opposed the shield, that had been given him by Venus. And now both heroes drew their swords; but the modern was so aghast and 10 disordered, that he knew not where he was; his shield dropped from his hands; thrice he fled, and thrice he could not escape; at last he turned, and lifting up his hands in the posture of a suppliant, Godlike Pindar, said he, spare my life, and possess my horse, with these arms, besides the 15 ransom which my friends will give, when they hear I am alive, and your prisoner. Dog! said Pindar, let your ransom stay with your friends; but your carcass shall be left for the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field. With that he raised his sword, and, with a mighty stroke, 20 cleft the wretched modern in twain, the sword pursuing the blow; and one half lay panting on the ground, to be trod in pieces by the horses' feet; the other half was borne by the frightened steed through the field. This Venus took, washed it seven times in ambrosia, then struck it thrice 25 with a sprig of amarant; upon which the leather grew round and soft, and the leaves turned into feathers, and being gilded before, continued gilded still; so it became a dove, and she harnessed it to her chariot. * *

* * * * *

*Hiatus valde de- 30
flendus in MS.*

* * * * *

Day being far spent, and the numerous forces of the moderns half inclining to a retreat, there issued forth from a squadron of their heavy-armed foot, a captain, whose name was Bentley, in person the most deformed of all the moderns; 5 tall, but without shape or comeliness; large, but without strength or proportion. His armour was patched up of a thousand incoherent pieces; and the sound of it, as he marched, was loud and dry, like that made by the fall of a sheet of lead, which an Etesian wind blows suddenly down from the roof 10 of some steeple. His helmet was of old rusty iron, but the vizard was brass, which, tainted by his breath, corrupted into copperas, nor wanted gall from the same fountain; so that, whenever provoked by anger or labour, an atramentous quality, of most malignant nature, was seen to distil from 15 his lips. In his right hand he grasped a flail, and (that he might never be unprovided of an offensive weapon) a vessel full of ordure in his left. Thus completely armed, he advanced with a slow and heavy pace where the modern chiefs were holding a consult upon the sum of things; who, as he 20 came onwards, laughed to behold his crooked leg and hump shoulder, which his boot and armour, vainly endeavouring to hide, were forced to comply with and expose. The generals made use of him for his talent of railing; which, kept within government, proved frequently of great service 25 to their cause, but, at other times, did more mischief than good; for, at the least touch of offence, and often without any at all, he would, like a wounded elephant, convert it against his leaders. Such, at this juncture, was the disposition of Bentley; grieved to see the enemy prevail, and dissatisfied 30 with everybody's conduct but his own. He humbly gave the modern generals to understand, that he conceived, with great submission, they were all a pack of rogues, and fools, and d—d cowards, and confounded loggerheads, and illiterate whelps, and nonsensical scoundrels; that, if himself

had been constituted general, those presumptuous dogs¹, the ancients, would, long before this, have been beaten out of the field. You, said he, sit here idle ; but when I, or any other valiant modern, kill an enemy, you are sure to seize the spoil. But I will not march one foot against the foe till 5 you all swear to me, that whomsoever I take or kill, his arms I shall quietly possess. Bentley having spoke thus, Scaliger, bestowing him a sour look, Miscreant prater ! said he, eloquent only in thine own eyes, thou railest without wit, or truth, or discretion. The malignity of thy temper perverteth 10 nature ; thy learning makes thee more barbarous, thy study of humanity more inhuman ; thy converse amongst poets more grovelling, miry, and dull. All arts of civilizing others render thee rude and untractable ; courts have taught thee ill manners, and polite conversation hath finished thee a 15 pedant. Besides, a greater coward burdeneth not the army. But never despond ; I pass my word, whatever spoil thou takest shall certainly be thy own ; though, I hope, that vile carcass will first become a prey to kites and worms. 20

Bentley durst not reply ; but, half choked with spleen and rage, withdrew, in full resolution of performing some great achievement. With him, for his aid and companion, he took his beloved Wotton ; resolving, by policy or surprise, to attempt some neglected quarter of the ancients' army. 25 They began their march over carcasses of their slaughtered friends ; then to the right of their own forces ; then wheeled northward, till they came to Aldrovandus's tomb, which they passed on the side of the declining sun. And now they arrived, with fear, toward the enemy's out-guards ; looking 30 about, if haply they might spy the quarters of the wounded, or some straggling sleepers, unarmed, and remote from the

¹ Vid. Homer, de Thersite.

rest. As when two mongrel curs, whom native greediness and domestic want provoke and join in partnership, though fearful, nightly to invade the folds of some rich grazier, they, with tails depressed, and lolling tongues, creep soft and slow ;
5 meanwhile, the conscious moon, now in her zenith, on their guilty heads darts perpendicular rays ; nor dare they bark, though much provoked at her refulgent visage, whether seen in puddle by reflection, or in sphere direct ; but one surveys the region round, while the t'other scouts the plain, if haply
10 to discover, at distance from the flock, some carcass half devoured, the refuse of gorged wolves, or ominous ravens. So marched this lovely, loving pair of friends, nor with less fear and circumspection, when, at distance, they might perceive two shining suits of armour hanging upon an oak,
15 and the owners not far off, in a profound sleep. The two friends drew lots, and the pursuing of this adventure fell to Bentley ; on he went, and, in his van, Confusion and Amaze, while Horror and Affright brought up the rear. As he came near, behold two heroes of the ancients' army, Phalaris and
20 Æsop, lay fast asleep : Bentley would fain have dispatched them both, and, stealing close, aimed his flail at Phalaris's breast. But then the goddess Affright interposing, caught the modern in her icy arms, and dragged him from the danger she foresaw ; both the dormant heroes happened to turn at
25 the same instant, though soundly sleeping, and busy in a dream. For Phalaris was just that minute dreaming how a most vile poetaster had lampooned him, and how he had got him roaring in his bull. And Æsop dreamed, that, as he and the ancient chiefs were lying on the ground, a wild
30 ass broke loose, ran about, trampling and kicking in their faces. Bentley, leaving the two heroes asleep, seized on both their armours, and withdrew in quest of his darling Wotton.

He, in the meantime, had wandered long in search of

some enterprize, till at length he arrived at a small rivulet, that issued from a fountain hard by, called, in the language of mortal men, Helicon. Here he stopped, and, parched with thirst, resolved to allay it in this limpid stream. Thrice with profane hands he essayed to raise the water to his lips, 5 and thrice it slipped all through his fingers. Then he stooped prone on his breast, but, ere his mouth had kissed the liquid crystal, Apollo came, and, in the channel, held his shield betwixt the modern and the fountain, so that he drew up nothing but mud. For, although no fountain on 10 earth can compare with the clearness of Helicon, yet there lies at bottom a thick sediment of slime and mud; for so Apollo begged of Jupiter, as a punishment to those who durst attempt to taste it with unhallowed lips; and for a lesson to all not to draw too deep or far from the 15 spring.

At the fountain-head, Wotton discerned two heroes; the one he could not distinguish, but the other was soon known for Temple, general of the allies to the ancients. His back was turned, and he was employed in drinking large draughts 20 in his helmet from the fountain, where he had withdrawn himself to rest from the toils of the war. Wotton observing him, with quaking knees, and trembling hands, spoke thus to himself: Oh that I could kill this destroyer of our army, what renown should I purchase among the chiefs! but to 25 issue out against him, man for man, shield against shield, and lance against lance, what modern of us dare? For he fights like a god, and Pallas, or Apollo, are ever at his elbow. But, Oh mother! if what Fame reports be true, that I am the son of so great a goddess, grant me to hit Temple with 30 this lance, that the stroke may send him to hell, and that I may return in safety and triumph, laden with his spoils. The first part of this prayer, the gods granted at the intercession of his mother and of Momus; but the rest, by a

perverse wind sent from Fate was scattered in the air. Then Wotton grasped his lance, and, brandishing it thrice over his head, darted it with all his might; the goddess, his mother, at the same time, adding strength to his arm.

5 Away the lance went hissing, and reached even to the belt of the averted ancient, upon which lightly grazing, it fell to the ground. Temple neither felt the weapon touch him, nor heard it fall; and Wotton might have escaped to his army, with the honour of having remitted his lance

10 against so great a leader, unrevenged; but Apollo, enraged that a javelin, flung by the assistance of so foul a goddess, should pollute his fountain, put on the shape of——, and softly came to young Boyle, who then accompanied Temple: he pointed first to the lance, then to the distant modern

15 that flung it, and commanded the young hero to take immediate revenge. Boyle, clad in a suit of armour, which had been given him by all the gods, immediately advanced against the trembling foe, who now fled before him. As a young lion in the Libyan plains, or Araby desert, sent by

20 his aged sire to hunt for prey, or health, or exercise, he scours along, wishing to meet some tiger from the mountains, or a furious boar; if chance, a wild ass, with brayings importune, affronts his ear, the generous beast, though loathing to destain his claws with blood so vile, yet, much provoked

25 at the offensive noise which Echo, foolish nymph, like her ill-judging sex, repeats much louder, and with more delight than Philomela's song, he vindicates the honour of the forest, and hunts the noisy long-eared animal. So Wotton fled, so Boyle pursued. But Wotton, heavy-armed, and

30 slow of foot, began to slack his course, when his lover, Bentley, appeared, returning laden with the spoils of the two sleeping ancients. Boyle observed him well, and soon discovering the helmet and shield of Phalaris, his friend, both which he had lately with his own hands new polished and

gilded ; rage sparkled in his eyes, and, leaving his pursuit after Wotton, he furiously rushed on against this new approacher. Fain would he be revenged on both ; but both now fled different ways : and, as a woman in a little house that gets a painful livelihood by spinning ; if chance her geese be 5 scattered o'er the common, she courses round the plain from side to side, compelling here and there the stragglers to the flock ; they cackle loud, and flutter o'er the champaign. So Boyle pursued, so fled this pair of friends ; finding at length their flight was vain, they bravely joined, and drew 10 themselves in phalanx. First Bentley threw a spear with all his force, hoping to pierce the enemy's breast ; but Pallas came unseen, and in the air took off the point, and clapped on one of lead, which, after a dead bang against the enemy's shield, fell blunted to the ground. Then Boyle, 15 observing well his time, took a lance of wondrous length and sharpness ; and, as this pair of friends compacted, stood close side to side, he wheeled him to the right, and, with unusual force, darted the weapon. Bentley saw his fate approach, and flanking down his arms close to his ribs, 20 hoping to save his body, in went the point, passing through arm and side, nor stopped or spent its force, till it had also pierced the valiant Wotton, who, going to sustain his dying friend, shared his fate. As when a skilful cook has trussed a brace of woodcocks, he, with iron skewer, pierces the 25 tender sides of both, their legs and wings close pinioned to their ribs ; so was this pair of friends transfixed, till down they fell, joined in their lives, joined in their deaths ; so closely joined, that Charon will mistake them both for one, and waft them over Styx for half his fare. Farewell, 30 beloved, loving pair ! few equals have you left behind : and happy and immortal shall you be, if all my wit and eloquence can make you.

	And, now		*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	<i>Desunt cætera.</i>							

IV.

JOURNAL TO STELLA.

FROM the 2nd of September, 1710, to the 6th of June, 1713, Swift recorded for Esther Johnson, from day to day, his thoughts and doings during what was the period of his greatest activity and influence in English politics. The events of the time were of much importance: but the details of the party struggle are now of comparatively little interest, and it would be absurd to expect that one who reads Swift in order to appreciate his literary genius should linger long over the Tracts which Swift contributed on behalf of one side in the political dispute. The chief of his contributions in this way are, *The Public Spirit of the Whigs*, and *The Conduct of the Allies*, each designed to show that the right lay with the Tory Ministers, and those who supported them in their efforts to bring about the Peace of Utrecht. But the space which these Tracts would occupy in a collection like the present is out of proportion to their interest; and it has been thought better to represent Swift's part in the political struggle of the last years of Queen Anne's reign, by specimens which are at once shorter and more general in their bearing. These appear to be fitly introduced by some extracts from this *Journal*, which not only give a vivid picture of his daily life, his hopes and forebodings, his friendships and his enmities, his public aims and his personal ambitions, but which at the same time are unique as illustrations of the more playful and tender side of his character. The limits and conditions of that closest friendship with her of whom he spoke, and whom the world has remembered, as Stella, must remain a mystery to us. But in these pages we are at least permitted to see how tender in feeling, how unreserved in confidence, how full of that easy familiarity which is the most perfect quality in correspondence, Swift could be with her who continued to be the companion most dear to him until death broke their bond. Unique as these journalistic letters are, they serve, like the other specimens

of Swift's work, to show how perfect was his command over the instrument of written language, and how he could make his pen convey with unerring nicety, and at the same time with consummate ease, precisely that shade of feeling which he desired to express. They are none the less interesting because they lay bare to us foibles, pettinesses, and weaknesses, which were hidden from the world at large under the seemingly impenetrable armour of pride and sarcasm.

LETTER I.

Chester, Sept. 2, 1710.

JOE will give you an account of me till I got into the boat, after which the rogues made a new bargain, and forced me to give them two crowns, and talked as if we should not be able to overtake any ship; but in half an
5 hour we got to the yacht; for the ships lay by to wait for my lord-lieutenant's steward. We made our voyage in fifteen hours just. Last night I came to this town, and shall leave it, I believe, on Monday: the first man I met in Chester was Dr. Raymond. He and Mrs. Raymond
10 were here about levying a fine, in order to have power to sell their estate. I got a fall off my horse, riding here from Parkgate, but no hurt; the horse understanding falls very well, and lying quietly till I got up. My duty to the Bishop of Clogher. I saw him returning from Dunlary;
15 but he saw not me. I take it ill he was not at Convocation, and that I have not his name to my powers. I beg you will hold your resolution of going to Trim, and riding there as much as you can. Let the Bishop of Clogher remind the Bishop of Killala to send me a letter, with one inclosed
20 to the Bishop of Lichfield. Let all who write to me inclose to Richard Steele, Esq., at his office at the Cockpit, near Whitehall. My Lord Mountjoy is now in the humour that we should begin our journey this afternoon, so that I

have stolen here again to finish this letter, which must be short or long accordingly. I write this post to Mrs. Wesley, and will tell her that I have taken care she may have her bill of one hundred and fifteen pounds whenever she pleases to send for it ; and in that case I desire you will send it her 5 inclosed and sealed. God Almighty bless poor dearichar MD ; and, for God's sake, be merry, and get a health. I am perfectly resolved to return as soon as I have done my Commission, whether it succeeds or not. I never went to England with so little desire in my life. If Mrs. Curry 10 makes any difficulty about the lodgings, I will quit them. The post is come from London, and just going out, so I have only time to pray God to bless poor richar MD FW.

LETTER II.

London, Sept. 9, Saturday, 1710.

I GOT here last Thursday, after five days' travelling, weary the first, almost dead the second, tolerable the third, and 15 well enough the rest ; and am now glad of the fatigue, which has served for exercise ; and I am at present well enough. The Whigs were ravished to see me, and would lay hold on me as a twig while they are drowning, and the great men making me their clumsy apologies, &c. But my 20 Lord-Treasurer received me with a great deal of coldness, which has enraged me so, I am almost vowing revenge. I have not yet gone half my circle ; but I find all my acquaintance just as I left them. I hear my Lady Giffard is much at court, and Lady Wharton was ridiculing it the 25 other day ; so I have lost a friend there. I have not yet seen her, nor intend it ; but I will contrive to see Stella's mother some other way. I writ to the Bishop of Clogher from Chester ; and I now write to the Archbishop of Dublin. Every thing is turning upside down ; every Whig 30

in great office will, to a man, be infallibly put out ; and we shall have such a winter as has not been seen in England. Every body asks me, how I came to be so long in Ireland, as naturally as if here were my being ; but no soul offers to
5 make it so : and I protest I shall return to Dublin, and the canal at Laracor, with more satisfaction than I ever did in my life. The Tatler expects every day to be turned out of his employment ; and the Duke of Ormond, they say, will be lieutenant of Ireland. I hope you are now peaceably in
10 Presto's lodgings : but I resolve to turn you out by Christmas : in which time I shall either do my business, or find it not to be done. Pray be at Trim by the time this letter comes to you, and ride little Johnson, who must needs be now in good case. I have begun this letter unusually on
15 the post night, and have already written to the archbishop, and cannot lengthen this. Henceforth I will write something every day to MD, and make it a sort of journal : and when it is full, I will send it whether MD writes or not : and so that will be pretty : and I shall always be in
20 conversation with MD, and MD with Presto. Pray make Parvisol pay you the ten pounds immediately : so I ordered him. They tell me I am growing fatter, and look better ; and, on Monday, Jervas is to retouch my picture. I thought I saw Jack Temple and his wife pass by me to-day
25 in their coach ; but I took no notice of them. I am glad I have wholly shaken off that family. Tell the provost I have obeyed his commands to the Duke of Ormond ; or let it alone, if you please. I saw Jemmy Leigh just now at the coffeehouse, who asked after you with great kindness :
30 he talks of going in a fortnight to Ireland. My service to the dean, and Mrs. Walls, and her archdeacon. I fancy you had my Chester letter the Tuesday after I writ. I presented Dr. Raymond to Lord Wharton at Chester. Pray let me know when Joe gets his money. It is near

ten, and I hate to send by the bellman. MD shall have a longer letter in a week, but I send this only to tell I am safe in London ; and so farewell.

LETTER III.

London, Sept. 10, 1710.

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I SAT till ten in the evening with Addison and Steele ; Steele will certainly lose his Gazetteer's place, all the world 5 detesting his engaging in parties. At ten I went to the coffeehouse, hoping to find Lord Radnor, whom I had not seen. He was there ; for an hour and a half we talked treason heartily against the Whigs, their baseness and ingratitude. And I am come home rolling resentments in 10 my mind, and framing schemes of revenge ; full of which, (having written down some hints,) I go to bed. I am afraid MD dined at home, because it is Sunday ; and there was the little half-pint of wine ; for God's sake be good girls, and all will be well. Ben Tooke was with me this 15 morning.

11. Seven morning. I am rising to go to Jervas to finish my picture, and it is shaving day, so good morrow MD ; but do not keep me now, for I cannot stay ; and pray dine with the dean, but do not lose your money. 20 I long to hear from you.—Ten at night. I sat four hours this morning to Jervas, who has given my picture quite another turn, and now approves it entirely : but we must have the approbation of the town. If I were rich enough, I would get a copy of it, and bring it over. Mr. 25 Addison and I dined together at his lodgings, and I sat with him part of this evening ; and I am now come home to write an hour. Patrick observes, that the rabble here are much more inquisitive in politics than in Ireland.

Every day we expect changes, and the parliament to be dissolved. Lord Wharton expects every day to be out; he is working like a horse for elections; and, in short, I never saw so great a ferment among all sorts of people. * *

5 12. To-day I presented Mr. Ford to the Duke of Ormond; and paid my first visit to Lord President, with whom I had much discourse; but put him always off when he began of Lord Wharton in relation to me, till he urged it: then I said, he knew I never expected any thing from Lord
10 Wharton, and that Lord Wharton knew that I understood it so. He said, that he had written twice to Lord Wharton about me, who both times said nothing at all to that part of his letter. I am advised not to meddle in the affair of the first-fruits till this hurry is a little over, which still depends,
15 and we are all in the dark. Lord President told me he expects every day to be out, and has done so these two months. I protest upon my life, I am heartily weary of this town, and wish I had never stirred. * * * *

15. To-day Mr. Addison, Colonel Freind, and I, went to
20 see the million lottery drawn at Guildhall. The jackanapes of blue-coat boys gave themselves such airs in pulling out the tickets, and showed white hands open to the company, to let us see there was no cheat. We dined at a country-house near Chelsea, where Mr. Addison often retires; and
25 to-night at the coffeehouse; we hear Sir Simon Harcourt is made lord keeper; so that now we expect every moment the parliament will be dissolved; but I forgot that this letter will not go in three or four days, and that my news will be stale, which I should therefore put in the last para-
30 graph. Shall I send this letter before I hear from MD, or shall I keep it to lengthen? I have not yet seen Stella's mother, because I will not see Lady Giffard; but I will contrive to get there when Lady Giffard is abroad. I forgot to mark my two former letters; but I remember this

is number 3, and I have not yet had number 1 from MD ; but I shall by Monday, which I reckon will be just a fortnight after you had my first. I am resolved to bring over a great deal of china. I loved it mightily to-day. What shall I bring? 5

16. Morning. Sir John Holland, comptroller of the household, has sent to desire my acquaintance ; I have a mind to refuse him, because he is a Whig, and will, I suppose, be out among the rest ; but he is a man of worth and learning. Tell me, do you like this journal way of writing? Is it not tedious and dull? * * * * 10

18. To-day I dined with Mr. Stratford at Mr. Addison's retirement near Chelsea ; then came to town ; got home early, and began a letter to the *Tatler*, about the corruptions of style and writing, &c. ; and having not heard from you, 15 am resolved this letter shall go to-night. Lord Wharton was sent for to town in mighty haste, by the Duke of Devonshire ; they have some project in hand ; but it will not do, for every hour we expect a thorough revolution, and that the parliament will be dissolved. * * * 20

20. To-day I returned my visits to the duke's daughters ; the insolent drabs came up to my very mouth to salute me ; then I heard the report confirmed of removals ; my Lord President Somers ; the Duke of Devonshire, lord steward ; and Mr. Boyle, secretary of state, are all turned out to-day. 25 I never remember such bold steps taken by a court : I am almost shocked at it, though I did not care if they were all hanged. We are astonished why the parliament is not yet dissolved, and why they keep a matter of that importance to the last. We shall have a strange winter here between 30 the struggles of a cunning provoked discarded party, and the triumphs of one in power ; of both which I shall be an indifferent spectator, and return very peaceably to Ireland, when I have done my part in the affair I am intrusted with,

whether it succeeds or not. To-morrow I change my lodgings in Pall Mall for one in Bury Street, where I suppose I shall continue while I stay in London. If any thing happens to-morrow, I will add it.

5 *Robin's Coffeehouse*.—We have great news just now from Spain; Madrid taken and Pampeluna. I am here ever interrupted. * * * * *

LETTER IV.

London, Sept. 21, 1710.

HERE must I begin another letter, on a whole sheet, for fear saucy little MD should be angry, and think much that
10 the paper is too little. I had your letter this night, as I told you just and no more in my last; for this must be taken up in answering yours, sauce-box. I believe I told you where I dined to-day; and to-morrow I go out of town for two days to dine with the same company on Sunday;
15 Molesworth the Florence envoy, Stratford, and some others. I heard to-day that a gentlewoman from Lady Giffard's house had been at the coffeehouse to inquire for me. It was Stella's mother, I suppose. I shall send her a penny-post letter to-morrow, and contrive to see her without
20 hazarding seeing Lady Giffard, which I will not do until she begs my pardon. * * * * *

22. Things are in such a combustion here, that I am advised not to meddle yet in the affair I am upon, which concerns the clergy of a whole kingdom. * * *

25 26. Smoke how I widen the margin by lying in bed when I write. My bed lies on the wrong side for me, so that I am forced often to write when I am up. Manley, you must know, has had people putting in for his place already; and has been complained of for opening letters.
30 Remember that last Sunday, September 24, 1710, was as

hot as Midsummer. This was written in the morning ; it is now night, and Presto in bed. Well, I dined to-day with Sir John Holland the comptroller, and sat with him till eight ; then came home and sent my letters, and writ part of a lampoon, which goes on very slow, and now I am 5 writing to saucy MD ; no wonder, indeed, good boys must write to naughty girls. I have not seen your mother yet ; my penny-post letter, I suppose, miscarried : I will write another. * * * * *

27. To-day all our company dined at Will Frankland's, 10 with Steele and Addison too. This is the first rainy day since I came to town ; I cannot afford to answer your letter yet. Morgan, the puppy, writ me a long letter to desire I would recommend him for pursebearer, or secretary to the next lord chancellor that would come with the next 15 governor. I will not answer him ; but beg you will say these words to his father, Raymond, or any body that will tell him ; that Dr. Swift has received his letter, and would be very ready to serve him, but cannot do it in what he desires, because he has no sort of interest in the persons to 20 be applied to. These words you may write, and let Joe, or Mr. Warburton, give them to him : a plague on him ! However, it is by these sort of ways that fools get preferment. I must not end yet, because I cannot say good night without losing a line, and then MD would scold ; 25 but now, good night. * * * * *

29. I wish MD a merry Michaelmas. I dined with Mr. Addison, and Jervas the painter, at Addison's country place ; and then came home, and writ more to my lampoon. I made a *Tatler* since I came ; guess which it is, 30 and whether the Bishop of Clogher smokes it. I saw Mr. Sterne to-day ; he will do as you order, and I will give him chocolate for Stella's health. He goes not these three weeks. I wish I could send it some other way. So now

to your letter, brave boys. I do not like your way of saving shillings: nothing vexes me but that it does not make Stella a coward in a coach. I do not think any lady's advice about my ears signifies twopence; however I
 5 will, in compliance to you, ask Dr. Cockburn. * * *
 To-morrow I go to Mr. Harley. Why small hopes from the Duke of Ormond? he loves me very well, I believe, and would in my turn give me something to make me easy; and I have good interest among his best friends.
 10 But I do not think of any thing farther than the business I am upon. I lodge in Bury Street, where I removed a week ago. I have the first floor, a dining-room and bed-chamber, at eight shillings a week; plaguy deep, but I spend nothing for eating, never go to a tavern, and very
 15 seldom in a coach; yet after all it will be expensive. Why do you trouble yourself, Mrs. Stell, about my instrument? I have the same the archbishop gave me; and it is as good now the bishops are away.

LETTER V.

London, Sept. 30, 1710.

HAVE not I brought myself into a fine *premunire* to
 20 begin writing letters in whole sheets? and now I dare not leave it off. I cannot tell whether you like these journal letters: I believe they would be dull to me to read them over; but, perhaps, little MD is pleased to know how Presto passes his time in her absence. I always begin my
 25 last the same day I ended the former. I told you where I dined to-day at a tavern with Stratford: Lewis, who is a great favourite of Harley's, was to have been with us; but he was hurried to Hampton Court, and sent his excuse, and that next Wednesday he would introduce me to
 30 Harley. It is good to see what a lamentable confession

the Whigs all make me of my ill usage ; but I mind them not. I am already represented to Harley as a discontented person, that was used ill for not being Whig enough ; and I hope for good usage from him. The Tories dryly tell me, I may make my fortune, if I please ; but I do not under- 5 stand them, or rather I *do* understand them.

Oct. 1. To-day I dined at Molesworth's, the Florence envoy ; and sat this evening with my friend Darteneuf, whom you have heard me talk of ; the greatest punner of this town next myself. Have you smoked the *Tatler* that I 10 writ ? it is much liked here, and I think it a pure one. To-morrow I go with Delaval the Portugal envoy, to dine with Lord Halifax near Hampton Court. * * *

2. Lord Halifax was at Hampton Court at his lodgings, and I dined with him there with Methuen and Delaval, 15 and the late attorney-general. I went to the drawing-room before dinner, (for the queen was at Hampton Court,) and expected to see nobody ; but I met acquaintance enough. I walked in the gardens, saw the Cartoons of Raphael, and other things, and with great difficulty got from Lord Hali- 20 fax, who would have kept me to-morrow to show me his house and park, and improvements. We left Hampton Court at sunset, and got here in a chariot and two horses time enough by starlight. That's something charms me mightily about London ; that you go dine a dozen miles off 25 in October, stay all day, and return so quickly ; you cannot do any thing like this in Dublin. I writ a second penny-post letter to your mother, and hear nothing of her. Did I tell you that Earl Berkeley died last Sunday was se'ennight, at Berkeley Castle, of a dropsy ? Lord Halifax began a 30 health to me to-day : it was the resurrection of the Whigs, which I refused, unless he would add their reformation too : and I told him he was the only Whig in England I loved, or had any good opinion of.

3. This morning Stella's sister came to me with a letter from her mother, who is at Sheen; but will soon be in town, and will call to see me: she gave me a bottle of palsy water, a small one, and desired I would send it you
 5 by the first convenience, as I will; and she promises a quart bottle of the same; your sister looked very well, and seems a good modest sort of girl. I went then to Mr. Lewis, first secretary to Lord Dartmouth, and favourite to Mr. Harley, who is to introduce me to-morrow morning.
 * * * * *

10 4. After I had put out my candle last night, my landlady came into my room, with a servant of Lord Halifax, to desire I would go dine with him at his house near Hampton Court; but I sent him word I had business of great importance that hindered me, &c. And, to-day, I was
 15 brought privately to Mr. Harley, who received me with the greatest respect and kindness imaginable: he has appointed me an hour on Saturday at four, afternoon, when I will open my business to him. I dined to-day at Mr. Delaval's, the envoy of Portugal, with Nic. Rowe
 20 the poet, and other friends; and I gave my lampoon to be printed. I have more mischief in my heart; and I think it shall go round with them all, as this hits, and I can find hints. I am going to work at another *Tatler*; I will be far enough but I say the same thing over two or three times,
 25 just as I do when I am talking to little MD; but what care I? they can read it as easily as I can write it: I think I have brought these lines pretty straight again. I fear it will be long before I finish two sides at this rate. Pray, dear MD, when I occasionally give you a little commission
 30 mixed with my letters, do not forget it, as that to Morgan and Joe, &c., for I write just as I can remember, otherwise I would put them all together. I was to visit Mr. Sterne to-day, and gave him your commission about handkerchiefs:

that of chocolate I will do myself, and send it him when he goes, and you will pay me when *the giver's bread*, &c. To-night, I will read a pamphlet, to amuse myself. God preserve your dear healths.

5 This morning Delaval came to see me, and we went to Kneller's, who was not in town. In the way we met the electors for parliamentmen : and the rabble came about our coach, crying a Colt, a Stanhope, &c. We were afraid of a dead cat, or our glasses broken, and so were always of their side. * * * * *

6. Sir Andrew Fountaine came this morning, and caught me writing in bed. I went into the city with him ; and we dined at the chophouse with Will Pate, the learned woollen-draper : then we sauntered at china-shops and booksellers : went to the tavern, drank two pints of white wine, and never 15 parted till ten : and now I am come home, and must copy out some papers I intend for Mr. Harley, whom I am to see, as I told you, to-morrow afternoon : so that this night I shall say little to MD, but that I heartily wish myself with them, and will come as soon as I either fail, or compass my 20 business. We now hear daily of elections ; and, in a list I saw yesterday of about twenty, there are seven or eight more Tories than in the last parliament ; so that I believe they need not fear a majority, with the help of those who will vote as the court pleases. But I have been told, that 25 Mr. Harley himself would not let the Tories be too numerous, for fear they should be insolent, and kick against him ; and for that reason they have kept several Whigs in employments, who expected to be turned out every day ; as Sir John Holland the comptroller, and many 30 others. And so get you gone to your cards, and your claret and oranges, at the dean's, and I will go write.

7. I wonder when this letter will be finished : it must go by Tuesday, that is certain ; and if I have one from MD

before, I will not answer it, that is as certain too ! It is now morning, and I did not finish my papers for Mr. Harley last night ; for you must understand Presto was sleepy, and made blunders and blots. Very pretty that I must be
5 writing to young women in a morning fresh and fasting, faith. Well, good morrow to you : and so I go to business, and lay aside this paper till night, sirrahs.—At night, Jack How told Harley, that if there were a lower place in hell than another, it was reserved for his porter, who
10 tells lies so gravely, and with so civil a manner. This porter I have had to deal with, going this evening at four to visit Mr. Harley, by his own appointment. But the fellow told me no lie, though I suspected every word he said. He told me his master was just gone to dinner, with
15 much company, and desired I would come an hour hence, which I did, expecting to hear Mr. Harley was gone out ; but they had just done dinner. Mr. Harley came out to me, brought me in, and presented me to his son-in-law, Lord Doblane, (or some such name,) and his own son, and
20 among others, Will Penn the Quaker : we sat two hours, drinking as good wine as you do ; and two hours more he and I alone ; where he heard me tell my business : entered into it with all kindness ; asked for my powers, and read them ; and read likewise a memorial I had drawn up, and
25 put it in his pocket to show the queen ; told me the measures he would take ; and, in short, said every thing I could wish ; told me he must bring Mr. St. John (secretary of state) and me acquainted ; and spoke so many things of personal kindness and esteem for me, that I am inclined
30 half to believe what some friends have told me, that he would do every thing to bring me over. He has desired to dine with me, (what a comical mistake was that,) I mean, he has desired me to dine with him on Tuesday ; and after four hours being with him, set me down at St. James's

Coffeehouse in a hackney coach. All this is odd and comical if you consider him and me. He knew my christian name very well. I could not forbear saying thus much upon this matter, although you will think it tedious. But I will tell you; you must know, it is fatal 5 to me to be a scoundrel and a prince the same day: for being to see him at four, I could not engage myself to dine at any friend's; so I went to Tooke, to give him a ballad and dine with him; but he was not at home; so I was forced to go to a blind chophouse, and dine for tenpence 10 upon gill ale, bad broth, and three chops of mutton; and then go reeking from thence to the first minister of state. And now I am going in charity to send Steele a *Tatler*, who is very low of late. I think I am civiller than I used to be; and have not used the expression of (*you in Ireland*) 15 and (*we in England*) as I did when I was here before, to your great indignation.—They may talk of the *you know what*; but, gad, if it had not been for that, I should never have been able to get the access I have had; and if that helps me to succeed, then that *same thing* will be serviceable 20 to the church. But how far we must depend upon new friends, I have learnt by long practice, though I think, among great ministers, they are just as good as old ones. And so I think this important day has made a great hole in this side of the paper; and the fiddle faddles of to-morrow 25 and Monday will make up the rest; and besides, I shall see Harley on Tuesday before this letter goes.

8. I must tell you a great piece of refinement of Harley. He charged me to come to him often; I told him I was loth to trouble him in so much business as he had, and 30 desired I might have leave to come at his levee; which he immediately refused, and said, That was not a place for friends to come to. It is now but morning, and I have got a foolish trick; I must say something to MD when I wake,

and wish them a good morrow ; for this is not a shaving day, Sunday, so I have time enough : but get you gone, you rogues, I must go write : yes, it will vex me to the blood if any of these long letters should miscarry : if they do I will
5 shrink to half sheets again ; but then what will you do to make up the journal ? there will be ten days of Presto's life lost, and that will be a sad thing, faith and troth.

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10. Poor MD's letter was lying so huddled up among papers I could not find it : I mean poor Presto's letter.
10 Well, I dined with Mr. Harley to-day, and hope some things will be done ; but I must say no more : and this letter must be sent to the post-house, and not by the bellman. I am to dine again there on Sunday next : I hope to some good issue. And so now, soon as ever I
15 can in bed, I must begin my sixth to MD, as gravely as if I had not written a word this month : fine doings, faith. Methinks I do not write as I should, because I am not in bed : see the ugly wide lines. God Almighty ever bless you, &c.
- 20 Faith, this is a whole treatise ; I will go reckon the lines on the other sides. I have reckoned them.

LETTER VI.

London, Oct. 10, 1710.

- So, as I told you just now in the letter I sent half an hour ago, I dined with Mr. Harley to-day, who presented me to the attorney-general, Sir Simon Harcourt, with much
25 compliment on all sides, &c. Harley told me he had shown my memorial to the queen, and seconded it very heartily ; and he desires me to dine with him again on Sunday, when he promises to settle it with her majesty, before she names a governor ; and I protest I am in hopes it will be done, all
30 but the forms, by that time, for he loves the church ; this

is a popular thing, and he would not have a governor share in it; and, besides, I am told by all hands, he has a mind to gain me over. But in the letter I writ last post (yesterday) to the archbishop, I did not tell him a syllable of what Mr. Harley said to me last night, because he 5 charged me to keep it secret; so I would not tell it to you, but that before this goes, I hope the secret will be over. I am now writing my poetical description of a shower in London, and will send it to the *Tatler*. This is the last sheet of a whole quire I have written since I came to town. 10

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12. I dined to-day with Dr. Garth and Mr. Addison, at the Devil Tavern, by Temple Bar, and Garth treated; and it is well I dine every day, else I should be longer making out my letters: for we are yet in a very dull state, only inquiring every day after new elections, where the 15 Tories carry it among the new members six to one. Mr. Addison's election has passed easy and undisputed; and I believe if he had a mind to be chosen king he would hardly be refused. * * * * *

I have finished my poem on the Shower, all but the 20 beginning, and am going on with my *Tatler*. They have fixed about fifty things on me since I came: I have printed but three. One advantage I get by writing to you daily, or rather you get, is, that I remember not to write the same things twice; and yet I fear I have done it often already: 25 but I will mind and confine myself to the accidents of the day; and so get you gone to ombre, and be good girls, and save your money, and be rich against Presto comes, and write to me now and then: I am thinking it would be a pretty thing to hear something from saucy MD; but do 30 not hurt your eyes, Stella, I charge you.

13. There is a young fellow here in town we are all fond of, and about a year or two come from the university,

one Harrison, a pretty little fellow with a great deal of wit, good sense, and good nature; has written some mighty pretty things; that in your 6th *Miscellanea*, about the Sprig of an Orange, is his: he has nothing to live on but
5 being governor to one of the Duke of Queensberry's sons for forty pounds a-year. The fine fellows are always inviting him to the tavern, and make him pay his club. Henley is a great crony of his; they are often at the tavern at six or seven shillings reckoning, and always make the poor lad
10 pay his full share. A colonel and a lord were at him and me the same way to-night: I absolutely refused, and made Harrison lag behind, and persuaded him not to go to them. I tell you this, because I find all rich fellows have that humour of using all people without any consideration of
15 their fortunes; but I will see them rot before they shall serve me so. * * * * *

14. At night. Mr. Addison and I dined with Ned Southwell, and walked in the Park; and at the coffeehouse I found a letter from the Bishop of Clogher, and a packet
20 from MD. I opened the bishop's letter; but put up MD's, and visited a lady just come to town, and am now got into bed, and am going to open your little letter: and God send I may find MD well, and happy, and merry, and that they love Presto as they do fires. O, I will not open it yet! yes
25 I will! no I will not; I am going; I cannot stay till I turn over: what shall I do? my fingers itch: and I now have it in my left hand; and now I will open it this very moment.—I have just got it, and am cracking the seal, and cannot imagine what is in it; I fear only some letter from a bishop,
30 and it comes too late: I shall employ no body's credit but my own. Well, I see though—Pshaw, it is from Sir Andrew Fountaine: what, another! I fancy that is from Mrs. Barton; she told me she would write to me; but she writes a better hand than this: I wish you would inquire;

it must be at Dawson's office at the castle. I fear this is from Patty Rolt, by the scrawl. Well, I will read MD's letter. Ah, no; it is from poor Lady Berkeley, to invite me to Berkeley Castle this winter; and now it grieves my heart: she says she hopes my lord is in a fair way of recovery: poor lady. Well, now I go to MD's letter: faith it is all right; I hoped it was wrong. Your letter, N. 3, that I have now received, is dated Sept. 26, and Manley's letter, that I had five days ago, was dated Oct. 3, that is a fortnight's difference: I doubt it has lain in Steele's office, and he forgot. Well, there is an end of that: he is turned out of his place; and you must desire those who send me packets, to enclose them in a paper, directed to Mr. Addison, at St. James's Coffeehouse: not common letters, but packets: the Bishop of Clogher may mention it to the archbishop when he sees him. * * * *

Revolutions a hindrance to me in my business; revolutions—to me in my business? if it were not for the revolutions I could do nothing at all; and now I have all hopes possible, though one is certain of nothing; but to-morrow I am to have an answer, and am promised an effectual one. I suppose I have said enough in this and a former letter how I stand with new people; ten times better than ever I did with the old; forty times more caressed. I am to dine to-morrow at Mr. Harley's; and if he continues as he has begun, no man has been ever better treated by another. What you say about Stella's mother, I have spoken enough to it already. I believe she is not in town; for I have not yet seen her. My lampoon is cried up to the skies; but nobody suspects me for it, except Sir Andrew Fountaine: at least they say nothing of it to me. Did not I tell you of a great man who received me very coldly? that is he; but say nothing; it was only a little revenge: I will remember to bring it over. The Bishop of Clogher has

smoked my *Tatler*, about shortening of words, &c. But, God so ! &c.

15. I will write plainer, if I can remember it ; for Stella must not spoil her eyes, and Dingley cannot read my hand
5 very well ; and I am afraid my letters are too long : then you must suppose one to be two, and read them at twice. I dined to-day with Mr. Harley : Mr. Prior dined with us. He has left my memorial with the queen, who has consented to give the first-fruits and twentieth parts, and will,
10 we hope, declare it to-morrow in the cabinet. But I beg you to tell it to no person alive ; for so I am ordered, till in public ; and I hope to get something of greater value. After dinner came in Lord Peterborough : we renewed our acquaintance, and he grew mightily fond of me. They
15 began to talk of a paper of verses called Sid Hamet. Mr. Harley repeated part, and then pulled them out, and gave them to a gentleman at the table to read, though they had all read them often : Lord Peterborough would let nobody read them but himself : so he did ; and Mr. Harley bobbed
20 me at every line to take notice of the beauties. Prior rallied Lord Peterborough for author of them ; and Lord Peterborough said, he knew them to be his ; and Prior then turned it upon me, and I on him. I am not guessed at all in town to be the author ; yet so it is : but that is a secret
25 only to you. Ten to one whether you see them in Ireland ; yet here they run prodigiously. Harley presented me to Lord President of Scotland, and Mr. Benson, Lord of the Treasury. Prior and I came away at nine, and sat at the Smyrna till eleven, receiving acquaintance.

30 16. This morning early I went in a chair, and Patrick before it, to Mr. Harley, to give him another copy of my memorial, as he desired ; but he was full of business, going to the queen, and I could not see him ; but he desired I would send up the paper, and excused himself upon his

hurry. I was a little baulked, but they tell me it is nothing. I shall judge by my next visit. I tipped his porter with a half-crown; and so I am well there for a time at least; I dined at Stratford's in the city, and had burgundy and tokay: came back a-foot like a scoundrel; then went to 5 Mr. Addison, and supped with Lord Mountjoy, which made me sick all night. I forgot that I bought six pounds of chocolate for Stella, and a little wooden box; and I have a great piece of Brazil tobacco for Dingley, and a bottle of palsy water for Stella; all which, with the two handkerchiefs 10 that Mr. Sterne has bought, and you must pay him for, will be put in the box directed to Mrs. Curry's, and sent by Dr. Hawkshaw, whom I have not seen: but Sterne has undertaken it. The chocolate is a present, madam, for Stella. Do not read this, you little rogue, with your little eyes: but 15 give it to Dingley, pray now; and I will write as plain as the skies: and let Dingley write Stella's part, and Stella dictate to her, when she apprehends her eyes, &c.

* * * * *

19. I am come home from dining in the city with Mr. Addison, at a merchant's: and just now, at the coffee- 20 house, we have notice that the Duke of Ormond was this day declared Lord-Lieutenant at Hampton Court, in council. I have not seen Mr. Harley since; but hope the affair is done about first-fruits. I will see him, if possible, to-morrow morning: but this goes to-night. * * So here 25 goes my sixth, sent when I had but three of MD's.

LETTER VII.

London, Oct. 19, 1710.

O FAITH, I am undone! this paper is larger than the other, and yet I am condemned to a sheet. I told you in a letter to-day where I had been, and how the day past; and so, &c.

20. To-day I went to Mr. Lewis, at the secretary's office, to know when I might see Mr. Harley; and by and by comes up Mr. Harley himself, and appoints me to dine with him to-morrow. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and
5 went to wait on the two Lady Butlers; but the porter answered, they were not at home; the meaning was, the youngest, Lady Mary, is to be married to-morrow to Lord Ashburnham, the best match now in England, twelve thousand pounds a-year, and abundance of money. Tell
10 me how my Shower is liked in Ireland: I never knew any thing pass better here. I spent the evening with Wortley Montagu and Mr. Addison, over a bottle of Irish wine. Do they know any thing in Ireland of my greatness among the Tories? Every body reproaches me of it here; but I
15 value them not. Have you heard of the verses about the Rod of Sid Hamet? Say nothing of them for your life. Hardly any body suspects me for them, only they think nobody but Prior or I could write them. But I doubt they have not reached you. There is likewise a ballad, full of
20 puns, on the Westminster election, that cost me half an hour: it runs, though it be good for nothing. But this is likewise a secret to all but MD. If you have them not, I will bring them over.

21. I got MD's fourth to-day at the coffeehouse. God
25 Almighty bless poor Stella, and her eyes and head: What shall we do to cure them, poor dear life? Your disorders are a pull back for your good qualities. Pray do not write, nor read this letter, nor any thing else, and I will write plainer for Dingley to read, from henceforward, though my
30 pen is apt to ramble when I think who I am writing to. I will not answer your letter until I tell you that I dined this day with Mr. Harley, who presented me to the Earl of Sterling, a Scotch lord; and in the evening came in Lord
Peterborough. I staid till nine before Mr. Harley would

let me go, or tell me any thing of my affair. He says, the queen has now granted the first-fruits and twentieth-parts; but he will not yet give me leave to write to the archbishop, because the queen designs to signify it to the bishops in Ireland in form, and to take notice, that it was done upon 5 a memorial from me, which Mr. Harley tells me he does to make it look more respectful to me, &c. And I am to see him on Tuesday. I know not whether I told you, that, in my memorial which was given to the queen, I begged for two thousand pounds a-year more, though it was not in my 10 commission; but that Mr. Harley says cannot yet be done, and that he and I must talk of it farther: however, I have started it, and it may follow in time. Pray say nothing of the first-fruits being granted, unless I give leave at the bottom of this. I believe never any thing was compassed 15 so soon, and purely done by my personal credit with Mr. Harley, who is so excessively obliging, that I know not what to make of it, unless to show the rascals of the other party that they used a man unworthily, who had deserved better. The memorial given to the queen from me speaks 20 with great plainness of Lord Wharton. * * * *

22. I was this morning with Mr. Lewis, the under secretary to Lord Dartmouth, two hours talking politics, and contriving to keep Steele in his office of stamped paper: he has lost his place of Gazetteer, three hundred 25 pounds a-year, for writing a *Tatler*, some months ago, against Mr. Harley, who gave it him at first, and raised the salary from sixty to three hundred pounds. This was devilish ungrateful; and Lewis was telling me the particulars: but I had a hint given me, that I might save him 30 in the other employment; and leave was given me to clear matters with Steele. Well, I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley, and in the evening went to sit with Mr. Addison, and offer the matter at distance to him, as the discreeter

person ; but found party had so possessed him, that he talked as if he suspected me, and would not fall in with any thing I said. So I stopped short in my overture, and we parted very dryly ; and I shall say nothing to Steele, 5 and let them do as they will ; but if things stand as they are, he will certainly lose it, unless I save him ; and therefore I will not speak to him, that I may not report to his disadvantage. Is not this vexatious ? and is there so much in the proverb of proffered service ? When shall I 10 grow wise ? I endeavour to act in the most exact points of honour and conscience, and my nearest friends will not understand it so. What must a man expect from his enemies ? This would vex me, but it shall not ; and so I bid you good night.

15 23. I know it is neither wit nor diversion to tell you every day where I dine, neither do I write it to fill my letter ; but I fancy I shall, some time or other, have the curiosity of seeing some particulars how I passed my life when I was absent from MD this time ; and so I tell you 20 now that I dined to-day at Molesworth's, the Florence envoy, then went to the coffeehouse, where I behaved myself coldly enough to Mr. Addison, and so came home to scribble. We dine together to-morrow and next day by invitation ; but I shall alter my behaviour to him, till he begs 25 my pardon, or else we shall grow bare acquaintance. I am weary of friends, and friendships are all monsters, but MD's.

24. I forgot to tell you, that last night I went to Mr. Harley's hoping—faith, I am blundering, for it was this very night at six ; and I hoped he would have told me all 30 things were done and granted ; but he was abroad, and came home ill, and was gone to bed, much out of order, unless the porter lied. I dined to-day at Sir Matthew Dudley's with Mr. Addison, &c.

25. I was to-day to see the Duke of Ormond ; and

coming out, met Lord Berkeley of Stratton, who told me, that Mrs. Temple, the widow, died last Saturday, which, I suppose, is much to the outward grief and inward joy of the family. I dined to-day with Mr. Addison, and Steele, and a sister of Mr. Addison, who is married to one Mons. 5
Sartre, a Frenchman, prebendary of Westminster, who has a delicious house and garden ; yet I thought it was a sort of a monastic life in those cloisters, and I liked Laracor better. Addison's sister is a sort of a wit, very like him. I am not fond of her. 10

26. I was to-day to see Mr. Congreve, who is almost blind with cataracts growing on his eyes ; and his case is, that he must wait two or three years, until the cataracts are riper, and till he is quite blind, and then he must have 15
them couched ; and besides he is never rid of the gout, yet he looks young and fresh, and is as cheerful as ever. He is younger by three years or more than I, and I am twenty years younger than he. He gave me a pain in the great toe, by mentioning the gout. I find such suspicions frequently, but they go off again. * * * * * 20

Now to Stella's little postscript ; and I am almost crazed that you vex yourself for not writing. Cannot you dictate to Dingley, and not strain your little dear eyes ? I am sure it is the grief of my soul to think you are out of order. Pray be quiet, and if you will write, shut your eyes, and 25
write just a line, and no more, thus, *How do you do, Mrs. Stella ?* That was written with my eyes shut. Faith, I think it is better than when they are open : and then Dingley may stand by, and tell you when you go too high or too low.—My letters of business, with packets, if there 30
be any more occasion for such, must be enclosed to Mr. Addison, at St. James's Coffeehouse : but I hope to hear, as soon as I see Mr. Harley, that the main difficulties are over, and that the rest will be but form. * * * *

27. Mr. Rowe the poet desired me to dine with him to-day. I went to his office, (he is under secretary in Mr. Addison's place that he had in England.) and there was Mr. Prior ; and they both fell commending my Shower beyond
5 any thing that has been written of the kind : there never was such a Shower since Danae's, &c. You must tell me how it is liked among you. I dined with Rowe ; Prior could not come : and after dinner we went to a blind tavern, where Congreve, Sir Richard Temple, Eastcourt,
10 and Charles Main, were over a bowl of bad punch. The knight sent for six flasks of his own wine for me, and we staid till twelve. But now my head continues pretty well, I have left off my drinking, and only take a spoonful mixed with water, for fear of the gout, or some ugly distemper ;
15 and now, because it is late, I will, &c.

28. Garth and Addison and I dined to-day at a hedge tavern ; then I went to Mr. Harley, but he was denied, or not at home ; so I fear I shall not hear my business is done before this goes. Then I visited Lord Pembroke, who is
20 just come to town, and we were very merry talking of old things, and I hit him with one pun. Then I went to the ladies Butler, and the rogue of a porter denied them ; so I sent them a threatening message by another lady, for not excepting me always to the porter. I was weary
25 of the coffeehouse, and Ford desired me to sit with him at next door, which I did, like a fool, chattering till twelve, and now am got into bed. I am afraid the new ministry is at a terrible loss about money : the Whigs talk so it would give one the spleen : and I am afraid
30 of meeting Mr. Harley out of humour. They think he will never carry through this undertaking. God knows what will come of it. I should be terribly vexed to see things come round again ; it will ruin the church and clergy for ever ; but I hope for better. I will send this

on Tuesday, whether I hear any farther news of my affair or not.

29. Mr. Addison and I dined to-day with Lord Mountjoy; which is all the adventures of this day.—I chatted a while to-night in the coffeehouse, this being a full night; and now am come home to write some business. * * *

LETTER VIII.

London, Oct. 31, 1710.

So, now I have sent my seventh to your fourth, young women; and now I will tell you what I would not in my last, that this morning, sitting in my bed, I had a fit of giddiness: the room turned round for about a minute, and then it went off, leaving me sickish, but not very: and so I passed the day as I told you; but I would not end a letter with telling you this, because it might vex you: and I hope in God I shall have no more of it. I saw Dr. Cockburn to-day, and he promises to send me the pills that did me good last year, and likewise has promised me an oil for my ear, that he has been making for that ailment for somebody else.

Nov. 1. I wish MD a merry new year. You know this is the first day of it with us. I had no giddiness to-day, but I drank brandy, and have bought a pint for two shillings. I sat up the night before my giddiness pretty late, and writ very much; so I will impute it to that. But I never eat fruit, nor drink ale, but drink better wine than you do, as I did to-day with Mr. Addison at Lord Mountjoy's: then went at five to see Mr. Harley, who could not see me for much company; but sent me his excuse, and desired I would dine with him on Friday; and then I expect some answer to this business, which must either be soon done, or begun again; and then the Duke of Ormond

and his people will interfere for their honour, and do nothing. I came home at six, and spent my time in my chamber, without going to the coffeehouse, which I grow weary of; and I studied at leisure, writ not above forty
5 lines, some inventions of my own, and some hints, and read not at all, and this because I would take care of Presto, for fear little MD should be angry. * * *

7. I dined to-day at Sir Richard Temple's, with Congreve, Vanbrugh, Lieutenant-General Farrington, &c. Van-
10 brugh, I believe I told you, had a long quarrel with me about those verses on his house; but we were very civil and cold. Lady Marlborough used to tease him with them, which had made him angry, though he be a good-natured fellow. It was a thanksgiving day, and I was at
15 court, where the queen passed by us with all Tories about her; not one Whig: Buckingham, Rochester, Leeds, Shrewsbury, Berkeley of Stratton, Lord Keeper Harcourt, Mr. Harley, Lord Pembroke, &c., and I have seen her without one Tory! The queen made me a curtsy, and
20 said, in a sort of familiar way to Presto, How does MD? I considered she was a queen, and so excused her. I do not miss the Whigs at court; but have as many acquaintance there as formerly.

8. Here is ado and a clutter! I must now answer MD's
25 fifth; but first you must know I dined at the Portugal envoy's to-day, with Addison, Vanbrugh, Admiral Wager, Sir Richard Temple, Methuen, &c. I was weary of their company, and stole away at five, and came home like a good boy, and studied till ten, and had a fire; O ho! and
30 now am in bed. I have no fire-place in my bed-chamber; but it is very warm weather when one is in bed. Your fine cap, Madam Dingley, is too little, and too hot: I will have that fur taken off; I wish it were far enough; and my old velvet cap is good for nothing. Is it velvet under the

fur? I was feeling, but cannot find: if it be, it will do without it, else I will face it; but then I must buy new velvet: but may be I may beg a piece. What shall I do? well, now to rogue MD's letter. God be thanked for Stella's eyes mending; and God send it holds; but faith 5 you write too much at a time; better write less, or write it at ten times. Yes, faith, a long letter in a morning from a dear friend is a dear thing. I smoke a compliment, little mischievous girls, I do so. But who are those *wiggs* that think I am turned Tory? Do you mean Whigs? Which 10 wiggs, and what do you mean? * * * * *

Mr. Harley speaks all the kind things to me in the world; and I believe, would serve me, if I were to stay here; but I reckon in time the Duke of Ormond may give me some addition to Laracor. Why should the Whigs 15 think I came to England to leave them? Sure my journey was no secret? I protest sincerely, I did all I could to hinder it, as the dean can tell you, although now I do not repent it. But who the devil cares what they think? Am I under obligations in the least to any of them all? Rot 20 them, for ungrateful dogs; I will make them repent their usage before I leave this place. They say here the same thing of my leaving the Whigs; but they own they cannot blame me, considering the treatment I have had.

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LETTER IX.

London, Nov. 11, 1710.

I DINED to-day, by invitation, with the Secretary of State, 25 Mr. St. John. Mr. Harley came in to us before dinner, and made me his excuses for not dining with us, because he was to receive people who came to propose advancing money to the government: there dined with us only Mr. Lewis, and Dr. Freind, that writ Lord Peterborough's 30

actions in Spain. I staid with them till just now, between ten and eleven, and was forced again to give my eighth to the bellman, which I did with my own hands, rather than keep it till next post. The secretary used me with all the kindness in the world. Prior came in after dinner; and upon an occasion, he (the secretary) said, the best thing he ever read is not yours, but Dr. Swift's on Vanbrugh; which I do not reckon so very good neither. But Prior was damped until I stuffed him with two or three compliments.

10 I am thinking what a veneration we used to have for Sir William Temple, because he might have been secretary of state at fifty; and here is a young fellow, hardly thirty, in that employment. His father is a man of pleasure, that walks the Mall, and frequents St. James's Coffeehouse, and

15 the chocolatehouses, and the young son is principal secretary of state. Is there not something very odd in that? He told me, among other things, that Mr. Harley complained he could keep nothing from me, I had the way so much of getting into him. I knew that was a refinement;

20 and so I told him, and it was so: indeed it is hard to see these great men use me like one who was their betters, and the puppies with you in Ireland hardly regarding me: but there are some reasons for all this, which I will tell you when we meet. At coming home I saw a letter from your

25 mother, in answer to one I sent her two days ago. It seems she is in town; but cannot come out in a morning, just as you said, and God knows when I shall be at leisure in an afternoon: for if I should send her a penny-post letter, and afterward not be able to meet her, it would vex

30 me; and, besides, the days are short, and why she cannot come early in a morning before she is wanted, I cannot imagine. I will desire her to let Lady Giffard know that she hears I am in town, and that she would go to see me to inquire after you. I wonder she will confine herself so

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much to that old beast's humour. You know I cannot in honour see Lady Giffard, and consequently go not into her house. This I think is enough for the first time.

12. And how could you write with such thin paper? (I forgot to say this in my former.) Cannot you get 5 thicker? Why, that is a common caution that writing-masters give their scholars; you must have heard it a hundred times. It is this,

If paper be thin,
Ink will slip in;
But if it be thick,
You may write with a stick.

10

I had a letter to-day from poor Mrs. Long, giving me an account of her present life, obscure in a remote country town, and how easy she is under it. Poor creature! it is 15 just such an alteration in life, as if Presto should be banished from MD, and condemned to converse with Mrs. Raymond. I dined to-day with Ford, Sir Richard Levinge, &c., at a place where they board hard by. I was lazy, and not very well, sitting so long with company 20 yesterday. I have been very busy writing this evening at home, and had a fire: I am spending my second half bushel of coals; and now am in bed, and it is late.

13. I dined to-day in the city, and then went to christen Will Frankland's child; and Lady Falconbridge was one of 25 the godmothers: this is a daughter of Oliver Cromwell, and extremely like him by his pictures that I have seen. I staid till almost eleven, and am now come home and gone to bed. My business in the city was to thank Stratford for a kindness he has done me, which now I will tell you. I 30 found bank stock was fallen thirty-four in the hundred, and was mighty desirous to buy it; but I was a little too late for the cheapest time, being hindered by business here; for I was so wise to guess to a day when it would fall. My

project was this : I had three hundred pounds in Ireland ; and so I writ Mr. Stratford in the city, to desire he would buy me three hundred pounds in bank stock, and that he should keep the papers, and that I would be bound to pay
 5 him for them ; and if it should rise or fall I would take my chance, and pay him interest in the mean time. I showed my letter to one or two people, who understand those things ; and they said, money was so hard to be got here that no man would do it for me. However, Stratford, who
 10 is the most generous man alive, has done it : but it cost one hundred pounds and a half, that is ten shillings, so that three hundred pounds cost me three hundred pounds and thirty shillings. This was done about a week ago, and I can have five pounds for my bargain already. Before it
 15 fell it was one hundred and thirty pounds, and we are sure it will be the same again. I told you I writ to your mother to desire that Lady Giffard would do the same with what she owes you ; but she tells your mother she has no money. I would to God all you had in the world was there.
 20 Whenever you lend money, take this rule, to have two people bound, who have both visible fortunes ; for they will hardly die together ; and when one dies, you fall upon the other, and make him add another security : and 'if Rathburn (now I have his name) pays you in your money
 25 let me know, and I will direct Parvisol accordingly : however, he shall wait on you and know. So, ladies, enough of business for one night. Paaaaast twelvve o'clock. I must only add, that, after a long fit of rainy weather, it has been fair two or three days, and is this day grown cold and
 30 frosty ; so that you must give poor little Presto leave to have a fire in his chamber morning and evening too, and he will do as much for you. * * * * *

18. To-day I dined with Lewis and Prior at an eating-house, but with Lewis's wine. Lewis went away, and Prior

and I sat on, where we complimented one another for an hour or two upon our mutual wit and poetry. Coming home at seven, a gentleman unknown stopped me in the Pall Mall, and asked my advice ; said he had been to see the queen, (who was just come to town,) and the people in 5 waiting would not let him see her ; that he had two hundred thousand men ready to serve her in the war ; that he knew the queen perfectly well, and had an apartment at court, and if she heard he was there, she would send for him immediately ; that she owed him two hundred thou- 10 sand pounds, &c., and he desired my opinion whether he should go try again whether he could see her ; or because, perhaps, she was weary after her journey, whether he had not better stay till to-morrow. I had a mind to get rid of my companion, and begged him of all love to wait on her 15 immediately ; for that, to my knowledge, the queen would admit him ; that this was an affair of great importance, and required dispatch : and I instructed him to let me know the success of his business, and come to the Smyrna Coffeehouse, where I would wait for him till midnight ; 20 and so ended this adventure. I would have fain given the man half a crown ; but was afraid to offer it him, lest he should be offended ; for, besides his money, he said he had a thousand pounds a-year. I came home not early, and so, madams both, good night, &c. * * * * 25

22. I dined with Secretary St. John ; and Lord Dartmouth, who is the other secretary, dined with us, and Lord Orrery and Prior, &c. Harley called, but could not dine with us, and would have had me away while I was at dinner ; but I did not like the company he was to have. 30 We staid till eight, and I called at the coffeehouse, and looked where the letters lie ; but no letter directed for Mr. Presto : at last I saw a letter to Mr. Addison, and it looked like a rogue's hand, so I made the fellow give it me, and

opened it before him, and saw three letters all for myself: so, truly, I put them in my pocket, and came home to my lodging. Well, and so you shall hear: well, and so I found one of them in Dingley's hand, and the other in
5 Stella's, and the third in Domville's. Well, so you shall hear: so, said I to myself, What now, two letters from MD together? But I thought there was something in the wind; so I opened one, and I opened the other; and so you shall hear, one was from Walls. Well, but the other was
10 from own dear MD; yes it was. O faith, have you received my seventh, young women, already? then I must send this to-morrow, else there will be old doings at our house, faith. * * * * *

24. I tell you pretty management: Ned Southwell told
15 me the other day he had a letter from the bishops of Ireland, with an address to the Duke of Ormond, to intercede with the queen to take off the first-fruits. I dined with him to-day, and saw it, with another letter to him from the Bishop of Kildare, to call upon me for the papers,
20 &c., and I had last post one from the Archbishop of Dublin, telling me the reason of this proceeding; that upon hearing the Duke of Ormond was declared lord-lieutenant, they met, and the bishops were for this project, and talked coldly of my being solicitor, as one that was
25 favoured by the other party, &c., but desired that I would still solicit. Now the wisdom of this is admirable; for I had given the archbishop an account of my reception from Mr. Harley, and how he had spoken to the queen, and promised it should be done; but Mr. Harley ordered me
30 to tell no person alive. Some time after, he gave me leave to let the primate and archbishop know that the queen had remitted the first-fruits, and that in a short time they should have an account of it in form from Lord Dartmouth, Secretary of State. So while their letter was on

the road to the Duke of Ormond and Southwell, mine was going to them with an account of the thing being done. I writ a very warm answer to the archbishop immediately, and showed my resentment, as I ought, against the bishops, only in good manners excepting himself. I wonder what 5 they will say when they hear the thing is done. I was yesterday forced to tell Southwell so, that the queen had done it, &c., for he said, my Lord Duke would think of it some months hence when he was going for Ireland; and he had it three years in doing formerly, without any 10 success. I give you free leave to say, on occasion, that it is done, and that Mr. Harley prevailed on the queen to do it, &c., as you please. As I hope to live, I despise the credit of it, out of an excess of pride, and desire you will not give me the least merit when you talk of it; but I 15 would vex the bishops, and have it spread that Mr. Harley had done it: pray do so. Your mother sent me last night a parcel of wax candles, and a bandbox full of small plum-cakes. I thought it had been something for you; and, without opening them, sent answer by the maid that brought 20 them, that I would take care to send the things, &c., but I will write her thanks. Is this a long letter, sirrahs? Now, are you satisfied? I have had no fit since the first: I drink brandy every morning, and take pills every night. Never fear, I an't vexed at this puppy business of the bishops, 25 although I was a little at first. I will tell you my reward: Mr. Harley will think he has done me a favour; the Duke of Ormond, perhaps, that I have put a neglect on him; and the bishops in Ireland that I have done nothing at all. So goes the world. But I have got above all this, and, 30 perhaps, I have better reason for it than they know: and so you shall hear no more of first-fruits, dukes, Harleys, archbishops, and Southwells.

LETTER X.

London, Nov. 25, 1710.

I WILL tell you something that is plaguy silly; I had forgot to say on the 23d in my last, where I dined; and because I had done it constantly, I thought it was a great omission, and was going to interline it; but at last the silliness of it made me cry pshah, and I let it alone. I was to-day to see the parliament meet, but only saw a great crowd; and Ford and I went to see the tombs at Westminster, and sauntered so long I was forced to go to an eating-house for my dinner. Bromley is chosen speaker, *nemine contradicente*: Do you understand those two words? and Pompey, Colonel Hill's black, designs to stand speaker for the footmen. I am engaged to use my interest for him, and have spoken to Patrick to get him some votes. We are now all impatient for the queen's speech, what she will say about removing the ministry, &c. I have got a cold, and I do not know how; but got it I have, and am hoarse: I do not know whether it will grow better or worse. What is that to you? I will not answer your letter to-night. I will keep you a little longer in suspense: I cannot send it. Your mother's cakes are very good, and one of them serves me for breakfast, and so I will go sleep like a good boy.

* * * * *

27. To-day Mr. Harley met me in the Court of Requests, and whispered me to dine with him. At dinner I told him what those bishops had done, and the difficulty I was under. He bid me never trouble myself; he would tell the Duke of Ormond the business was done, and that he need not concern himself about it. So now I am easy, and they may hang themselves for a parcel of insolent ungrateful rascals. I suppose I told you in my last how they sent an

address to the Duke of Ormond, and a letter to Southwell, to call on me for the papers, after the thing was over ; but they had not received my letter, though the archbishop might, by what I writ to him, have expected it would be done. Well, there is an end of that, and in a little time the queen will send them notice, &c. And so the methods will be settled, and then I shall think of returning, although the baseness of those bishops makes me love Ireland less than I did.

28. Lord Halifax sent to invite me to dinner, where I staid till six, and crossed him in all his Whig talk, and made him often come over to me. I know he makes court to the new men, although he affects to talk like a Whig. * * * * *

Faith, I will come as soon as it is any way proper for me to come ; but, to say the truth, I am at present a little involved with the present ministry in some certain things, (which I tell you as a secret ;) as soon as ever I can clear my hands, I will stay no longer : for I hope the first-fruit business will be soon over in all its forms. But, to say the truth, the present ministry have a difficult task, and want me, &c. Perhaps they may be just as grateful as others : but, according to the best judgment I have, they are pursuing the true interest of the public ; and therefore I am glad to contribute what is in my power. For God's sake, not a word of this to any alive. * * *

Dec. 2. Steele, the rogue, has done the impudentest thing in the world : he said something in a *Tatler*, that we ought to use the word Great Britain, and not England, in common conversation, as, the finest lady in Great Britain, &c. Upon this Rowe, Prior, and I, sent him a letter, turning this into ridicule. He has to-day printed the letter, and signed it J. S. M. P. and N. R. the first letters of our names. Congreve told me to-day, he smoked it immediately.

Congreve and I and Sir Charles Wager dined to-day at Delaval's, the Portugal envoy ; and I staid there till eight, and came home, and am now writing to you before I do business, because that dog Patrick is not at home, and the
5 fire is not made, and I am not in my gear. Plague take him !—I was looking by chance at the top of this side, and find I make plaguy mistakes in words ; so that you must fence against that as well as bad writing. Faith, I cannot nor will not read what I have written. (Plague of this puppy !)
10 Well, I will leave you till I am got to bed, and then I will say a word or two.—Well, it is now almost twelve, and I have been busy ever since, by a fire too, (I have my coals by half a bushel at a time, I will assure you,) and now I am got to bed. Well, and what have you to say to Presto now
15 he is abed? Come now, let us hear your speeches. No, it is a lie, I am not sleepy yet. Let us sit up a little longer, and talk. Well, where have you been to-day, that you are but just this minute come home in a coach? What have you lost? Pay the coachman, Stella. No, faith, not I, he
20 will grumble.—What new acquaintance have you got? come, let us hear. I have made Delaval promise to send me some Brazil tobacco from Portugal for you, Madam Dingley. I hope you will have your chocolate and spectacles before this comes to you.
25 3. Pshaw, I must be writing to those dear saucy brats every night, whether I will or no, let me have what business I will, or come home ever so late, or be ever so sleepy; but an old saying and a true one,

30 Be you lords, or be you earls,
You must write to naughty girls.

I was to-day at court, and saw Raymond among the beef-eaters, staying to see the queen ; so I put him in a better station, made two or three dozen of bows, and went to church, and then to court again to pick up a dinner,

as I did with Sir John Stanley, and then we went to visit Lord Mountjoy, and just now left him, and it is near eleven at night, young women, and methinks this letter comes pretty near to the bottom, and it is but eight days since the date, and do not think I will write on the other side, 5 I thank you for nothing. Faith, if I would use you to letters on sheets as broad as this room, you would always expect them from me. O, faith, I know you well enough ; but any old saying, &c.,

Two sides in a sheet,
And one in a street.

10

I think that is but a silly old saying, and so I will go to sleep, and do you so too. * * * * *

6. When is this letter to go, I wonder : hearkee, young woman, tell me that ? Saturday next for certain, and not 15 before : then it will be just a fortnight ; time enough for naughty girls, and long enough for two letters, faith. Congreve and Delaval have at last prevailed on Sir Godfrey Kneller to entreat me to let him draw my picture for nothing ; but I know not yet when I shall sit.—It is such 20 monstrous rainy weather, that there is no doing with it. Secretary St. John sent to me this morning, that my dining with him to-day was put off till to-morrow ; so I peaceably sat with my neighbour Ford, dined with him, and came home at six, and am now in bed as usual ; and now it is 25 time to have another letter from MD, yet I would not have it till this goes ; for that would look like two letters for one.

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8. To-day I dined with Mr. Harley and Prior ; but Mr. St. John did not come, though he promised ; he chid me for not seeing him oftener. Here is a d — d libellous 30 pamphlet come out against Lord Wharton, giving the character first, and then telling some of his actions : the

character is very well, but the facts indifferent. It has been sent by dozens to several gentlemen's lodgings, and I had one or two of them, but nobody knows the author or printer. We are terribly afraid of the plague; they say 5 it is at Newcastle. I begged Mr. Harley, for the love of God, to take some care about it, or we are all ruined. There have been orders for all ships from the Baltic to pass their quarantine before they land; but they neglect it. You remember I have been afraid these two years.

LETTER XI.

* * * * *

10 Dec. 14, 1710. Stay, I will answer some of your letter this morning in bed: let me see; come and appear, little letter. Here I am, says he, and what say you to Mrs. MD this morning, fresh and fasting? who dares think MD negligent? I allow them a fortnight, and they give it me. I could fill 15 a letter in a week; but it is longer every day, and so I keep it a fortnight, and then it is cheaper by one half. I have never been giddy, dear Stella, since that morning: I have taken a whole box of pills every night, and drank a pint of brandy at mornings.—O then, you kept Presto's little 20 birthday: would to God I had been with you. I forgot it, as I told you before. Rediculous, madam? I suppose you mean *ridiculous*: let me have no more of that; it is the author of the Atalantis's spelling. I have mended it in your letter. And can Stella read this writing without hurting her 25 dear eyes? O, faith, I am afraid not. Have a care of those eyes, pray, pray, pretty Stella.—It is well enough what you observe, That if I writ better, perhaps you would not read so well, being used to this manner; it is an alphabet you are used to; you know such a pothook makes a letter; and 30 you know what letter, and so and so. * * * *

At night. I went to-day to the Court of Requests (I will not answer the rest of your letter yet, that by the way) in hopes to dine with Mr. Harley: but Lord Dupplin, his son-in-law, told me he did not dine at home; so I was at a loss, until I met with Mr. Secretary St. John, and went 5 home and dined with him, where he told me of a good bite. Lord Rivers told me two days ago, that he was resolved to come Sunday fortnight next to hear me preach before the queen. I assured him the day was not yet fixed, and I knew nothing of it. To-day the secretary told me that 10 his father, (Sir Harry St. John,) and Lord Rivers, were to be at St. James's church to hear me preach there; and were assured I was to preach: so there will be another bite; for I know nothing of the matter, but that Mr. Harley and St. John are resolved I must preach before the queen, and 15 the secretary of state has told me he will give me three weeks' warning; but I desired to be excused, which he will not. St. John, 'you shall not be excused:' however, I hope they will forget it; for, if it should happen, all the puppies hereabouts will throng to hear me, and expect something 20 wonderful, and be plaguily balked, for I shall preach plain honest stuff. I staid with St. John till eight, and then came home, and Patrick desired leave to go abroad, and by and by comes up the girl to tell me a gentleman was below in a coach who had a bill to pay me; so I let him 25 come up, and who should it be but Mr. Addison and Sam Dopping, to haul me out to supper, where I have staid till twelve. If Patrick had been at home I should have escaped this; for I have taught him to deny me almost as well as Mr. Harley's porter. * * * * *

Mr. Addison and I are different as black and white, and I believe our friendship will go off, by this damned business of party: he cannot bear seeing me fall in so with this ministry; but I love him still as well as ever, though we 30

seldom meet.—Hussy, Stella, you jest about poor Congreve's eyes; you do so, hussy, but I will bang your bones, faith.—Yes, Steele was a little while in prison, or at least in a spunging-house, some time before I came, but not since.

* * * * *

5 15. Lord, what a long day's writing was yesterday's answer to your letter, sirrahs. I dined to-day with Lewis and Ford, whom I have brought acquainted. Lewis told me a pure thing. I had been hankering with Mr. Harley to save Steele his other employment, and have a little
 10 mercy on him, and I had been saying the same thing to Lewis, who is Mr. Harley's chief favourite. Lewis tells Mr. Harley how kindly I should take it, if he would be reconciled to Steele, &c. Mr. Harley, on my account, falls in with it, and appoints Steele a time to let him attend him,
 15 which Steele accepts with great submission, but never comes, nor sends any excuse. Whether it was blundering, sullenness, insolence, or rancour of party, I cannot tell; but I shall trouble myself no more about him. I believe Addison hindered him out of mere spite, being grated to
 20 the soul to think he should ever want my help to save his friend; yet now he is soliciting me to make another of his friends queen's secretary at Geneva: and I will do it if I can; it is poor Pastoral Philips. * * * * *

LETTER XII.

Jan. 1, 1710-11. Morning. I wish my dearest, pretty
 25 MD a happy new year, and health, and mirth, and good stomachs, and Fr's company. Faith, I did not know how to write Fr. I wondered what was the matter; but now I remember I always write Pdfr. * * So, good morrow, my mistresses all.

I wish you both a merry new year,
 Roast beef, mince pies, and good strong beer,
 And me a share of your good cheer.
 That I was there, or you were here,
 And you are a little saucy dear.

* * * * *

5

Jan. 2. I went this morning early to the Secretary of State, Mr. St. John, and he told me from Mr. Harley that the warrant was now drawn, in order for a patent for the first-fruits: it must pass through several offices, and take up some time, because in things the queen gives, they are always considerate; but that he assures me it is granted and done, and past all dispute, and desires I will not be in any pain at all. * * I dined with Mr. Secretary St. John, and at six went to Darteneuf's house to drink punch with him, and Mr. Addison, and little Harrison, a young poet, whose fortune I am making. Steele was to have been there, but came not, nor never did twice, since I knew him, to any appointment. I staid till past eleven, and am now in bed. Steele's last *Tatler* came out to-day. You will see it before this comes to you, and how he takes leave of the world. He never told so much as Mr. Addison of it, who was surprised as much as I; but to say the truth, it was time, for he grew cruel dull and dry. To my knowledge he had several good hints to go upon; but he was so lazy and weary of the work, that he would not improve them. I think I will send this after to-morrow: shall I before it is full, Dingley?

3. Lord Peterborough yesterday called me into a barber's shop, and there we talked deep politics: he desired me to dine with him to-day at the Globe in the Strand; he said he would show me so clearly how to get Spain that I could not possibly doubt it. I went to-day accordingly, and saw him among half a dozen lawyers and attornies and hang dogs, signing deeds and stuff before his journey; for he

goes to-morrow to Vienna. I sat among that scurvy company till after four, but heard nothing of Spain ; only I find, by what he told me before, that he fears he shall do no good in his present journey. We are to be mighty
5 constant correspondents. So I took my leave of him, and called at Sir Andrew Fountaine's, who mends much.

LETTER XIII.

Jan. 6, 1710-11. At night. I was this morning to visit the dean, or Mr. Prolocutor, I think you call him, do not you? Why should I not go to the dean's as well as you?
10 A little black man of pretty near fifty? Ay, the same. A good, pleasant man? Ay, the same. Cunning enough? Yes. One that understands his own interest? As well as anybody. How comes it MD and I do not meet there sometimes? A very good face, and abundance of wit ; do
15 you know his lady? O Lord, whom do you mean? I mean Dr. Atterbury, dean of Carlisle, and prolocutor. Pshaw, Presto, you are a fool ; I thought you had meant one dean of St. Patrick's. Silly, silly, silly, you are silly, both are silly, every kind of thing is silly. * *

20 Jan. 7. I must talk politics. I protest I am afraid we shall all be embroiled with parties. The Whigs, now they are fallen, are the most malicious toads in the world. We have had now a second misfortune, the loss of several Virginia ships. I fear people will begin to think that
25 nothing thrives under this ministry : and if the ministry can once be rendered odious to the people, the parliament may be chosen Whig or Tory, as the queen pleases. Then I think our friends press a little too hard on the Duke of Marlborough. The country members are violent to have
30 past faults inquired into, and they have reason ; but I do not observe the ministry to be very fond of it. In my opinion,

we have nothing to save us but a peace, and I am sure we cannot have such a one as we hoped, and then the Whigs will bawl what they would have done had they continued in power. I tell the ministry this as much as I dare, and shall venture to say a little more to them, especially about 5 the Duke of Marlborough, who, as the Whigs give out, will lay down his command; and I question whether ever any wise state laid aside a general who had been successful nine years together, whom the enemy so much dreaded, and his own soldiers cannot but believe must always 10 conquer; and you know that in war opinion is nine parts in ten. The ministry hear me always with appearance of regard, and much kindness; but I doubt they let personal quarrels mingle too much with their proceedings. Meantime, they seem to value all this as nothing, and are as easy 15 and merry as if they had nothing in their hearts, or upon their shoulders; like physicians, who endeavour to cure, but feel no grief, whatever the patient suffers. * * *

11. I am setting up a new *Tatler*, little Harrison, whom I have mentioned to you. Others have put him on it, and 20 I encourage him; and he was with me this morning and evening, showing me his first, which comes out on Saturday. I doubt he will not succeed, for I do not much approve his manner; but the scheme is Mr. Secretary St. John's and mine, and would have done well enough in good hands. 25 I recommended him to a printer, whom I sent for, and settled the matter between them this evening. Harrison has just left me, and I am tired with correcting his trash.

12. I was this morning upon some business with Mr. Secretary St. John, and he made me promise to dine with 30 him, which otherwise I would have done with Mr. Harley, whom I have not been with these ten days. I cannot but think they have mighty difficulties upon them; yet I always find them as easy and disengaged as schoolboys on a

holiday. Harley has the procuring of five or six millions on his shoulders, and the Whigs will not lend a groat; which is the only reason of the fall of stocks: for they are like Quakers and fanatics, that will only deal among themselves, while all others deal indifferently with them. Lady Marlborough offers, if they will let her keep her employments, never to come into the queen's presence. The Whigs say the Duke of Marlborough will serve no more; but I hope and think otherwise. I would to Heaven I
 10 were this minute with MD at Dublin; for I am weary of politics that give me such melancholy prospects.

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LETTER XIV.

London, January 16, 1710-11.

O FAITH, young women, I have sent my letter N. 13, without one crumb of an answer to any of MD's; there is for you now; and yet Presto ben't angry faith, not a bit,
 15 only he will begin to be in pain next Irish post, except he sees MD's little handwriting in the glass frame at the bar of St. James's Coffeehouse, where Presto would never go but for that purpose. Presto's at home, God help him, every night from six till bed time, and has as little enjoyment
 20 or pleasure in life at present as any body in the world, although in full favour with all the ministry. As hope saved, nothing gives Presto any sort of dream of happiness, but a letter now and then from his own dearest MD. I love the expectation of it, and when it does not come,
 25 I comfort myself that I have it yet to be happy with. Yes, faith, and when I write to MD, I am happy too; it is just as if methinks you were here, and I prating to you, and telling you where I have been: Well, says you, Presto, come, where have you been to-day? come, let's hear now.
 30 And so then I answer; Ford and I were visiting Mr. Lewis,

and Mr. Prior, and Prior has given me a fine Plautus, and then Ford would have had me dine at his lodgings, and so I would not ; and so I dined with him at an eating-house ; which I have not done five times since I came here ; and so I came home, after visiting Sir Andrew Fountaine's mother and sister, and Sir Andrew Fountaine is mending, though slowly. * * * * *

LETTER XV.

London, Jan. 31, 1710-11.

I AM to send you my fourteenth to-morrow, but my head having some little disorder, confounds my journals. I was early this morning with Mr. Secretary St. John, about some business, so I could not scribble my morning lines to MD. They are here intending to tax all little printed penny papers a halfpenny every half sheet, which will utterly ruin Grub Street, and I am endeavouring to prevent it. * * We are here in as smart a frost for the time as I have seen ; delicate walking weather, and the Canal and Rosamond's Pond full of the rabble sliding, and with skates, if you know what those are. Patrick's bird's water freezes in the gallipot, and my hands in bed.

Feb. 1. I was this morning with poor Lady Kerry, who is much worse in her head than I. She sends me bottles of her bitter, and we are so fond of one another, because our ailments are the same ; do not you know that, Madam Stell? have not I seen you conning ailments with Joe's wife, and some others, sirrah? I walked into the city to dine, because of the walk ; for we must take care of Presto's health, you know, because of poor little MD. But I walked plaguy carefully, for fear of sliding against my will ; but I am very busy.

2. This morning Mr. Ford came to me to walk into the city, where he had business, and then to buy books at

Bateman's; and I laid out one pound five shillings for a Strabo and Aristophanes, and I have now got books enough to make me another shelf, and I will have more, or it shall cost me a fall; and so as we came back, we drank a flask
5 of right French wine at Ben Tooke's chamber; and when I had got home, Mrs. Vanhomrigh sent me word her eldest daughter was taken suddenly very ill, and desired I would come and see her; I went, and found it was a silly trick of Mrs. Armstrong, Lady Lucy's sister, who, with Moll
10 Stanhope, was visiting there: however, I rattled off the daughter.

3. To-day I went and dined at Lady Lucy's, where you know I have not been this long time; they are plaguy Whigs, especially the sister Armstrong, the most insupport-
15 able of all women pretending to wit, without any taste. She was running down the last *Examiner*, the prettiest I had read, with a character of the present ministry. I left them at five, and came home. But I forgot to tell you, that this morning, my cousin, Dryden Leach, the printer,
20 came to me with a heavy complaint, that Harrison, the new *Tatler*, had turned him off, and taken the last *Tatler's* printers again. He vowed revenge; I answered gravely, and so he left me, and I have ordered Patrick to deny me to him from henceforth: and at night comes a letter from
25 Harrison, telling me the same thing, and excused his doing it without my notice, because he would bear all the blame; and in his *Tatler* of this day he tells you the story, how he has taken his old officers, and there is a most humble letter from Morpew and Lilly, to beg his pardon, &c. And
30 lastly, this morning Ford sent me two letters from the coffeehouse, (where I hardly ever go,) one from the Archbishop of Dublin, and the other from ——. Who do you think the other was from? — I will tell you, because you are friends; why then it was, faith it was from my own

dear little MD, N. 10. O, but will not answer it now, no, nooooooh, I will keep it between the two sheets ; here it is, just under : O, I lifted up the sheet and saw it there : lie still, you shall not be answered yet, little letter ; for I must go to bed, and take care of my head.

4. I avoid going to church yet, for fear of my head, though it has been much better these last five or six days, since I have taken Lady Kerry's bitter. Our frost holds like a dragon. I went to Mr. Addison's, and dined with him at his lodgings ; I had not seen him these three weeks ; 10 we are grown common acquaintance : yet what have not I done for his friend Steele ? Mr. Harley reproached me the last time I saw him, that to please me, he would be reconciled to Steele, and had promised and appointed to see him, and that Steele never came. Harrison, whom 15 Mr. Addison recommended to me, I have introduced to the Secretary of State, who has promised me to take care of him ; and I have represented Addison himself so to the ministry, that they think and talk in his favour, though they hated him before.—Well ; he is now in my debt, and there 20 is an end ; and I never had the least obligation to him, and there is another end. This evening I had a message from Mr. Harley, desiring to know whether I was alive, and that I would dine with him to-morrow. They dine so late, that since my head has been wrong, I have avoided being with 25 them. Patrick has been out of favour these ten days ; I talk dry and cross to him, and have called him friend three or four times. But, sirrahs, get you gone. * * *

6. Mr. Harley desired I would dine with him again to-day ; but I refused him, for I fell out with him yesterday, 30 and will not see him again till he makes me amends ; and so I go to bed.

7. I was this morning early with Mr. Lewis of the secretary's office, and saw a letter Mr. Harley had sent

to him, desiring to be reconciled ; but I was deaf to all entreaties, and have desired Lewis to go to him, and let him know I expect farther satisfaction. If we let these great ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them. He promises to make me easy, if I will but come and see him ; but I will not, and he shall do it by message, or I will cast him off. I will tell you the cause of our quarrel when I see you, and refer it to yourselves. In short he did something, which he intended for a favour, and
 10 I have taken it quite otherwise, disliking both the thing and the manner, and it has heartily vexed me, and all I have said is truth, though it looks like jest : and I absolutely refused to submit to his intended favour, and expect farther satisfaction. Mr. Ford and I dined with
 15 Mr. Lewis. We have a monstrous deal of snow, and it has cost me two shillings to-day in chair and coach, and walked till I was dirty besides. I know not what it is now to read or write after I am in bed. The last thing I do up is to write something to our MD, and then get into bed,
 20 and put out my candle, and so go sleep as fast as ever I can. But in the mornings I do write sometimes in bed, as you know. * * * * *

LETTER XVI.

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Feb. 13, 1710-11. I have taken Mr. Harley into favour again, and called to see him, but he was not within ; I will use
 25 to visit him after dinner, for he dines too late for my head : then I went to visit poor Congreve, who is just getting out of a severe fit of the gout, and I sat with him till near nine o'clock. He gave me a *Tatler* he had written out, as blind as he is, for little Harrison. It is about a scoundrel that
 30 was grown rich, and went and bought a *coat of arms* at the Herald's, and a set of ancestors at Fleet-ditch ; it is well

enough, and shall be printed in two or three days, and if you read those kind of things, this will divert you. It is now between ten and eleven, and I am going to bed.

* * * * *

16. I went to-day into the city for a walk, but the person I designed to dine with was not at home : so I came back 5 and called at Congreve's, and dined with him and Estcourt, and laughed till six, then went to Mr. Harley's, who was not gone to dinner ; there I staid till nine, and we made up our quarrel, and he has invited me to dinner to-morrow, which is the day of the week (Saturday) that Lord-keeper and 10 Secretary St. John dine with him privately, and at last they have consented to let me among them on that day. Atterbury and Prior went to bury poor Dr. Duke. Congreve's nasty white wine has given me the heartburn.

17. I took some good walks in the Park to-day, and then 15 went to Mr. Harley. Lord Rivers was got there before me, and I chid him for presuming to come on a day when only lord-keeper, the secretary, and I were to be there ; but he regarded me not ; so we all dined together, and sat down at four ; and the secretary has invited me to dine with him 20 to-morrow. I told them I had no hopes they could ever keep in, but that I saw they loved one another so well, as indeed they seem to do. They call me nothing but Jonathan ; and I said, I believed they would leave me Jonathan, as they found me ; and that I never knew a 25 ministry do any thing for those whom they made companions of their pleasures ; and I believe you will find it so ; but I care not. I am upon a project of getting five hundred pounds, without being obliged to any body ; but that is a secret, till I see my dearest MD ; and so hold your tongue, 30 and do not talk, sirrahs, for I am now about it.

18. My head has no fits, but a little disordered before dinner ; yet I walk stoutly, and take pills, and hope to

mend. Secretary St. John would needs have me dine with him to-day, and there I found three persons I never saw, two I had no acquaintance with, and one I did not care for : so I left them early, and came home, it being no day
5 to walk, but scurvy rain and wind. The secretary tells me he has put a cheat on me ; for Lord Peterborough sent him twelve dozen flasks of Burgundy, on condition that I should have my share ; but he never was quiet till they were all gone ; so I reckon he owes me thirty-six pounds. Lord
10 Peterborough is now got to Vienna, and I must write to him to-morrow. I begin now to be toward looking for a letter from some certain ladies of Presto's acquaintance, that live at St. Mary's, and are called, in a certain language, our little MD. No, stay, I do not expect one these six
15 days, that will be just three weeks ; an't I a reasonable creature ? We are plagued here with an October Club ; that is, a set of above a hundred parliamentmen of the country, who drink October beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern near the parliament, to consult affairs,
20 and drive things on to extremes against the Whigs, to call the old ministry to account, and get off five or six heads. The ministry seem not to regard them, yet one of them in confidence told me that there must be something thought on to settle things better. I will tell you one great state
25 secret ; the queen, sensible how much she was governed by the late ministry, runs a little into the other extreme, and is jealous in that point, even of those who got her out of the other's hands. The ministry is for gentler measures, and the other Tories for more violent. Lord Rivers, talking
30 to me the other day, cursed the paper called *The Examiner*, for speaking civilly of the Duke of Marlborough : this I happened to talk of to the secretary, who blamed the warmth of that lord, and some others, and swore, that, if their advice were followed, they would be blown up in twenty-four hours.

LETTER XVII.

* * * * *

March 4, 1710-11. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John ; and after dinner he had a note from Mr. Harley, that he was much out of order ; pray God preserve his health, every thing depends upon it. The parliament at present cannot go a step without him, nor the queen neither. 5 I long to be in Ireland ; but the ministry beg me to stay : however, when this parliament hurry is over, I will endeavour to steal away ; by which time I hope the first-fruit business will be done. This kingdom is certainly ruined, as much as was ever any bankrupt merchant. We must 10 have peace, let it be a bad or a good one, though nobody dares talk of it. The nearer I look upon things, the worse I like them. I believe the confederacy will soon break to pieces ; and our factions at home increase. The ministry is upon a very narrow bottom, and stands like an isthmus 15 between the Whigs on one side, and violent Tories on the other. They are able seamen, but the tempest is too great, the ship too rotten, and the crew all against them. Lord Somers has been twice in the queen's closet, once very lately ; and your Duchess of Somerset, who now 20 has the key, is a most insinuating woman, and I believe they will endeavour to play the same game that has been played against them. I have told them of all this, which they know already, but they cannot help it. They have cautioned the queen so much against being governed, that 25 she observes it too much. I could talk till to-morrow upon these things, but they make me melancholy. I could not but observe that lately, after much conversation with Mr. Harley, though he is the most fearless man alive and the least apt to despond, he confessed to me, that uttering his 30 mind to me gave him ease. * *

7. * * Yes, I do read the Examiners, and they are

written very finely as you judge. I do not think they are too severe on the Duke ; they only tax him of avarice, and his avarice has ruined us. * * And so you say, Stella's a pretty girl ; and so she be, and methinks I see her now as
5 handsome as the day is long. Do you know what ? When I am writing in our language, I make up my mouth, just as if I were speaking it. I caught myself at it just now. * * *

8. O dear MD, my heart is almost broken. You will hear the thing before this comes to you. I writ a full
10 account of it this night to the Archbishop of Dublin ; and the dean may tell you the particulars from the archbishop. I was in a sorry way to write, but thought it might be proper to send a true account of the fact ; for you will hear a thousand lying circumstances. It is of Mr. Harley's
15 being stabbed this afternoon at three o'clock at a committee of the council. I was playing Lady Catherine Morris's cards, where I dined, when young Arundel came in with the story. I ran away immediately to the secretary, which was in my way : no one was at home. I met Mrs. St. John
20 in her chair ; she had heard it imperfectly. I took a chair to Mr. Harley, who was asleep, and they hope in no danger ; but he has been out of order, and was so when he came abroad to-day, and it may put him in a fever : I am in mortal pain for him. That desperate French villain,
25 Marquis de Guiscard, stabbed Mr. Harley. Guiscard was taken up by Mr. Secretary St. John's warrant for high treason, and brought before the lords to be examined ; there he stabbed Mr. Harley. I have told all the particulars already to the archbishop. I have now at nine
30 sent again, and they tell me he is in a fair way. Pray pardon my distraction ! I now think of all his kindness to me.—The poor creature now lies stabbed in his bed by a desperate French Popish villain. Good night, and God preserve you both, and pity me ; I want it.

9. Morning ; seven, in bed. Patrick is just come from Mr. Harley's. He slept well till four ; the surgeon sat up with him : he is asleep again : he felt a pain in his wound when he waked : they apprehend him in no danger. This account the surgeon left with the porter, to tell people that 5 send. Pray God preserve him. I am rising and going to Mr. Secretary St. John. They say Guiscard will die with the wounds Mr. St. John and the rest gave him. I shall tell you more at night.—Night. Mr. Harley still continues on the mending hand ; but he rested ill last night, and felt 10 pain. I was early with the secretary this morning, and I dined with him, and he told me several particularities of this accident, too long to relate now. Mr. Harley is still mending this evening, but not at all out of danger ; and till then I can have no peace. Good night, &c., and pity 15 Presto.

10. Mr. Harley was restless last night ; but he has no fever, and the hope of mending increases. * * *

LETTER XVIII.

London, March 10, 1710-11.

PRETTY little MD must expect little from me till Mr. Harley is out of danger. We hope he is so now : but I am 20 subject to fear for my friends. He has a head full of the whole business of the nation, was out of order when the villain stabbed him, and had a cruel contusion by the second blow. But all goes well on yet. Mr. Ford and I dined with Mr. Lewis, and we hope the best. 25

11. This morning Mr. Secretary and I met at court, where we went to the queen, who is out of order and aguish : I doubt the worst for this accident to Mr. Harley. We went together to his house, and his wound looks well, and he is not feverish at all, and I think it is foolish in me 30

to be so much in pain as I am. I had the penknife in my hand, which is broken within a quarter of an inch of the handle. I have a mind to write and publish an account of all the particularities of this fact : it will be very curious, 5 and I would do it when Mr. Harley is past danger.

12. We have been in terrible pain to-day about Mr. Harley, who never slept last night, and has been very feverish. But this evening I called there, and young Mr. Harley (his only son) tells me he is now much better, and 10 was then asleep. They let nobody see him, and that is perfectly right. The parliament cannot go on till he is well, and are forced to adjourn their money businesses, which none but he can help them in. Pray God preserve him.

13. Mr. Harley is better to-day, slept well all night, and 15 we are a little out of our fears. I send and call three or four times every day. * * * * *

LETTER XIX.

* * * * *

April 3, 1711. I called at Mr. Secretary, to see what the D— ailed him on Sunday ; I made him a very proper speech, told him I observed he was much out of temper : that I 20 did not expect he would tell me the cause, but would be glad to see he was in better ; and one thing I warned him of, never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a schoolboy ; that I had felt too much of that in my life already, (meaning Sir William Temple,) that I expected 25 every great minister, who honoured me with his acquaintance, if he heard or saw any thing to my disadvantage, would let me know in plain words, and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behaviour ; for it was what I would hardly bear from a 30 crowned head, and I thought no subject's favour was worth

it; and that I designed to let my lord-keeper and Mr. Harley know the same thing, that they might use me accordingly. He took all right; said I had reason; vowed nothing ailed him but sitting up whole nights at business, and one night at drinking; would have had me dine with 5 him and Mrs. Masham's brother, to make up matters; but I would not. I don't know, but I would not. * * *

LETTER XXIII.

Chelsea, May 12, 1711.

I SENT you my twenty-second this afternoon in town. I dined with Mr. Harley and the old club, Lord Rivers, lord-keeper, and Mr. Secretary.—They rallied me last 10 week, and said I must have Mr. St. John's leave, so I writ to him yesterday, that, foreseeing I should never dine again with Sir Simon Harcourt, knight, and Robert Harley, Esq., I was resolved to do it to-day. The jest is, that, before Saturday next, we expect they will be lords; for Mr. 15 Harley's patent is drawing to be Earl of Oxford. Mr. Secretary and I came away at seven, and he brought me to our town's end in his coach; so I lost my walk. St. John read my letter to the company, which was all raillery, and passed purely. 20

13. It rained all last night and this morning as heavy as lead; but I just got fair weather to walk to town before church. The roads are all over in deep puddle. The hay of our town is almost fit to be mowed. I went to court after church, (as I always do on Sundays,) and then 25 dined with Mr. Secretary, who has engaged me for every Sunday, and poor MD dined at home upon a bit of veal, and a pint of wine. Is it not plaguy insipid to tell you every day where I dine? yet now I have got into the way of it, I cannot forbear it neither. Indeed, Mr. Presto, you 30 had better go answer MD's letter, N. 14. I'll answer it

when I please, Mr. Doctor. What's that you say? The court was very full this morning, expecting Mr. Harley would be declared Earl of Oxford, and have the treasurer's staff. Mr. Harley never comes to court at all; somebody
 5 there asked me the reason; Why, said I, the Lord of Oxford knows. He always goes to the queen by the back stairs. * * * * *

14. I went to town to-day by water. The heat quite discouraged me from walking, and there is no shade in the
 10 greatest part of the way: I took the first boat, and had a footman my companion; then went again by water, and dined in the city with a printer, to whom I carried a pamphlet in manuscript, that Mr. Secretary gave me. The printer sent it to the secretary for his approbation, and he
 15 desired me to look it over, which I did, and found it a very scurvy piece. The reason I tell you so is, because it was done by your parson Slap, Scrap, Flap, (what d'ye call him?) Trap, your chancellor's chaplain. 'Tis called *A Character of the present Set of Whigs*, and is going to be
 20 printed, and no doubt the author will take care to produce it in Ireland. Dr. Freind was with me, and pulled out a twopenny pamphlet just published, called *The State of Wit*, giving a character of all the papers that have come out of late. The author seems to be a Whig, yet he
 25 speaks very highly of a paper called *The Examiner*, and says the supposed author of it is Dr. Swift. But above all things he praises the *Tatlers* and *Spectators*; and I believe Steele and Addison were privy to the printing of it. Thus is one treated by these impudent dogs. And that villain
 30 Curl has scraped up some trash, and calls it Dr. Swift's *Miscellanies*, with the name at large, and I can get no satisfaction of him. Nay, Mr. Harley told me he had read it, and only laughed at me before lord-keeper, and the rest. Since I came home I have been sitting with the prolocutor,

Dean Atterbury, who is my neighbour over the way; but generally keeps in town with his convocation.

15. My walk to town to-day was after ten, and prodigiously hot; I dined with Lord Shelburne, and have desired Mrs. Pratt, who lodges there, to carry over Mrs. Walls's tea; I hope she will do it, and they talk of going in a fortnight. My way is this: I leave my best gown and periwig at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, then walk the Pall Mall, through the Park, out at Buckingham House, and so to Chelsea a little beyond the church: I set out about sunset, 10 and get here in something less than an hour: it is two good miles, and just five thousand seven hundred and forty-eight steps; so there is four miles a day walking, without reckoning what I walk while I stay in town. When I pass the Mall in the evening it is prodigious to 15 see the number of ladies walking there; and I always cry shame at the ladies of Ireland, who never walk at all, as if their legs were of no use but to be laid aside. I have been now almost three weeks here, and I thank God, am much better in my head, if it does but continue. I tell you what, 20 if I was with you, when we went to Stoyte at Donnybrook, we would only take a coach to the hither end of Stephen's Green, and from thence go every step on foot, yes faith, every step; it would do: DD goes as well as Presto. Every body tells me I look better already; for faith I 25 looked sadly, that's certain. My breakfast is milk porridge: I don't love it, faith I hate it, but 'tis cheap and wholesome; and I hate to be obliged to either of those qualities for any thing.

16. I wonder why Presto will be so tedious in answering 30 MD's letters; because he would keep the best to the last I suppose. Well, Presto must be humoured, it must be as he will have it, or there will be an old to do. Dead with heat, are not you very hot? My walks make my forehead

sweat rarely ; sometimes my morning journey is by water, as it was to-day with one parson Richardson, who came to see me, on his going to Ireland ; and with him I send Mrs. Walls's tea, and three books I got from the lords of
5 the treasury for the college. * * * * *

17. We expect now every day that Mr. Harley will be Earl of Oxford and lord-treasurer. His patent is passing ; but they say, lord-keeper's not yet, at least his son, young Harcourt, told me so t'other day. I dined to-day privately
10 with my friend Lewis at his lodgings at Whitehall. T'other day at Whitehall I met a lady of my acquaintance, whom I had not seen before since I came to England : we were mighty glad to see each other, and she has engaged me to visit her, as I design to do. It is one Mrs. Colledge ; she
15 has lodgings at Whitehall, having been seamstress to King William, worth three hundred a year. Her father was a fanatic joiner, hanged for treason in Shaftsbury's plot. This noble person and I were brought acquainted, some years ago, by Lady Berkeley. I love good creditable
20 acquaintance ; I love to be worst of the company : I am not of those that say, for want of company, welcome trumpery. I was this evening with Lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt at Vauxhall, to hear the nightingales ; but they are almost past singing.

25 18. I was hunting the secretary to-day in vain about some business, and dined with Colonel Crowe, late Governor of Barbadoes, and your friend Sterne was the third : he is very kind to Sterne, and helps him in his business, which lies asleep till Mr. Harley is lord-treasurer, because
30 nothing of moment is now done in the treasury, the change being expected every day. I sat with Dean Atterbury till one o'clock after I came home ; so 'tis late.

19. Do you know that about our town we are mowing already and making hay, and it smells so sweet as we walk

through the flowery meads ; but the hay-making nymphs are perfect drabs, nothing so clean and pretty as farther in the country. There is a mighty increase of dirty wenches in straw hats since I knew London. I staid at home till five o'clock, and dined with Dean Atterbury : then went by 5 water to Mr. Harley's, where the Saturday club was met, with the addition of the Duke of Shrewsbury. I whispered Lord Rivers, that I did not like to see a stranger among us : and the rogue told it aloud : but Mr. Secretary said, the duke writ to have leave : so I appeared satisfied, and so 10 we laughed. Mr. Secretary told me the Duke of Buckingham had been talking to him much about me, and desired my acquaintance. I answered, it could not be : for he had not made sufficient advances. Then the Duke of Shrewsbury said, he thought that duke was not used to make 15 advances. I said I could not help that ; for I always expected advances in proportion to men's quality, and more from a duke than other men. The duke replied, that he did not mean any thing of his quality ; which was handsomely said enough ; for he meant his pride : and I 20 have invented a notion to believe that nobody is proud. At ten all the company went away ; and from ten till twelve Mr. Harley and I sat together, where we talked through a great deal of matters I had a mind to settle with him, and then walked, in a fine moonshine night, to 25 Chelsea, where I got by one. Lord Rivers conjured me not to walk so late ; but I would, because I had no other way ; but I had no money to lose.

20. By what lord-keeper told me last night, I find he will not be made a peer so soon : but Mr. Harley's patent for 30 Earl of Oxford is now drawing, and will be done in three days. We made him own it, which he did scurvily, and then talked of it like the rest. Mr. Secretary had too much company with him to-day ; so I came away soon after

dinner. I give no man liberty to swear or talk lewdly, and I found some of them were in constraint, so I left them to themselves. I wish you a merry Whitsuntide, and pray tell me how you pass away your time : but faith, you are going
 5 to Wexford, and I fear this letter is too late ; it shall go on Thursday, and sooner it cannot, I have so much business to hinder me answering yours. Where must I direct in your absence ? Do you quit your lodgings ?

21. Going to town this morning, I met in the Pall Mall
 10 a clergyman of Ireland, whom I love very well, and was glad to see, and with him a little jackanapes of Ireland too, who married Nanny Swift, uncle Adam's daughter, one Perry ; perhaps you may have heard of him. His wife has sent him here to get a place from Lownds ; because my
 15 uncle and Lownds married two sisters, and Lownds is a great man here in the treasury : but by good luck I have no acquaintance with him : however he expected I should be his friend to Lownds, and one word of mine, &c., the old cant. But I will not go two yards to help him. I
 20 dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, where I keep my best gown and periwig to put on when I come to town and be a spark.

22. I dined to-day in the city, and coming home this evening, I met Sir Thomas Mansel and Mr. Lewis in the Park. Lewis whispered me that Mr. Harley's patent for
 25 Earl of Oxford was passed in Mr. Secretary St. John's office ; so to-morrow or next day I suppose he will be declared Earl of Oxford, and have the staff. This man has grown by persecutions, turnings out, and stabbing. What waiting, and crowding, and bowing, will be at his
 30 levee ? yet, if human nature be capable of so much constancy, I should believe he will be the same man still, bating the necessary forms of grandeur he must keep up.
 'Tis late sirrahs, and I'll go sleep. * * * *

23. O faith, I should be glad to be in the same kingdom

with MD, however, although you were at Wexford. But I am kept here by a most capricious fate, which I would break through, if I could do it with decency or honour.— To return without some mark of distinction, would look extremely little : and I would likewise gladly be somewhat 5 richer than I am. I will say no more, but beg you to be easy, till fortune take her course, and to believe that MD's felicity is the great end I aim at in my pursuits. And so let us talk no more on this subject, which makes me melancholy, and that I would fain divert. Believe me, no 10 man breathing at present has less share of happiness in life than I : I do not say I am unhappy at all, but that every thing here is tasteless to me for want of being where I would be. And so a short sigh, and no more of this.

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LETTER XXIV.

June 7, 1711. * * Why, Madame Dingley, the 15 First Fruits are done ! Southwell told me they went to inquire about them, and lord-treasurer said they were done, and had been long ago. And I'll tell you a secret you must not mention, that the Duke of Ormond is ordered to take notice of them in his speech to your parliament ; 20 and I desire you will take care to say on occasion, that my lord-treasurer Harley did it many months ago, before the Duke was lord-lieutenant. * * * As for the *Examiner*, I have heard a whisper that after that of this day, which tells what this parliament has done, you will 25 hardly find them so good, I prophesy they will be trash for the future ; and methinks in this day's *Examiner* the author talks doubtfully, as if he would write no more.

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LETTER XXV.

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June 22, 1711. I went late to-day to town, and dined with my friend Lewis. I saw Will. Congreve attending at the treasury, by order, with his brethren, the commissioners of the wine licences. I had often mentioned him with kindness to lord-treasurer; and Congreve told me, that after they had answered to what they were sent for, my lord called him privately, and spoke to him with great kindness, promising his protection, &c. The poor man said, he had been used so ill of late years, he was quite astonished at my lord's goodness, &c., and desired me to tell my lord so; which I did this evening, and recommended him heartily. My lord assured me he esteemed him very much, and would be always kind to him; that what he said was to make Congreve easy, because he knew people talked as if his lordship designed to turn everybody out, and particularly Congreve; which indeed was true, for the poor man told me he apprehended it. As I left my lord-treasurer I called on Congreve, (knowing where he dined,) and told him what had passed between my lord and me: so I have made a worthy man easy, and that is a good day's work. I am proposing to my lord to erect a society or academy for correcting and settling our language, that we may not perpetually be changing as we do. He enters mightily into it, so does the Dean of Carlisle; and I design to write a letter to lord-treasurer with the proposals of it, and publish it; and so I told my lord, and he approves of it. Yesterday's was a sad *Examiner*, and last week was very indifferent, though some little scraps of the old spirit, as if he had given some hints; but yesterday's is all trash. It is plain the hand is changed. * * * *

30. Now, Madam Stella, what say you? you ride every

day ; I know that already, sirrah ; and if you ride every day for a twelvemonth, you would be still better and better. No, I hope Parvisol will not have the impudence to make you stay an hour for the money ; if he does, I'll un-parvisol him ; pray let me know. O Lord, how hasty we are ; Stella 5 can't stay writing and writing ; she must ride and go a cockhorse, pray now. Well, but the horses are not come to the door ; the fellow can't find the bridle ; your stirrup is broken ; where did you put the whips, Dingley ? Marg'et, where have you laid Mrs. Johnson's ribband to tie about 10 her ? reach me my mask ; sup up this before you go. So, so, a gallop, a gallop ; sit fast, sirrah, and don't ride hard upon the stones. Well, now Stella is gone, tell me, Dingley, is she a good girl ? and what news is that you are to tell me ?—No, I believe the box is not lost : Sterne says 15 it is not.—No, faith, you must go to Wexford without seeing your Duke of Ormond, unless you stay on purpose ; perhaps you may be so wise. I tell you this is your sixteenth letter ; will you never be satisfied ? No, no, I'll walk late no more ; I ought less to venture it than other people, 20 and so I was told : but I'll return to lodge in town next Thursday. When you come from Wexford, I would have you send a letter of attorney to Mr. Benjamin Tooke, bookseller in London, directed to me ; and he shall manage your affair. I have your parchment safely locked up in 25 London. O Madam Stella, welcome home ; was it pleasant riding ? did your horse stumble ? how often did the man light to settle your stirrup ? ride nine miles ? faith you have galloped indeed. * * * * *

Farewell, my dearest lives and delights, I love you better 30 than ever, if possible, as hope saved, I do, and ever will. God almighty bless you ever, and make us happy together ; I pray for this twice every day ; and I hope God will hear my poor hearty prayers. Remember, if I am used ill and

ungratefully, as I have formerly been, 'tis what I am prepared for, and shall not wonder at it. Yet, I am now envied, and thought in high favour, and have every day numbers of considerable men teasing me to solicit for them.
 5 And the ministry all use me perfectly well, and all that know them say they love me. Yet I can count upon nothing, nor will, but upon MD's love and kindness. They think me useful ; they pretended they were afraid of none but me ; and that they resolved to have me ; they
 10 have often confessed this : yet all makes little impression on me. Plague of these speculations ! they give me the spleen ; and that is a disease I was not born to.—Let me alone, sirrahs, and be satisfied : I am, as long as MD and Presto are well :

Little wealth,
 And much health,
 And a life by stealth ;

15 that is all we want ; and so farewell, dearest MD ; Stella, Dingley, Presto, all together, now and for ever all together. Farewell again and again.

LETTER XXVII.

* * * * *

July 28, 1711. Morning. Mr. Secretary sent me word he will call at my lodgings by two this afternoon, to take me
 20 to Windsor, so I must dine no where ; and I promised lord-treasurer to dine with him to-day ; but I suppose we shall dine at Windsor at five, for we make but three hours there. I am going abroad, but have left Patrick to put up my things, and to be sure to be at home half an hour before
 25 two.—Windsor, at night. We did not leave London till three, and dined here between six and seven ; at nine I left the company, and went to see lord-treasurer, who is just come. I chid him for coming so late ; he chid me for

not dining with him ; said, he staid an hour for me. Then I went and sat an hour with Mr. Lewis till just now, and 'tis past eleven. I lie in the same house with the secretary, one of the prebendary's houses. The secretary is not come from his apartment in the castle. Do you think that 5
abominable dog Patrick was out after two to-day, and I in a fright every moment for fear the chariot should come ; and when he came in he had not put up one rag of my things : I never was in a greater passion, and would certainly have cropt one of his ears, if I had not looked every 10
moment for the secretary, who sent his equipage to my lodging before, and came in a chair from Whitehall to me, and happened to stay half an hour later than he intended. One of lord-treasurer's servants gave me a letter from *****
with an offer of fifty pounds to be paid me in what manner 15
I pleased ; because, he said, he desired to be well with me. I was in a rage : but my friend Lewis cooled me, and said, it is what the best men sometimes meet with ; and I have been not seldom served in the like manner, although not 20
so grossly. In these cases I never demur a moment ; nor ever found the least inclination to take any thing. Well, I'll go try to sleep in my new bed, and to dream of poor Wexford MD, and Stella that drinks water, and Dingley that drinks ale.

29. I was at court and church to-day, as I was this day 25
se'ennight ; I generally am acquainted with about thirty in the drawing-room, and am so proud I make all the lords come up to me ; one passes half an hour pleasant enough. We had a dunce to preach before the queen to-day, which often happens. Windsor is a delicious situation, but the 30
town is scoundrel. I have this morning got the *Gazette* for Ben Tooke and one Barber a printer ; it will be about three hundred pounds a-year between them. T'other fellow was printer of the *Examiner*, which is now laid

down. I dined with the secretary, we were a dozen in all, three Scotch lords, and Lord Peterborough. Duke Hamilton would needs be witty, and hold up my train as I walked up stairs. It is an ill circumstance, that on Sundays much company meet always at the great tables. Lord-treasurer told at court, what I said to Mr. Secretary on this occasion. The secretary showed me his bill of fare, to encourage me to dine with him. Poh, said I, show me a bill of company, for I value not your dinner.
 10 See how this is all blotted, I can write no more here, but to tell you I love MD dearly, and God bless them.

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LETTER XXXI.

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(Windsor) Oct. 4, 1711. It was the finest day in the world, and we got out before eleven, a noble caravan of us. The Duchess of Shrewsbury in her own chaise with one horse,
 15 and Miss Touchet with her; Mrs. Masham and Mrs. Scarborough, one of the dressers, in one of the queen's chaises: Miss Forester and Miss Scarborough, two maids of honour, and Mrs. Hill on horseback. The Duke of Shrewsbury, Mr. Masham, George Fielding, Arbuthnot, and I, on horse-
 20 back too. Mrs. Hill's horse was hired for Miss Scarborough, but she took it in civility, her own horse was galled and could not be rid, but kicked and winced: the hired horse was not worth eighteenpence. I borrowed coat, boots, and horse, and in short we had all the difficulties, and
 25 more than we used to have in making a party from Trim to Longfield's. My coat was light camlet, faced with red velvet, and silver buttons. We rode in the great park and the forest about a dozen miles, and the duchess and I had much conversation; we got home by two, and Mr.

Masham, his lady, Arbuthnot and I, dined with Mrs. Hill. Arbuthnot made us all melancholy, by some symptoms of coming illness : he expects a cruel fit of the stone in twelve hours ; he says he is never mistaken, and he appears like a man that is to be racked to-morrow. I cannot but hope it 5 will not be so bad ; he is a perfectly honest man, and one I have much obligation to. It rained a little this afternoon, and grew fair again. Lady Oglethorp sent to speak to me, and it was to let me know that Lady Rochester desires she and I may be better acquainted. 'Tis a little too late ; for 10 I am not now in love with Lady Rochester : they shame me out of her, because she is old. Arbuthnot says, he hopes my strained thumb is not the gout ; for he has often found people so mistaken. I do not remember the particular thing that gave it me, only I had it just after 15 beating Patrick, and now it is better : so I believe he is mistaken. * * * * *

LETTER XXXVI.

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Dec. 7, 1711. This being the day the parliament was to meet, and the great question to be determined, I went with Dr. Freind to dine in the city, on purpose to be out of the 20 way, and we sent our printer to see what was our fate ; but he gave us a most melancholy account of things. The Earl of Nottingham began, and spoke against a peace, and desired that in their address they might put in a clause to advise the queen not to make a peace without Spain ; 25 which was debated, and carried by the Whigs by about six voices : and this has happened entirely by my lord-treasurer's neglect, who did not take timely care to make up all his strength, although every one of us gave him caution enough. Nottingham has certainly been bribed. 30

The question is yet only carried in the committee of the whole House, and we hope when it is reported to the House to-morrow, we shall have a majority, by some Scotch lords coming to town. However, it is a mighty blow and
5 loss of reputation to lord-treasurer, and may end in his ruin. I hear the thing only as the printer brought it, who was at the debate ; but how the ministry take it, or what their hopes and fears are, I cannot tell until I see them. I shall be early with the secretary to-morrow, and then I
10 will tell you more, and shall write a full account to the Bishop of Clogher to-morrow, and to the Archbishop of Dublin, if I have time. I am horribly down at present. I long to know how lord-treasurer bears this, and what remedy he has. The Duke of Ormond came this day to
15 Town, and was there.

8. I was early this morning with the secretary, and talked over this matter. He hoped, that, when it was reported this day in the House of Lords, they would disagree with their committee, and so the matter would go off,
20 only with a little loss of reputation to the lord-treasurer. I dined with Mr. Cockburn, and after, a Scotch member came in, and told us that the clause was carried against the court in the House of Lords almost two to one. I went immediately to Mrs. Masham, and meeting Dr. Arbuthnot,
25 (the queen's favourite physician,) we went together. She was just come from waiting at the queen's dinner, and going to her own. She had heard nothing of the thing being gone against us. It seems lord-treasurer had been so negligent that he was with the queen while the question
30 was put in the House ; I immediately told Mrs. Masham, that either she and lord-treasurer had joined with the queen to betray us, or that they two were betrayed by the queen : she protested solemnly it was not the former, and I believed her ; but she gave me some lights to suspect the queen is

changed. For, yesterday, when the queen was going from the House, where she sat to hear the debate, the Duke of Shrewsbury, lord-chamberlain, asked her, whether he or the Great Chamberlain Lindsay ought to lead her out; she answered short, 'Neither of you,' and gave her hand to the Duke of Somerset, who was louder than any in the House for the clause against peace. She gave me one or two more instances of this sort, which convince me that the queen is false, or at least very much wavering. Mr. Masham begged us to stay, because lord-treasurer would call, and we were resolved to fall on him about his negligence in securing a majority. He came, and appeared in good humour as usual, but I thought his countenance was much cast down. I rallied him, and desired him to give me his staff, which he did; I told him, if he would secure it me a week, I would set all right: he asked, how? I said, I would immediately turn Lord Marlborough, his two daughters, the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, and Lord Cholmondeley, out of all their employments; and I believed he had not a friend but was of my opinion. Arbutnot asked, how he came not to secure a majority? He could answer nothing, but that he could not help it, if people would lie and forswear. A poor answer for a great minister. There fell from him a scripture expression, that the *hearts of kings are unsearchable*. I told him, it was what I feared, and was from him the worst news he could tell me. I begged him to know what he had to trust to: he stuck a little; but at last bid me not fear, for all would be well yet. We would fain have had him eat a bit where he was, but he would go home, it was past six: he made me go home with him. There we found his brother and Mr. Secretary. He made his son take a list of all the House of Commons who had places, and yet voted against the court, in such a manner as if they should lose their places: I doubt he is

not able to compass it. Lord-keeper came in an hour, and they were going upon business. So I left him, and returned to Mrs. Masham; but she had company with her, and I would not stay.—This is a long journal, and of a day that
5 may produce great alterations, and hazard the ruin of England. The Whigs are all in triumph; they foretold how all this would be, but we thought it boasting. Nay, they said the parliament should be dissolved before Christmas, and perhaps it may: this is all your d—d Duchess of
10 Somerset's doings. I warned them of it nine months ago, and a hundred times since: the Secretary always dreaded it. I told lord-treasurer, I should have the advantage of him; for he would lose his head, and I should only be hanged, and so carry my body entire to the grave.

15 9. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary; we are both of opinion that the queen is false. I told him what I heard, and he confirmed it by other circumstances. I then went to my friend Lewis, who had sent to see me. He talks of nothing but retiring to his estates in Wales.

20 He gave me reasons to believe the whole matter is settled between the queen and the Whigs; he hears that Lord Somers is to be treasurer, and believes, that sooner than turn out the Duchess of Somerset, she will dissolve the parliament, and get a Whiggish one, which may be done by
25 managing elections. Things are now in the crisis, and a day or two will determine. I have desired him to engage lord-treasurer, that as soon as he finds the change is resolved on, he will send me abroad as queen's secretary somewhere or other, where I may remain till the new
30 ministers recal me; and then I will be sick for five or six months till the storm has spent itself. I hope he will grant me this; for I should hardly trust myself to the mercy of my enemies while their anger is fresh. I dined to-day with the Secretary, who affects mirth, and seems to hope all

will yet be well. I took him aside after dinner, told him how I had served them, and had asked no reward, but thought I might ask security; and then desired the same thing of him, to send me abroad before a change. He embraced me, and swore he would take the same care of 5 me as himself, &c., but bid me have courage, for that in two days my lord-treasurer's wisdom would appear greater than ever; that he suffered all that had happened on purpose, and had taken measures to turn it to advantage. I said, God send it; but I do not believe a syllable; and, 10 as far as I can judge, the game is lost. I shall know more soon, and my letters will be at least a good history to show you the steps of this change.

10. I was this morning with Lewis, who thinks they will let the parliament sit till they have given the money, 15 and then dissolve them in spring, and break the ministry. He spoke to lord-treasurer about what I desired him. My lord desired him with great earnestness to assure me that all would be well, and that I should fear nothing. I dined in the city with a friend. This day the Commons went to 20 the queen with their address, and all the lords who were for the peace went with them, to show their zeal. I have now some farther conviction that the queen is false, and it begins to be known.

11. I went between two and three to see Mrs. Masham; 25 while I was there she went to her bed-chamber to try a petticoat. Lord-treasurer came in to see her, and seeing me in the outer room, fell a rallying me: says he, you had better keep company with me, than with such a fellow as Lewis, who has not the soul of a chicken, nor the heart of 30 a mite. Then he went in to Mrs. Masham, and as he came back desired her leave to let me go home with him to dinner. He asked, whether I was not afraid to be seen with him? I said, I never valued my lord-treasurer in my

life, and therefore should have always the same esteem for Mr. Harley and Lord Oxford. He seemed to talk confidently, as if he reckoned that all this would turn to advantage. I could not forbear hinting, that he was not
 5 sure of the queen ; and that those scoundrel, starving lords would never have dared to vote against the court, if Somerset had not assured them that it would please the queen. He said, that was true, and Somerset did so. I staid till six ; then De Buys, the Dutch envoy, came to him, and I
 10 left him. Prior was with us a while after dinner. I see him and all of them cast down ; though they make the best of it. * * * * *

15 Morning. They say the Occasional Bill is brought to-day into the House of Lords ; but I know not. I will now put an end to my letter, and give it into the post-house myself. This will be a memorable letter, and I shall sigh to see it some years hence. Here are the first steps towards the ruin of an excellent ministry ; for I look
 20 upon them as certainly ruined ; and God knows what may be the consequences.—I now bid my dearest MD farewell ; for company is coming, and I must be at Lord Dartmouth's office by noon. Farewell, dearest MD ; I wish you a merry Christmas ; I believe you will have this about that time. Love Presto, who loves MD above all things a
 25 thousand times. Farewell again, dearest MD, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

* * * * *

Dec. 25, 1711. I wish MD a merry Christmas, and many a one ; but mine is melancholy: I durst not go to church to-day, finding myself a little out of order, and it snowing prodigiously, and freezing. At noon I went to Mrs. Van,
 30 who had this week engaged me to dine there to-day: and there I received the news that poor Mrs. Long died at

Lynn in Norfolk on Saturday last, at four in the morning ; she was sick but four hours. We suppose it was the asthma, which she was subject to as well as the dropsy, as she sent me word in her last letter, written about five weeks ago ; but then said she was recovered. I never 5 was more afflicted at any death. The poor creature had retired to Lynn two years ago, to live cheap, and pay her debts. In her last letter she told me she hoped to be easy by Christmas ; and she kept her word, although she meant it otherwise. She had all sorts of amiable qualities, and no 10 ill ones, but the indiscretion of too much neglecting her own affairs. She had two thousand pounds left her by an old grandmother, with which she intended to pay her debts, and live on an annuity she had of one hundred pounds a-year, and Newburg House, which would be about 15 sixty pounds more. That odious grandmother living so long, forced her to retire ; for the two thousand pounds was settled on her after the old woman's death, yet her brute of a brother, Sir James Long, would not advance it for her ; else she might have paid her debts, and continued 20 here, and lived still : I believe melancholy helped her on to her grave. I have ordered a paragraph to be put in the *Post-Boy*, giving an account of her death, and making honourable mention of her ; which is all I can do to serve her memory : but one reason was spite ; for her brother 25 would fain have her death a secret, to save the charge of bringing her up here to bury her, or going into mourning. Pardon all this, for the sake of a poor creature I had so much friendship for. * * * * *

LETTER XXXVIII.

Dec. 29, 1711. * * We are in great joy at the 30 happy turn of affairs. The queen has been at last persuaded to her own interest and security, and I freely think she

must have made both herself and kingdom very unhappy, if she had done otherwise. It is still a mighty secret that Masham is to be one of the new lords : they say he does not yet know it himself ; but the queen is to surprise him with it. Mr. Secretary is to be a lord at the end of the session : but they want him still in parliament. After all, it is a strange unhappy necessity of making so many peers together : but the queen has drawn it upon herself, by her confounded trimming and moderation.

10 31. Our new lords' patents are passing ; I don't like the expedient, if we could have found any other. * *

These are strong remedies : pray God the patient is able to bear them. The last ministry people are utterly desperate.

15 Jan. 1, 1711-12. Now I wish my dearest little MD many happy new years ; yes, both Dingley and Stella, ay and Presto too, many happy new years. I dined with the Secretary, and it is true that the Duke of Marlborough is turned out of all. The Duke of Ormond has got his regiment of
20 foot-guards, I know not who has the rest. If the ministry be not sure of a peace, I shall wonder at this step, and do not approve it at best. The queen and lord-treasurer mortally hate the Duke of Marlborough, and to that he owes his fall, more than to his other faults : unless he has been
25 tampering too far with his party, of which I have not heard any particulars ; however it be, the world abroad will blame us. I confess my belief, that he has not one good quality in the world beside that of a general, and even that I have heard denied by several great soldiers. But we have had
30 constant success in arms while he commanded. Opinion is a mighty matter in war, and I doubt the French think it impossible to conquer an army that he leads, and our soldiers think the same ; and how far even this step may encourage the French to play tricks with us, no man

knows. I do not love to see personal resentment mix with public affairs.

2. This being the day the lords meet, and the new peers to be introduced, I went to Westminster to see the sight ; but the crowd was too great in the House. So I only went 5 into the robing room, to give my four brothers joy, and Sir Thomas Mansel, and Lord Windsor ; the other six I am not acquainted with. It was apprehended the Whigs would have raised some difficulties, but nothing happened. I went to see Lady Masham at noon, and wish her joy of her 10 new honour, and a happy new year. I found her very well pleased : for peerage will be some sort of protection to her upon any turn of affairs. She engaged me to come at night, and sup with her and lord-treasurer ; I went at nine, and she was not at home, so I would not stay.—No, no, I 15 won't answer your letter yet, young women. I dined with a friend in the neighbourhood. I see nothing here like Christmas, except brawn or mincepies in places where I dine, and giving away my half-crowns like farthings to great men's porters and butlers. Yesterday I paid seven good 20 guineas to the fellow at the tavern, where I treated the society. I have a great mind to send you the bill. I think I told you some articles. I have not heard whether any thing was done in the House of Lords after introducing the new ones. Ford has been sitting with me till peeast 25 tweeleve a clock.

3. This was our society day ; Lord Dupplin was president : we choose every week ; the last president treats and chooses his successor. I believe our dinner cost fifteen pounds beside wine. The secretary grew brisk, and 30 would not let me go, nor Lord Lansdown, who would fain have gone home to his lady, being newly married to Lady Mary Thynne. It was near one when we parted, so you must think I cannot write much to-night. The adjourning

of the House of Lords yesterday, as the queen desired, was just carried by the twelve new lords, and one more. Lord Radnor was not there; I hope I have cured him. Did I tell you that I have brought Dr. King in to be Gazetteer? 5 It will be worth above two hundred pounds a-year to him: I believe I told you so before, but I am forgetful. Go, get you gone to ombre, and claret, and toasted oranges. I'll go sleep. * * * * *

LETTER XLIII.

London, March 8, 1711-12.

* * * * *

DID I tell you of a race of rakes, called the Mohocks, 10 that play the devil about this town every night, slit people's noses, and bid them, &c.? Nite sollahs, and rove Pdfr. Nite, MD.

9. I was at court to-day, and no body invited me to dinner, except one or two, whom I did not care to dine 15 with; so I dined with Mrs. Van. Young Davenant was telling us at court how he was set upon by the Mohocks, and how they ran his chair through with a sword. It is not safe being in the streets at night for them. The Bishop of Salisbury's son is said to be of the gang. They 20 are all Whigs; and a great lady sent to me, to speak to her father and to lord-treasurer, to have a care of them, and to be careful likewise of myself; for she had heard they had malicious intentions against the ministers and their friends. I know not whether there be any thing in this, though 25 others are of the same opinion. The weather still continues very fine and frosty. I walked in the Park this evening, and came home early to avoid the Mohocks. Lord-treasurer is better. Nite, my own two dealest MD.

10. I went this morning again to see lord-treasurer, who 30 is quite recovered; and I staid till he went out. I dined with

a friend in the city, about a little business of printing ; but not my own. You must buy a small twopenny pamphlet, called, *Law is a Bottomless Pit*. 'Tis very prettily written, and there will be a Second Part. * * * *

12. Here is the D— and all to do with these Mohocks. 5
Grub Street papers about them fly like lightning, and a list printed of near eighty put into several prisons, and all a lie; and I begin almost to think there is no truth, or very little, in the whole story. He that abused Davenant was a drunken gentleman; none of that gang. My man tells 10 me that one of the lodgers heard in a coffee-house, publicly, that one design of the Mohocks was upon me, if they could catch me. And though I believe nothing of it, yet I forbear walking late, and they have put me to the charge of some shillings already. I dined to-day with lord-treasurer 15 and two gentlemen of the Highlands of Scotland, yet very polite men. I sat there till nine, and then went to Lord Masham's, where lord-treasurer followed me, and we sat till twelve; and I came home in a chair for fear of the Mohocks, and I have given him warning of it too. Little 20 Harrison, whom I sent to Holland, is now actually made Queen's secretary at the Hague. It will be in the *Gazette* to-morrow. It is worth twelve hundred pounds a year.

Here is a young fellow has writ some Sea Eclogues, Poems of Mermen, resembling pastorals of shepherds, 25 and they are very pretty, and the thought is new. Mermen are he-mermaids; Tritons, native of the sea; do you understand me? I think to recommend him to our society to-morrow. His name is Diaper. Plague on him, I must do something for him, and get him out of the way. I hate 30 to have any new wits rise, but when they do rise I would encourage them; but they tread on our heels and thrust us off the stage. Nite, dealest MD. * * * *

I missed the secretary, and then walked to Chelsea to

dine with the Dean of Christchurch, who was engaged to Lord Orrery with some other Christchurch-men. He made me go with him whether I would or not, for they have this long time admitted me a Christchurchman. Lord Orrery, 5 generally every winter, gives his old acquaintance of that college a dinner. There were nine clergymen at table, and four laymen. The dean and I soon left them, and after a visit or two, I went to Lord Masham's, and lord-treasurer, Arbuthnot and I sat till twelve. And now I am come 10 home and got to-bed. I came a-foot, but had my man with me. Lord-treasurer advised me not to go in a chair, because the Mohocks insult chairs more than they do those on foot. They think there is some mischievous design in those villains. Several of them, lord-treasurer told me, are 15 actually taken up. I heard, at dinner, that one of them was killed last night. * * * * *

22. I will immediately seal up this, and tary it in my pottick till evening, and zen put it in ze post, * * Farewell, dealest deal MD, and rove Pdfr dearly dearly. Farewell 20 MD.

LETTER XLIV.

London, March 26, 1712.

* * * * *

THE news of the French desiring a cessation of arms, &c., was but town talk. We shall know in a few days, as I am told, whether there will be a peace or no. The Duke of Ormond will go in a week for Flanders, they say. Our 25 Mohocks go on still, and cut people's faces every night, but they shan't cut mine. I like it better as it is. The dogs will cost me at least a crown a-week in chairs. I believe the souls of your houghers of cattle have got into them, and now they don't distinguish between a cow and a 30 Christian. I forgot to wish you yesterday a happy new-

year. You know the twenty-fifth of March is the first day of the year, and now you must leave off cards, and put out your fire. I'll put out mine the first of April, cold or not cold. I believe I shall lose credit with you, by not coming over at the beginning of April; but I hoped the session 5 would be ended, and I must stay till then; yet I would fain be at the beginning of my willows growing. Percival tells me, that the quicksets upon the flat in the garden do not grow so well as those famous ones on the ditch. They want digging about them. The cherry trees, by the river 10 side, my heart is set upon. Nite MD.

27. Society day, you know, that I suppose. Dr. Arbuthnett was president. His dinner was dressed in the queen's kitchen, and was mighty fine, and we eat it at Ozinda's chocolate-house, just by St. James's. We were 15 never merrier, nor better company, and did not part till after eleven. I did not summon Lord Lansdown: he and I are fallen out. There was something in an *Examiner* a fortnight ago, that he thought reflected on the abuses in his office, (he is secretary at war,) and he writ to the secretary, 20 that he heard I had inserted that paragraph. This I resented highly, that he should complain of me before he spoke to me; and I sent him a peppering letter, and would not summon him by a note, as I do the rest; nor ever will have any thing to say to him, till he begs my pardon. 25 I met lord-treasurer to-day, at Lady Masham's. He would have fain carried me home to dinner, but I begged his pardon. * * * * *

LETTER XLVI.

* * * * *

May 10, 1712. I was at our society last Thursday, to receive a new member, the chancellor of the exchequer; but 30 I drink nothing above wine and water. We shall have a

peace, I hope, soon, or at least entirely broke ; but I believe the first. My Letter to Lord-Treasurer, about the English Tongue, is now printing ; and I suffer my name to be put at the end of it, which I never did before in my life. The
 5 Appendix to the Third Part of *John Bull* was published yesterday ; it is equal to the rest. I hope you read *John Bull*. It was a Scotch gentleman, a friend of mine, that writ it ; but they put it upon me. The parliament will hardly be up till June. We were like to be undone some
 10 days ago with a tack ; but we carried it bravely, and the Whigs came in to help us. * * Ppt does not say one word of her own little health. I'm angry almost, but I won't, tause see iss a dood daller in idle sings. * *

LETTER XLVII.

* * * * *

May 31, 1712. I believe I have lost credit with you, in
 15 relation to my coming over ; but I, protest it is impossible for one, who has any thing to do with this ministry, to be certain when he fixes any time. There is a business, which, till it takes some turn or other, I cannot leave this place in prudence or honour. And I never wished so much as
 20 now, that I had staid in Ireland ; but the die is cast, and is now a spinning, and till it settles, I cannot tell whether it be an ace or a sise. I am confident by what you know yourselves you will justify me in all this. The moment I am used ill, I will leave them ; but know not how to do it while
 25 things are in suspense.—The session will soon be over, (I believe in a fortnight,) and the peace, we hope, will be made in a short time ; and then there will be no further occasion for me ; nor have I any thing to trust to but court gratitude ; so that I expect to see my willows a month after the Parlia-
 30 ment is up : but I will take MD in the way, and not go to

Laracor like an unmannerly spreenclich Parson. Have you seen my Letter to Lord-Treasurer? There are two answers come out to it already; though 'tis no politics, but a harmless proposal about the improvement of the English Tongue. I believe if I writ an essay upon a straw some 5 fool would answer it. * * * * *

LETTER XLVIII.

Kensington, June 17, 1712. I have lodged here near a fortnight, partly for the air and exercise, partly to be near the court, where dinners are to be found. I generally get a lift in a coach to town, and in the evening I walk back. 10 On Saturday, I dined with the Duchess of Ormond, at her lodge near Sheen, and thought to get a boat back as usual; I walked by the bank to Kew, but no boat, then to Mortlake, but no boat; and it was nine o'clock; at last a little sculler called, full of nasty people. I made him set me 15 down at Hammersmith, so walked two miles to this place, and got here by eleven. Last night I had another such difficulty. I was in the city till past ten at night; it rained hard, but no coach to be had. It gave over a little and I walked all the way here, and got home by twelve. I love 20 these shabby difficulties when they are over; but I hate them, because they rise from not having a thousand pound a year. * * *

LETTER LIV.

* * * * *

London, Oct. 28, 1712. Here is the Duke of Marlborough going out of England, (Lord knows why,) which causes many 25 speculations. Some say he is conscious of guilt, and dare not stand it. Others think he has a mind to fling an odium on the government, as who should say, that one, who has done such great services to his country, cannot live quietly

in it, by reason of the malice of his enemies. I have helped to patch up these people together once more. God knows how long it may last. I was to-day at a trial between Lord Lansdown and Lord Carteret, two friends of mine. It was
5 in the Queen's Bench, for about six thousand a-year, (or nine I think). I sat under Lord Chief Justice Parker, and his pen falling down I reached it up. He made me a low bow ; and I was going to whisper him, that *I had done good for evil ; for he would have taken mine from me*. I told it
10 lord-treasurer and Bolingbroke. Parker would not have known me, if several lords on the bench, and in the court, bowing, had not turned every body's eyes, and set them a whispering. I owe the dog a spite, and will pay him in two months at farthest, if I can. So much for that. But you
15 must have chat, and I must say every sorry thing that comes into my head. They say the queen will stay a month longer at Windsor. These devils of Grub Street rogues, that write the *Flying Post* and *Medley* in one paper, will not be quiet. They are always mauling lord-
20 treasurer, Lord Bolingbroke, and me. We have the dog under prosecution, but Bolingbroke is not active enough ; but I hope to swinge him. He is a Scotch rogue, one Ridpath. They get out upon bail, and write on. We take them again, and get fresh bail ; so it goes round. They
25 say some learned Dutchman has wrote a book, proving by civil law, that we do them wrong by this peace ; but I shall show, by plain reason, that we have suffered the wrong, and not they. I toil like a horse, and have hundreds of letters still to read : and squeeze a line out of each, or at least the
30 seeds of a line. Strafford goes back to Holland in a day or two, and I hope our peace is very near. I have about thirty pages more to write, (that is, to be extracted,) which will be sixty in print. It is the most troublesome part of all, and I cannot keep myself private, though I stole into a

room up two pair of stairs, when I came from Windsor ; but my present man has not yet learned his lesson of denying me discreetly.

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LETTER LV.

London, Nov. 15, 1712.

BEFORE this comes to your hands, you will have heard of the most terrible accident that hath almost ever happened. This morning at eight, my man brought me word that Duke Hamilton had fought with Lord Mohun, and killed him, and was brought home wounded. I immediately sent him to the Duke's house, in St. James's Square ; but the porter could hardly answer for tears, and a great rabble was about the house. In short, they fought at seven this morning. The dog Mohun was killed on the spot ; and, while the duke was over him, Mohun shortening his sword, stabbed him in at the shoulder to the heart. The duke was helped towards the cakehouse by the ring in Hyde Park, (where they fought,) and died on the grass, before he could reach the house ; and was brought home in his coach by eight, while the poor duchess was asleep. Macartney, and one Hamilton, were the seconds, who fought likewise, and are both fled. I am told, that a footman of Lord Mohun's stabbed Duke Hamilton ; and some say Macartney did so too. Mohun gave the affront, and yet sent the challenge. I am infinitely concerned for the poor duke, who was a frank, honest, good-natured man. I loved him very well, and I think he loved me better. He had the greatest mind in the world to have me go with him to France, but durst not tell it me ; and those he did tell, said I could not be spared, which was true. They have removed the poor duchess to a lodging in the neighbourhood, where I have been with her two hours, and

- am just come away. I never saw so melancholy a scene; for indeed all reasons for real grief belong to her; nor is it possible for any body to be a greater loser in all regards. She has moved my very soul. The lodging was inconvenient, and they would have removed her to another; but I would not suffer it, because it had no room backward, and she must have been tortured with the noise of the Grub Street screamers mentioning her husband's murder to her ear.
- 10 I believe you have heard the story of my escape, in opening the band-box sent to lord-treasurer. The prints have told a thousand lies of it; but at last we gave them a true account of it at length, printed in *The Evening*; only I would not suffer them to name me, 15 having been so often named before, and teased to death with questions. I wonder how I came to have so much presence of mind, which is usually not my talent; but so it pleased God, and I saved myself and him; for there was a bullet a piece. A gentleman told me, that if I had been 20 killed, the Whigs would have called it a judgment, because the barrels were of inkhorns, with which I had done them so much mischief. There was a pure Grub Street of it, full of lies and inconsistencies. I do not like these things at all, and I wish myself more and more among my willows.
- 25 There is a devilish spirit among people, and the ministry must exert themselves, or sink. Nite, dearest sollahs, I'll go to sleep.
16. I thought to have finished this yesterday; but was too much disturbed. I sent a letter early this morning to 30 Lady Masham, to beg her to write some comforting words to the poor duchess. She has promised me to get the Queen to write to the duchess kindly on this occasion; and to-morrow I will beg lord-treasurer to visit and comfort her. I have been with her two hours again, and find her worse.

Her violences not so frequent, but her melancholy more formal and settled. She has abundance of wit and spirit; about thirty-three years old; handsome and airy, and seldom spared any body that gave her the least provocation; by which she had many enemies, and few friends. 5 Lady Orkney, her sister-in-law, is come to town on this occasion, and has been to see her, and behaved herself with great humanity. They have been always very ill together, and the poor duchess could not have patience when people told her I went often to Lady Orkney's. But 10 I am resolved to make them friends; for the duchess is now no more an object of envy, and must learn humility from the severest master, Affliction. I design to make the ministry put out a proclamation (if it can be found proper) against that villain Macartney. What shall we do with 15 these murderers? I cannot end this letter to-night, and there is no occasion; for I cannot send it till Tuesday, and the coroner's inquest on the duke's body is to be to-morrow, and I shall know more. But what care 20 for all this? Iss, MD is sorry for Pdfr's friends; and this is a very surprising event. 'Tis late, and I'll go to bed. This looks like journals. Nite.

17. I was to-day at noon with the Duchess of Hamilton again, after I had been with Lady Orkney, and charged her to be kind to her sister in affliction. The duchess told me 25 Lady Orkney had been with her, and that she did not treat her as gently as she ought. They hate one another, but I will try to patch it up. * * * * *

LETTER LVI.

* * * * *

London, Dec. 12, 1712. I keep no company at all, nor have I any desire to keep any. I never go to a coffee-house 30 nor a tavern, nor have touched a card since I left Windsor.

I make few visits, nor go to levees ; my only debauch is sitting late where I dine, if I like the company. I have almost dropped the Duchesses of Shrewsbury and Hamilton, and several others. Lord-treasurer, the Duke of Ormond, 5 and Lady Orkney, are all that I see very often. O yes, and Lady Masham and Lord Bolingbroke, and one or two private friends. I make no figure but at court, where I affect to turn from a lord to the meanest of my acquaintance, and I love to go there on Sundays to see the world. 10 But, to say the truth, I am growing weary of it. I dislike a million of things in the course of public affairs ; and if I were to stay here much longer, I am sure I should ruin myself with endeavouring to mend them. I am every day invited into schemes of doing this, but I cannot find any 15 that will probably succeed. 'Tis impossible to save people against their own will ; and I have been too much engaged in patch-work already. * * * *

'Tis late, I'll go to seep. I don't seep well and therefore never dare to drink coffee or tea after dinner. But I am 20 very seepy in a morning. This is the effect of time and years. Nite, dealest MD.

LETTER LVII.

* * * *

Dec. 27. I met Mr. Addison and Pastoral Philips on the Mall to-day, and took a turn with them ; but they both looked terrible dry and cold. A curse of party ! And do you 25 know that I have taken more pains to recommend the Whig wits to the favour and mercy of the ministers than any other people. Steele I have kept in his place. Congreve I have got to be used kindly, and secured. Rowe I have recommended, and got a promise of a place. Philips I 30 should certainly have provided for, if he had not run party

mad and made me withdraw my recommendation, and I set Addison so right at first, that he might have been employed, and have partly secured him the place he has ; yet I am worse used by that faction than any man. * *

Jan. 3, 1712-13. I am just now told that poor dear Lady 5 Ashburnham, the Duke of Ormond's daughter, died yesterday at her country house. The poor creature was with child. She was my greatest favourite, and I am in excessive concern for her loss. I hardly knew a more valuable person on all accounts. You must have heard me talk of her. I 10 am afraid to see the duke and duchess. She was naturally very healthy ; I am afraid she has been thrown away for want of care. Pray condole with me : 'tis extremely moving. Her lord's a puppy, and I shall never think it worth my while to be troubled with him, now he has lost all that was 15 valuable in his possession. Yet I think he used her pretty well. I hate life when I think it exposed to such accidents ; and to see so many thousand wretches burthening the earth, while such as her die, makes me think God did never intend life for a blessing. Farewell. * * 20

LETTER LVIII.

London, Jan. 5, 1712-13. I was to see the poor Duke and Duchess of Ormond this morning. The Duke was in his public room, with Mr. Southwell and two more gentlemen. When Southwell and I were alone with him, he talked something of Lord Ashburnham, that he was afraid 25 the Whigs would get him again. He bore up as well as he could, but something accidentally falling in discourse, the tears were just falling out of his eyes, and I looked off to give him an opportunity (which he took) of wiping them with his handkerchief. I never saw anything so moving, 30 nor such a mixture of greatness of mind, and tenderness, and discretion. Nite, MD. * *

8. * * * I dined with lord-treasurer at five o'clock to-day, and was by while he and Lord Bolingbroke were at business ; for it is fit I should know all that passes now, because—&c. The Duke of Ormond employed me to speak
 5 to lord-treasurer to-day about an affair, and I did so ; and the duke had spoke himself two hours before, which vexed me, and I will chide the duke about it. I tell you a good thing ; there is not one of the ministry but what will employ me as gravely to speak for them to lord-treasurer, as
 10 if I were their brother or his ; and I do it as gravely : though I know they do it only because they will not make themselves uneasy, or had rather I should be denied than they.

* * * * *

Jan. 10. At seven this evening, as we sat after dinner at
 15 lord-treasurer's, a servant said Lord Peterborough was at the door. Lord-treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke went out to meet him, and brought him in. He was just returned from abroad, where he has been above a year. Soon as he saw me, he left the Duke of Ormond and other lords, and
 20 ran and kissed me before he spoke to them ; but chid me terribly for not writing to him, which I never did this last time he was abroad, not knowing where he was ; and he changed places so often, it was impossible a letter should overtake him. He left England with a bruise, by his
 25 coach overturning, that made him spit blood, and was so ill, we expected every post to hear of his death ; but he outrode it, or outdrank it, or something, and is come home lustier than ever ; he is at least sixty, and has more spirits than any young fellow I know in England. He has got
 30 the old Oxford regiment of horse, and I believe will have a Garter. I love the hang-dog dearly. Nite, deal MD.

11. The court was crammed to-day, to see the French ambassador ; but he did not come. Did I never tell you that I go to court on Sundays as to a coffee-house, to see

acquaintance, whom I should otherwise not see twice a-year? The provost and I dined with Ned Southwell, by appointment, in order to settle your kingdom, if my scheme can be followed; but I doubt our ministry will be too tedious. You must certainly have a new parliament; but they would have that a secret yet. Our parliament here will be prorogued for three weeks. Those puppies the Dutch will not yet come in, though they pretend to submit to the Queen in every thing; but they would fain try first how our session begins, in hopes to embroil us in the House of Lords: and if my advice had been taken, the session should have begun, and we would have trusted the parliament to approve the steps already made toward the peace, and had an Address perhaps from them to conclude without the Dutch, if they would not agree. Others are of my mind, but it is not reckoned so safe, it seems; yet I doubt whether the peace will be ready so soon as three weeks, but that is a secret. * * * * *

14. To-day I took the circle of mourning visits. I went to the Duchess of Ormond, and there was she, and Lady Betty, and Lord Ashburnham together: this was the first time the mother and daughter saw each other since Lady Ashburnham's death. They were both in tears, and I chid them for being together, and made Lady Betty go to her own chamber; then sat a while with the duchess, and went after Lady Betty, and all was well. There is something of farce in all these mournings, let them be ever so serious. People will pretend to grieve more than they really do, and that takes off from their true grief. I then went to the Duchess of Hamilton, who never grieved, but raged, and stormed, and railed. She is pretty quiet now, but has a diabolical temper. Lord-keeper and his son, and their two ladies, and I, dined to-day with Mr. Caesar, treasurer of the navy, at his house in the city, where he keeps his office.

We happened to talk of Brutus, and I said something in his praise, when it struck me immediately that I had made a blunder in doing so ; and therefore, I recollected myself, and said, Mr. Caesar, I beg your pardon. So we laughed,
 5 &c. Nite, my own dealest little logues, MD.

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LETTER LIX.

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Feb. 3, 1712. The Parliament met, and was prorogued, as I said, and I found some cloudy faces, and heard some grumbling. We have got over all our difficulties with France, I think. They have now settled all the articles
 10 of commerce between us and them, wherein they were very much disposed to play the rogue if we had not held them to ; and this business we wait from Spain is to prevent some other rogueries of the French, who are finding an evasion to trade to the Spanish West Indies :
 15 but I hope we shall prevent it. I dined with lord-treasurer, and he was in good humour enough. I gave him that part of my book in manuscript to read where his character was, and drawn pretty freely. He was reading and correcting it with his pencil, when the Bishop of St.
 20 David's (now removing to Hereford) came and interrupted us. I left him at eight, and sat till twelve with the provost and Bishop of Clogher at the Provost's. Nite MD. * *

13. I was to see a poor poet, one Mr. Diaper, in a nasty garret, very sick. I gave him twenty guineas from Lord
 25 Bolingbroke, and disposed the other sixty to two other authors, and desired a friend to receive the hundred pounds for poor Harrison, and will carry it him to-morrow morning. I sent to see how he did, and he is extremely ill ; and I very much afflicted for him, for he is my own
 30 creature, and in a very honourable post, and very worthy of

it. I dined in the city. I am in much concern for this poor lad. His mother and sister attend him, and he wants nothing. Nite, deal MD.

14. I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to see poor Harrison. I had the hundred pounds in my pocket. 5 I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door; my mind misgave me. I knocked, and his man in tears told me his master was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me! I went to his mother, and have been ordering things for his funeral with as little cost as possible, to- 10 morrow at ten at night. Lord-treasurer was much concerned when I told him. I could not dine with lord-treasurer, nor any where; but got a bit of meat towards evening. No loss ever grieved me so much: poor creature! Pray God Almighty bless poor MD. Adieu. I send this 15 away to-night, and am sorry it must go while I am in so much grief.

LETTER LX.

London, Feb. 15, 1712-13.

I DINED to-day with Mr. Rowe and a projector, who has been teasing me with twenty schemes to get grants; and I don't like one of them; and, besides, I was out of 20 humour for the loss of poor Harrison. At ten this night I was at his funeral, which I ordered to be as private as possible. We had but one coach with four of us; and when it was carrying us home after the funeral, the braces broke; and we were forced to sit in it, and have it held up, 25 till my man went for chairs, at eleven at night in terrible rain. I am come home very melancholy, and will go to bed. Nite, dealest MD.

16. I dined to-day with Lord Dupplin and some company to divert me; but left them early, and have been reading 30

a foolish book for amusement. I shall never have courage again to care for making any body's fortune. The parliament meets to-morrow, and will be prorogued another fortnight, at which several of both parties are angry; but
 5 it cannot be helped, though every thing about the peace is past all danger. I never saw such a continuance of rainy weather. We have not had two fair days together these ten weeks. I have not dined with lord-treasurer these four days, nor can till Saturday; for I have several engage-
 10 ments till then, and he will chide me to some purpose. I am perplexed with this hundred pounds of poor Harrison's, what to do with it. I cannot pay his relations till they administer, for he is much in debt; but I will have the stuff in my own hands, and venture nothing. Nite,
 15 dear MD. * * * * *

25. Lord-treasurer met me last night at Lord Masham's, and thanked me for my company in a jeer, because I had not dined with him in three days. He chides if I stay but two days away together. What will this come to—nothing.
 20 My grandmother used to say, More of your lining, and less of your dining. * *

28. I was at court to-day, when the Abbé Gautier whispered me, that a courier was just come with an account that the French king had consented to all the Queen's
 25 demands, and his consent was carried to Utrecht, and the peace will be signed in a few days. I suppose the general peace cannot be so soon ready; but that is no matter. The news presently ran about the court. * * * *

LETTER LXI.

* * * * *

March 6, 1712. I was to-day at an auction of pictures with
 30 Pratt, and laid out two pounds five shillings for a picture of

Titian, and if it were a Titian it would be worth twice as many pounds. If I am cheated, I'll part with it to Lord Masham: if it be a bargain, I'll keep it to myself. That's my conscience. But I made Pratt buy several pictures for Lord Masham. Pratt is a great virtuoso that way. I dined with lord-treasurer, but made him go to court at eight. I always tease him to be gone. I thought to have made Parnell dine with him, but he was ill; his head is out of order like mine, but more constant, poor boy! I was at lord-treasurer's levee with the provost, to ask a book for the college. I never go to his levee, unless to present somebody. * * * * *

10. I was early this morning to see Lord Bolingbroke. I find he was of opinion the parliament should sit; and says they are not sure the peace will be signed next week. 15 The prorogation is to this day se'ennight. I went to look on a library I am going to buy, if we can agree. I have offered a hundred and twenty pounds, and will give ten more. Lord Bolingbroke will lend me the money. I was two hours poring on the books. I will sell some of them, 20 and keep the rest; but I doubt they won't take the money.

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12. I was at another auction of pictures to-day, and a great auction it was. I made Lord Masham lay out forty pounds. There were pictures sold of twice as much value 25 a-piece. Our society met to-day at the Duke of Beaufort's: a prodigious fine dinner, which I hate; but we did some business. Our printer was to attend us, as usual; and the chancellor of the exchequer sent the author of the *Examiner* twenty guineas. He is an ingenious fellow, but the most 30 confounded vain coxcomb in the world, so that I dare not let him see me, nor am acquainted with him. I had much discourse with the Duke of Ormond this morning, and am driving some points to secure *****. I left the society at

- seven. I can't drink now at all with any pleasure. I love white Portugal wine better than claret, champaign, or burgundy. I have a sad vulgar appetite. I remember Ppt used to maunder, when I came from a great dinner, 5 and DD had but a bit of mutton. I cannot endure above one dish; nor ever could since I was a boy, and loved stuffing. It was a fine day, which is a rarity with us, I assure you. Never fair two days together. Nite, deal MD. * * * * *
- 10 15. Lord-treasurer engaged me to dine with him again to-day, and I had ready what he wanted; but he would not see it, but put me off till to-morrow. The Queen goes to chapel now. She is carried in an open chair, and will be well enough to go to parliament on Tuesday, if the Houses 15 meet, which is not yet certain; neither, indeed, can the ministers themselves tell; for it depends on winds and weather, and circumstances of negotiation. However, we go on as if it was certainly to meet; and I am to be at lord-treasurer's to-morrow, upon that supposition, to settle 20 some things relating that way. * * * * *

LETTER LXII.

London, March 21, 1712-13.

- I GAVE your letter in this night. I dined with lord-treasurer to-day, and find he has been at a meeting at Lord Halifax's house, with four principal Whigs; but he is resolved to begin a speech against them when the parlia- 25 ment sits; and I have begged that the ministry may have a meeting on purpose to settle that matter, and let us be the attackers; and I believe it will come to something, for the Whigs intend to attack the ministers: and if, instead of that, the ministers attack the Whigs, it will be better: and 30 farther, I believe we shall attack them on those very points

they intend to attack us. The parliament will be again prorogued for a fortnight, because of Passion-week. * *

24. * * Our peace will certainly be ready by Thursday fortnight; but our plenipotentiaries were to blame that it was not done already. They thought their powers were not 5 full enough to sign the peace, unless every prince was ready, which cannot yet be; for Spain has no minister yet at Utrecht; but now ours have new orders. * * * *

April 3, 1713. I was at the Queen's chapel to-day, but she was not there. Mr. St. John, Lord Bol——'s brother, came 10 this day at noon with an express from Utrecht, that the peace is signed by all the ministers there, but those of the Emperor, who will likewise sign in a few days; so that now the great work is in effect done, and I believe it will appear a most excellent peace for Europe, particularly for 15 England. Addison and I, and some others, dined with Lord Bol——, and sate with him till twelve. We were very civil, but yet when we grew warm, we talked in a friendly manner of party. Addison raised his objections, and Lord Bol—— answered them with great complaisance. Ad- 20 dison began Lord Somers's health, which went about; but I bid him not name Lord Wh——'s, for I would not pledge it; and I told Lord Bol—— frankly, that Addison loved Lord Wh—— as little as I did: so we laughed, &c. Well, but you are glad of the peace, you 25 Ppt the trimmer, are not you? As for DD I don't doubt her. Why, now, if I did not think Ppt had been a violent Tory, and DD the greater Whig of the two! 'Tis late. Nite, MD. * * * *

6. I was this morning at ten at the rehearsal of Mr. 30 Addison's play, called Cato, which is to be acted on Friday. There were not above half-a-score of us to see it. We stood on the stage, and it was foolish enough to see the actors prompted every moment, and the poet directing

them; and the drab that acts Cato's daughter out in the midst of a passionate part, and then calling out, 'What's next?' Bishop of Clogher was there too; but he stood privately in a gallery. I went to dine with lord-
 5 treasurer, but he was gone to Wimbledon, his daughter Caermarthen's country seat, seven miles off. So I went back, and dined privately with Mr. Addison, whom I had left to go to lord-treasurer. * * * * *

LETTER LXIII.

* * * * *

April 13, 1713. This morning, my friend, Mr. Lewis, came
 10 to me, and showed me an order for a warrant for the three vacant deaneries; but none of them to me. This was what I always foresaw, and received the notice of it better, I believe, than he expected. I bid Mr. Lewis tell lord-treasurer, that I took nothing ill of him, but his not giving me timely
 15 notice, as he promised to do, if he found the Queen would do nothing for me. At noon, lord-treasurer hearing I was in Mr. Lewis's office, came to me, and said many things too long to repeat. I told him I had nothing to do but go to Ireland immediately; for I could not, with any reputation,
 20 stay longer here, unless I had something honourable immediately given to me. We dined together at the Duke of Ormond's. He there told me, he had stopped the warrants for the deans, that what was done for me might be at the same time, and he hoped to compass it to-night; but I be-
 25 lieve him not. I told the duke of Ormond my intentions. He is content Sterne should be a bishop, and I have St. Patrick's; but I believe nothing will come of it, for stay I will not; and so I believe, for all, you may see me in Dublin before April ends. I am less out of humour than you would
 30 imagine: and if it were not that impertinent people will condole with me, as they used to give me joy, I would value

it less. But I will avoid company, and muster up my baggage, and send them next Monday by the carrier to Chester, and come and see my willows, against the expectation of all the world.—Hot care I? Nite, dealest logues, MD.

14. I dined in the city to-day, and ordered a lodging to 5
be got ready for me against I came to pack up my things ;
for I will leave this end of the town as soon as ever the
warrants for the deaneries are out, which are yet stopped.
Lord-treasurer told Mr. Lewis, that it should be determined
to-night : and so he will stay a hundred nights. So he said 10
yesterday, but I value it not. My daily journals shall be
but short till I get into the city, and then I will send away
this, and follow it myself ; and design to walk it all the way
to Chester, my man and I, by ten miles a-day. It will do
my health a great deal of good. I shall do it in fourteen 15
days. Nite, deal MD.

15. Lord Bol—— made me dine with him to-day.
He was as good company as ever : and told me the Queen
would determine something for me to-night. The dispute
is, Windsor or St. Patrick's. I told him I would not stay 20
for their disputes, and he thought I was in the right. Lord
Masham told me, that Lady Masham is angry I have not
been to see her since this business, and desires I will come
to-morrow.

16. I was this noon at Lady Masham's, who was just 25
come from Kensington, where her eldest son is sick. She
said much to me of what she had talked to Queen and
lord-treasurer. The poor lady fell a shedding tears openly.
She could not bear to think of my having St. Patrick's, &c.
I was never more moved than to see so much friendship. 30
I would not stay with her, but went and dined with Dr.
Arbuthnot, with Mr. Berkeley, one of your Fellows, whom I
have recommended to the doctor, and to Lord Berkeley of
Stratton. Mr. Lewis tells me, that the Duke of Ormond

has been to-day with Queen ; and she was content, that Dr. Sterne should be Bishop of Dromore, and I Dean of St. Patrick's ; but then out came lord-treasurer, and said, he would not be satisfied, but that I must be Prebend of Windsor. Thus he perplexes things. I expect neither ; but I confess, as much as I love England, I am so angry at this treatment, that, if I had my choice, I would rather have St. Patrick's. Lady Masham says she will speak to purpose to Queen to-morrow. Nite, deal MD.

10 17. I went to dine at Lady Masham's to-day, and she was taken ill of a sore throat, and aguish. She spoke to Queen last night, but had not much time. Queen says she will determine to-morrow with lord-treasurer. The warrants for the deaneries are still stopped, for fear I should
15 be gone. Do you think any thing will be done ? I don't care whether it is or no. In the mean time, I prepare for my journey, and see no great people, nor will see lord-treasurer any more, if I go. Lord-treasurer told Mr. Lewis it should be done to-night ; so he said five nights ago.
20 Nite, MD.

18. This morning Mr. Lewis sent me word that lord-treasurer told him Queen would determine at noon. At three lord-treasurer sent to me to come to his lodgings at St. James's, and told me the Queen was at last resolved,
25 that Dr. Sterne should be Bishop of Dromore, and I Dean of St. Patrick's ; and that Sterne's warrant should be drawn immediately. You know the deanery is in the Duke of Ormond's gift ; but this is concerted between the Queen, lord-treasurer, and the Duke of Ormond, to make room for
30 me. I do not know whether it will yet be done ; some unlucky accident may yet come. Neither can I feel joy at passing my days in Ireland ; and I confess, I thought the ministry would not let me go ; but perhaps they can't help it. Nite, MD.

19. I forgot to tell you, that lord-treasurer forced me to dine with him yesterday as usual, with his Saturday company ; which I did after frequent refusals. To-day I dined with a private friend, and was not at court. After dinner Mr. Lewis sent me a note, that Queen staid till she knew 5 whether the Duke of Ormond approved of Sterne for a bishop. I went this evening, and found the Duke of Ormond at the cock-pit, and told him, and desired he would go to Queen and approve of Sterne. He made objections, and desired I would name any other deanery, 10 for he did not like Sterne ; that Sterne never went to see him ; that he was influenced by the Archbishop of Dublin, &c. ; so all is now broken again. I sent out for lord-treasurer, and told him this. He says all will do well ; but I value not what he says. This suspense vexes me worse 15 than any thing else. Nite, MD.

20. I went to-day, by appointment, to the cock-pit, to talk with the Duke of Ormond. He repeated the same proposals of any other deanery, &c. I desired he would put me out of the case, and do as he pleased. Then, with 20 great kindness, he said he would consent ; but would do it for no man alive but me, &c. And he will speak to the Queen to-day or to-morrow ; so, perhaps, something will come of it. I can't tell.

21. The Duke of Ormond has told Queen he is 25 satisfied that Sterne should be bishop, and she consents I shall be dean ; and I suppose the warrants will be drawn in a day or two. I dined at an alehouse with Parnell and Berkeley ; for I am not in humour to go among the ministers, though Lord Dartmouth invited me to dine with 30 him to-day, and lord-treasurer was to be there. I said I would, if I were out of suspense. Nite, dealest MD.

22. Queen says warrants shall be drawn, but she will dispose of all in England and Ireland at once, to be teased

no more. This will delay it some time ; and, while it is delayed, I am not sure of Queen, my enemies being busy. I hate this suspense.

23. I dined yesterday with General Hamilton : I forgot
5 to tell oo. I write short journals now. I have eggs on the spit. This night the Queen has signed all the warrants, among which Sterne is Bishop of Dromore, and the Duke of Ormond is to send over an order for making me Dean of St. Patrick's. I have no doubt of him at all. I think 'tis
10 now past. And I suppose MD is malicious enough to be glad, and rather have it than Wells. But you see what a condition I am in. I thought I was to pay but six hundred pounds for the house ; but the Bishop of Clogher says
15 pounds, and so, with patent, a thousand pounds in all ; so that I shall not be the better for the deanery these three years. I hope in some time they will be persuaded here to give me some money to pay off these debts. I must finish the book I am writing, before I can come over ; and they
20 expect I shall pass next winter here, and then I will drive them to give me a sum of money. However, I hope to pass four or five months with MD, whatever comes on it. I received * * * to-night ; just ten weeks since I had your last. I shall write next post to Bishop Sterne. Never man
25 had so many enemies of Ireland as he. I carried it with the strongest hand possible. If he does not use me well and gently in what dealings I shall have with him, he will be the most ungrateful of mankind. The Archbishop of York, my mortal enemy, has sent, by a third hand, that
30 he would be glad to see me. Shall I see him, or not ? I hope to be over in a month, and that MD, with their raillery, will be mistaken, that I shall make it three years. I will answer oor rattle soon ; but no more journals. I shall be very busy. Short letters from henceforward.

I shall not part with Laracor. That is all I have to live on, except the deanery be worth more than four hundred pounds a-year. Is it? If it be, overplus shall be divided ***** , beside usual ***** . Pray write to me a good-humoured letter immediately, let it be ever so short. This 5 affair was carried with great difficulty, which vexes me. But they say here, 'tis much to my reputation that I have made a bishop, in spite of all the world, to get the best deanery in Ireland. Nite, deal MD. * * * *

25. Morning. I know not whether my warrant be got 10 ready from the Duke of Ormond. I suppose it will by to-night. I am going abroad, and will keep this unsealed, till I know whether all be finished.

I had this letter all day in my pocket, waiting till I heard the warrants were gone over. Mr. Lewis sent to Southwell's 15 clerk at ten; and he said the Bishop of Killaloo had desired they should be stopped till next post. He sent again, that the Bishop of Killaloo's business had nothing to do with ours. Then I went myself, but it was past eleven, and asked the reason. Killaloo is removed to Rapho, and 20 he has a mind to have an order for the rents of Rapho, that have fallen since the vacancy, and he would have all stop till he has got that. A pretty request! But the clerk, at Mr. Lewis's message, sent the warrants for Sterne and me; but it was then too late to send this, which frets 25 me heartily, that MD should not have intelligence first from Pdfr. I think to take a hundred pounds a-year out of the deanery, and divide it between MD and D but will talk of that when I come over. Nite, deal MD. Love Pdfr.

26. I was at court to-day, and a thousand people gave 30 me joy; so I ran out. I dined with Lady Orkney. Yesterday I dined with lord-treasurer and his Saturday people as usual; and was so bedeaned! The Archbishop of York says, he will never more speak against me.

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LETTER LXV.

Chester, June 6, 1713.

I AM come here after six days. I set out on Monday last, and got here to-day about eleven in the morning. A noble rider, faith! and all the ships and people went off yesterday with a rare wind. This was told me, to my
5 comfort, upon my arrival. Having not used riding these three years, made me terrible weary; yet I resolve on Monday to set out for Holyhead, as weary as I am: 'tis good for my health, man. When I came here, I found MD's letter of the 26th of May, sent down to me. Had
10 you writ a post sooner, I might have brought some pins: but you were lazy, and would not write your orders immediately, as I desired you. I will come, when God pleases; perhaps I may be with you in a week. I will be three days going to Holyhead; I cannot ride faster, say
15 hot oo will. I am upon Stay-behind's mare. I have the whole inn to myself. I would fain 'scape this Holyhead journey; but I have no prospect of ships, and it will be almost necessary I should be in Dublin before the 25th instant, to take the oaths; otherwise I must wait to a
20 quarter session. I will lodge as I can; therefore take no lodgings for me, to pay in my absence. The poor dean can't afford it. Farewell.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE EXAMINER.

After the formation of the Tory ministry under Harley in 1710, a weekly periodical was established, and continued for some months to be issued every Thursday. The leading Tory writers for a time kept it up between them: but the want of a single guiding hand was soon felt. By November in that year Swift, as will be seen from the *Journal*, had fully thrown in his lot with the Tory party: and from the 2nd of November to the 14th of June, the papers all came from his hand. They contain specimens not only of his best political writing, but also of that which has most general interest beyond its bearing on the passing questions of the day.

THE EXAMINER.

No. XIII.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1710.

———— *longa est injuria, longae
Ambages; sed summa sequar fastigia rerum.*

The tale is intricate, perplexed, and long:
Hear then, in short, the story of her wrong.

It is a practice I have generally followed, to converse in equal freedom with the deserving men of both parties; and it was never without some contempt that I have observed persons, wholly out of employment, affect to do otherwise. I doubted whether any man could owe so much to the side he 5 was of, although he were retained by it; but without some

great point of interest, either in possession or prospect, I thought it was the mark of a low and narrow spirit.

It is hard, that, for some weeks past, I have been forced, in my own defence, to follow a proceeding that I have so
5 much condemned in others. But several of my acquaintance among the declining party are grown so insufferably peevish and splenetic, profess such violent apprehensions for the public, and represent the state of things in such formidable ideas, that I find myself disposed to share in their afflictions;
10 although I know them to be groundless and imaginary, or, which is worse, purely affected. To offer them comfort one by one, would be not only an endless, but a disobliging task. Some of them, I am convinced, would be less melancholy, if there were more occasion. I shall, there-
15 fore, instead of hearkening to further complaints, employ some part of this paper for the future, in letting such men see, that their natural or acquired fears are ill-founded, and their artificial ones as ill-intended; that all our present inconveniences are the consequence of the very counsels they
20 so much admire, which would still have increased, if those had continued; and that neither our constitution in church or state could probably have been long preserved, without such methods as have been already taken.

The late revolutions at court have given room to some
25 specious objections, which I have heard repeated by well-meaning men, just as they had taken them up on the credit of others, who have worse designs. They wonder the queen would choose to change her ministry at this juncture, and thereby give uneasiness to a general who hath been so long
30 successful abroad, and might think himself injured, if the entire ministry were not of his own nomination; and there were few complaints of any consequence against the late men in power, and none at all in parliament, which, on the contrary, passed votes in favour of the chief minister; that

if her majesty had a mind to introduce the other party, it would have been more seasonable after a peace, which now we have made desperate, by spiriting the French, who rejoice in these changes, and by the fall of our credit, which unqualifies us for carrying on the war; that the parliament, 5 so untimely dissolved, had been diligent in their supplies, and dutiful in their behaviour; that one consequence of these changes appears already in the fall of the stocks; that we may soon expect more and worse; and lastly, that all this naturally tends to break the settlement of the Crown, 10 and call over the Pretender.

These and the like notions are plentifully scattered abroad by the malice of a ruined party, to render the queen and her administration odious, and to inflame the nation. And these are what, upon occasion, I shall en- 15 deavour to overthrow, by discovering the falsehood and absurdity of them.

It is a great unhappiness, when, in a government constituted like ours, it should be so brought about, that the continuance of a war must be for the interest of vast 20 numbers, (civil as well as military,) who otherwise would have been as unknown as their original. I think our present condition of affairs is admirably described by two verses in Lucan :

Hinc usura vorax, avidumque in tempore foenus, 25
Hinc concussa fides, et multis utile bellum :

which, without any great force upon the words, may be thus translated :

Hence are derived those exorbitant interests and annuities; hence those large discounts for advance and 30 prompt payment; hence public credit is shaken; and hence great numbers find their profit in prolonging the war.

It is odd, that among a free trading people, as we call ourselves, there should so many be found to close in with those counsels, who have been ever averse from all overtures towards a peace : but yet there is no great mystery in the matter. Let any man observe the equipages in this town, he shall find the greater number of those who make a figure to be a species of men quite different from any that were ever known before the Revolution ; consisting either of generals and colonels, or of those whose whole fortunes lie in funds and stocks ; so that power, which, according to the old maxim, was used to follow land, is now gone over to money ; and the country gentleman is in the condition of a young heir, out of whose estate a scrivener receives half the rents for interest, and hath a mortgage on the whole ; and is therefore, always ready to feed his vices and extravagances, while there is any thing left. So that, if the war continue some years longer, a landed man will be little better than a farmer of a rack-rent to the army, and to the public funds.

It may, perhaps, be worth inquiring, from what beginnings, and by what steps, we have been brought into this desperate condition : and in search of this, we must run up as high as the Revolution.

Most of the nobility and gentry, who invited over the Prince of Orange, or attended him in his expedition, were true lovers of their country, and its constitution in church and state ; and were brought to yield to those breaches in the succession of the crown, out of a regard to the necessity of the kingdom and the safety of the people, which did, and could, only make them lawful ; but without intention of drawing such a practice into precedent, or making it a standing measure by which to proceed in all times to come : and, therefore, we find their counsels ever tended to keep things, as much as possible, in the old course. But soon

after, an under set of men who had nothing to lose, and had neither borne the burden nor heat of the day, found means to whisper in the king's ear that the principles of loyalty in the Church of England were wholly inconsistent with the Revolution. Hence began the early practice of 5 caressing the dissenters, reviling the universities as maintainers of arbitrary power, and reproaching the clergy with the doctrines of divine right, passive obedience, and non-resistance. At the same time, in order to fasten wealthy people to the new government, they proposed those 10 pernicious expedients of borrowing money by vast premiums, and at extortionate interest: a practice as old as Eumenes, one of Alexander's captains, who, setting up for himself after the death of his master, persuaded his principal officers to lend him great sums, after which they were forced 15 to follow him for their own security.

This introduced a number of new dexterous men into business and credit. It was argued, that the war could not last above two or three campaigns; and that it was easier for the subjects to raise a fund for paying interest, than to 20 tax them annually to the full expense of the war. Several persons, who had small or encumbered estates, sold them, and turned their money into those funds, to great advantage: merchants, as well as other monied men, finding trade was dangerous, pursued the same method. But the war con- 25 tinuing, and growing more expensive, taxes were increased, and funds multiplied every year, till they have arrived at the monstrous height we now behold them; and that, which was at first a corruption, is at last grown necessary, and what every good subject must now fall in with, although he 30 may be allowed to wish it might soon have an end; because it is with a kingdom as with a private fortune, where every new incumbrance adds a double weight. By this means the wealth of a nation, that used to be reckoned by the

value of land, is now computed by the rise and fall of stocks: and although the foundation of credit be still the same, and upon a bottom that can never be shaken, and although all interest be duly paid by the public, yet, through
5 the contrivance and cunning of stock-jobbers, there has been brought in such a complication of knavery and cozenage, such a mystery of iniquity, and such an unintelligible jargon of terms to involve it in, as were never known in any other age or country in the world. I have
10 heard it affirmed, by persons skilled in these calculations, that if the funds appropriated to the payment of interest and annuities were added to the yearly taxes, and the four-shilling aid strictly exacted in all counties of the kingdom, it would very near, if not fully, supply the occasions of the
15 war, at least such a part as, in the opinion of very able persons, had been at that time prudent not to exceed. For I make it a question, whether any wise prince or state, in the continuance of a war, which was not purely defensive, or immediately at his own door, did ever propose that his
20 expense should perpetually exceed what he was able to impose annually upon his subjects. Neither, if the war last many years longer, do I see how the next generation will be able to begin another; which, in the course of human affairs, and according to the various interests and
25 ambition of princes, may be as necessary for them as it hath been for us. And if our fathers had left us deeply involved, as we are likely to leave our children, I appeal to any man, what sort of figure we should have been able to make these twenty years past. Besides, neither our enemies nor allies
30 are upon the same foot with us in this particular. France and Holland, our nearest neighbours, and the farthest engaged, will much sooner recover themselves after a war: the first, by the absolute power of the prince, who, being master of the lives and fortunes of his subjects, will quickly

find expedients to pay his debts ; and so will the other, by their prudent administration, the greatness of their trade, their wonderful parsimony, the willingness of their people to undergo all kind of taxes, and their justice in applying, as well as collecting them. But above all, we are to consider 5 that France and Holland fight on the continent, either upon or near their own territories, and the greatest part of the money circulates among themselves ; whereas ours crosses the sea, either to Flanders, Spain, or Portugal ; and every penny of it, whether in species or returns, is so much lost to 10 the nation for ever.

Upon these considerations alone, it was the most prudent course imaginable in the queen, to lay hold of the disposition of the people for changing the parliament and ministry at this juncture, and extricating herself as soon as possible out 15 of the pupillage of those who found their accounts only in perpetuating the war. Neither have we the least reason to doubt but the ensuing parliament will assist her majesty with the utmost vigour, until her enemies again be brought to sue for peace, and again offer such terms as will make 20 it both honourable and lasting ; only with this difference, that the ministry perhaps will not again refuse them.

*Audiet pugnas, vitio parentum
Rara, Juventus.*

HOR. Book I. Ode 2.

No. XIV.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1710.

*E quibus hi vacuas implent sermonibus aures,
 Hi narrata ferunt alio : mensuraque ficti
 Crescit, et auditis aliquid novus adjicit auctor.
 Illic Credulitas, illic temerarius Error,
 Vanaque Laetitia est, consternatique Timores,
 Seditioque recens, dubioque auctore Susurri.*

With idle tales this fills our empty ears ;
 The next reports what from the first he hears ;
 The rolling fictions grow in strength and size,
 Each author adding to the former lies.
 Here vain credulity, with new desires,
 Leads us astray, and groundless joy inspires ;
 The dubious whispers, tumults fresh design'd,
 And chilling fears astound the anxious mind.

I AM prevailed on, through the importunity of friends, to interrupt the scheme I had begun in my last paper, by an Essay upon the Art of Political Lying. We are told the devil is the father of lies, and was a liar from the beginning ;
 5 so that, beyond contradiction, the invention is old : and, which is more, his first Essay of it was purely political, employed in undermining the authority of his prince, and seducing a third part of the subjects from their obedience : for which he was driven down from Heaven, where (as
 10 Milton expresses it) he had been viceroy of a great western province ; and forced to exercise his talent in inferior regions among other fallen spirits, poor or deluded men, whom he still daily tempts to his own sin, and will ever do so, till he be chained in the bottomless pit.
 15 But although the devil be the father of lies, he seems, like other great inventors, to have lost much of his re-

putation, by the continual improvements that have been made upon him.

Who first reduced lying into an art, and adapted it to politics, is not so clear from history, although I have made some diligent inquiries. I shall therefore consider it only 5 according to the modern system, as it has been cultivated these twenty years past in the southern part of our own island.

The poets tell us, that after the giants were overthrown by the gods, the earth in revenge produced her last offspring, 10 which was Fame. And the fable is thus interpreted : that when tumults and seditions are quieted, rumours and false reports are plentifully spread through a nation. So that, by this account, lying is the last relief of a routed, earth-born, rebellious party in a state. But here the moderns have 15 made great additions, applying this art to the gaining of power and preserving it, as well as revenging themselves after they have lost it ; as the same instruments are made use of by animals to feed themselves when they are hungry, and to bite those that tread upon them. 20

But the same genealogy cannot always be admitted for political lying ; I shall therefore desire to refine upon it, by adding some circumstances of its birth and parents. A political lie is sometimes born out of a discarded states- 25 man's head, and thence delivered to be nursed and dandled by the rabble. Sometimes it is produced a monster, and licked into shape : at other times it comes into the world completely formed, and is spoiled in the licking. It is often born an infant in the regular way, and requires time to mature it ; and often it sees the light in its full growth, but 30 dwindles away by degrees. Sometimes it is of noble birth ; and sometimes the spawn of a stock-jobber. Here it screams aloud at the opening of the womb ; and there it is delivered with a whisper. I know a lie that now disturbs

half the kingdom with its noise, which, although too proud and great at present to own its parents, I can remember its whisperhood. To conclude the nativity of this monster; when it comes into the world without a sting, it is still-born; 5 and whenever it loses its sting, it dies.

No wonder if an infant so miraculous in its birth should be destined for great adventures; and accordingly we see it hath been the guardian spirit of a prevailing party for almost twenty years. It can conquer kingdoms without 10 fighting, and sometimes with the loss of a battle. It gives and resumes employments; can sink a mountain to a mole-hill, and raise a mole-hill to a mountain: hath presided for many years at committees of elections; can wash a black-moor white; make a saint of an atheist, and a patriot of a 15 profligate; can furnish foreign ministers with intelligence, and raise or let fall the credit of the nation. This goddess flies with a huge looking-glass in her hands, to dazzle the crowd, and make them see, according as she turns it, their ruin in their interest, and their interest in their ruin. In 20 this glass you will behold your best friends, clad in coats powdered with *fleurs de lis*, and triple crowns; their girdles hung round with chains, and beads, and wooden shoes; and your worst enemies adorned with the ensigns of liberty, property, indulgence, moderation, and a cornucopia in their 25 hands. Her large wings, like those of a flying-fish, are of no use but while they are moist; she therefore dips them in mud, and soaring aloft scatters it in the eyes of the multitude, flying with great swiftness; but at every turn is forced to stoop in dirty ways for new supplies.

30 I have been sometimes thinking, if a man had the art of the second sight for seeing lies, as they have in Scotland for seeing spirits, how admirably he might entertain himself in this town, by observing the different shapes, sizes, and colours of those swarms of lies which buzz about the heads

of some people, like flies about a horse's ears in summer ; or those legions hovering every afternoon in Exchange-alley, enough to darken the air ; or over a club of discontented grandees, and thence sent down in cargoes to be scattered at elections.

5

There is one essential point wherein a political liar differs from others of the faculty, that he ought to have but a short memory, which is necessary, according to the various occasions he meets with every hour of differing from himself, and swearing to both sides of a contradiction, as he finds 10 the persons disposed with whom he hath to deal. In describing the virtues and vices of mankind, it is convenient, upon every article, to have some eminent person in our eye, from whom we copy our description. I have strictly observed this rule, and my imagination this minute 15 represents before me a certain great man famous for this talent, to the constant practice of which he owes his twenty years' reputation of the most skilful head in England, for the management of nice affairs. The superiority of his genius consists in nothing else but an inexhaustible fund of 20 political lies, which he plentifully distributes every minute he speaks, and by an unparalleled generosity forgets, and consequently contradicts, the next half hour. He never yet considered whether any proposition were true or false, but whether it were convenient for the present minute or com- 25 pany to affirm or deny it ; so that if you think fit to refine upon him, by interpreting every thing he says, as we do dreams, by the contrary, you are still to seek, and will find yourself equally deceived whether you believe or not : the only remedy is to suppose, that you have heard some inar- 30 ticulate sounds, without any meaning at all ; and besides, that will take off the horror you might be apt to conceive at the oaths, wherewith he perpetually tags both ends of every proposition ; although, at the same time, I think he cannot

with any justice be taxed with perjury, when he invokes God and Christ, because he hath often fairly given public notice to the world that he believes in neither.

Some people may think, that such an accomplishment as
5 this can be of no great use to the owner, or his party, after it has been often practised, and is become notorious ; but they are widely mistaken. Few lies carry the inventor's mark, and the most prostitute enemy to truth may spread a thousand, without being known for the author : besides, as
10 the vilest writer hath his readers, so the greatest liar hath his believers : and it often happens, that if a lie be believed only for an hour, it hath done its work, and there is no farther occasion for it. Falsehood flies, and truth comes limping after it, so that when men come to be undeceived,
15 it is too late ; the jest is over, and the tale hath had its effect : like a man, who hath thought of a good repartee when the discourse is changed, or the company parted ; or like a physician, who hath found out an infallible medicine, after the patient is dead.

20 Considering that natural disposition in many men to lie, and in multitudes to believe, I have been perplexed what to do with that maxim so frequent in every body's mouth, that truth will at last prevail. Here hath this island of ours, for the greatest part of twenty years, lain under the influence of
25 such counsels and persons, whose principle and interest it was to corrupt our manners, blind our understanding, drain our wealth, and in time destroy our constitution both in church and state, and we at last were brought to the very brink of ruin ; yet, by the means of perpetual misrepresen-
30 tations, have never been able to distinguish between our enemies and friends. We have seen a great part of the nation's money got into the hands of those, who, by their birth, education, and merit, could pretend no higher than to wear our liveries ; while others, who, by their credit,

quality, and fortune, were only able to give reputation and success to the Revolution, were not only laid aside as dangerous and useless, but loaden with the scandal of Jacobites, men of arbitrary principles, and pensioners to France ; while truth, who is said to lie in a well, seemed 5 now to be buried there under a heap of stones. But I remember it was a usual complaint among the Whigs, that the bulk of the landed men was not in their interests, which some of the wisest looked on as an ill omen ; and we saw it was with the utmost difficulty that they could preserve a 10 majority, while the court and ministry were on their side, till they had learned those admirable expedients for deciding elections, and influencing distant boroughs, by powerful motives from the city. But all this was mere force and 15 constraint, however upheld by most dexterous artifice and management, until the people began to apprehend their properties, their religion, and the monarchy itself in danger ; when we saw them greedily laying hold on the first occasion to interpose. But of this mighty change in the dispositions of the people, I shall discourse more at large in some fol- 20 lowing paper ; wherein I shall endeavour to undeceive or discover those deluded or deluding persons, who hope, or pretend it is only a short madness in the vulgar, from which they may soon recover ; whereas, I believe, it will appear to be very different in its causes, its symptoms, and its conse- 25 quences ; and prove a great example to illustrate the maxim I lately mentioned, that truth (however sometimes late) will at last prevail.

No. XVI.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1710.

*Qui sunt boni cives ? Qui belli, qui domi de patriâ bene merentes, nisi
qui patriae beneficia meminerunt ?*

Who is the good and laudable citizen ? Who in peace, or who in war, has merited the favour of his country ? Who but that person who, with gratitude, remembers and acknowledges the favours and rewards he has already received ?

I WILL employ this present paper upon a subject, which of late has very much affected me, which I have considered with a good deal of application, and made several inquiries about among those persons, who, I thought, were best able
5 to inform me ; and if I deliver my sentiments with some freedom, I hope it will be forgiven, while I accompany it with that tenderness which so nice a point requires.

I said in a former paper, (No. 13,) that one specious objection to the late removals at court was, the fear of giving
10 uneasiness to a general, who hath been long successful abroad ; and accordingly the common clamour of tongues and pens for some months past hath run against the baseness, the inconstancy, and ingratitude of the whole kingdom to the Duke of Marlborough, in return of the most eminent
15 services that ever were performed by a subject to his country ; not to be equalled in history : and then, to be sure, some bitter stroke of detraction against Alexander and Cæsar, who never did us the least injury. Besides, the people who read Plutarch come upon us with parallels
20 drawn from the Greeks and Romans, who ungratefully dealt with I know not how many of their most deserving generals ; while the profounder politicians have seen pamphlets where

Tacitus and Machiavel have been quoted, to show the danger of too resplendent a merit. If a stranger should hear these serious outcries of ingratitude against our general, without knowing the particulars, he would be apt to inquire, where was his tomb, or whether he was allowed Christian 5 burial? not doubting but we had put him to some ignominious death. Or hath he been tried for his life, and very narrowly escaped? hath he been accused of high crimes and misdemeanours? hath the prince seized on his estate, and left him to starve? hath he been hooted at as he passed 10 the streets by an ungrateful rabble? have neither honours, offices, nor grants, been conferred on him or his family? have not he and they been barbarously stripped of them all? have not he and his forces been ill paid abroad? and does not the prince, by a scanty limited commission, hinder him 15 from pursuing his own methods in the conduct of the war? hath he no power at all of disposing of commissions as he pleases? is he not severely used by the ministry or parliament, who yearly call him to a strict account? hath the senate ever thanked him for good success, and have they 20 not always publicly censured him for the least miscarriage?—Will the accusers of the nation join issue upon any of these particulars, or tell us in what point our damnable sin of ingratitude lies?—Why, it is plain and clear; for while he is commanding abroad, the queen dissolves her parlia- 25 ment, and changes her ministry at home; in which universal calamity, no less than two persons allied by marriage to the general have lost their places. Whence came this wonderful sympathy between the civil and military powers? Will the troops in Flanders refuse to fight unless they can have 30 their own lord-keeper, their own lord-president of the council, their own parliament? In a kingdom where the people are free, how came they to be so fond of having their counsels under the influence of their army, or those

that lead it? who, in all well instituted states, had no commerce with the civil power, farther than to receive their orders, and obey them without reserve.

When a general is not so popular, either in his army or
5 at home, as one might expect from a long course of success, it may perhaps be ascribed to his wisdom, or perhaps to his complexion. The possession of some one quality, or defect in some other, will extremely damp the people's favour, as well as the love of the soldiers. Besides, this is not an age
10 to produce favourites of the people, while we live under a queen, who engrosses all our love, and all our veneration; and where the only way, for a great general or minister, to acquire any degree of subordinate affection from the public, must be, by all marks of the most entire sub-
15 mission and respect, to her sacred person and commands; otherwise, no pretence of great services, either in the field or the cabinet, will be able to screen them from universal hatred.

But the late ministry was closely joined to the general
20 by friendship, interest, alliance, inclination, and opinion; which cannot be affirmed of the present: and the ingratitude of the nation lies in the people's joining, as one man, to wish that such a ministry should be changed. Is it not, at the same time, notorious to the whole kingdom, that nothing
25 but a tender regard to the general was able to preserve that ministry so long, until neither God nor man could suffer their continuance? Yet, in the highest ferment of things, we heard few or no reflections upon this great commander; but all seemed unanimous in wishing he might still be
30 at the head of the confederate forces; only at the same time, in case he were resolved to resign, they chose rather to turn their thoughts somewhere else, than throw up all in despair. And this I cannot but add, in defence of the people, with regard to the person we are speaking of, that

in the high station he has been for many years past, his real defects (as nothing human is without them) have, in a detracting age, been very sparingly mentioned either in libels or conversation, and all successes very freely and universally applauded.

5

There is an active and a passive ingratitude: applying both to this occasion, we may say, the first is, when a prince or people returns good services with cruelty or ill usage; the other is, when good services are not at all, or very meanly rewarded. We have already spoken of the former; 10 let us therefore in the second place examine how the services of our general have been rewarded; and whether, upon that article, either prince or people have been guilty of ingratitude?

Those are the most valuable rewards, which are given to 15 us from the certain knowledge of the donor, that they fit our temper best: I shall therefore say nothing of the title of Duke, or the Garter, which the queen bestowed upon the general in the beginning of her reign; but I shall come to more substantial instances, and mention nothing which has 20 not been given in the face of the world. The lands of Woodstock may, I believe, be reckoned worth £40,000; on the building of Blenheim Castle £200,000 have been already expended, although it be not yet near finished; the grant of £5000 per annum on the post-office is richly worth 25 £100,000; his principality in Germany may be computed at £30,000; pictures, jewels, and other gifts from foreign princes, £60,000; the grant at the Pall-Mall, the ranger-ship, &c., for want of more certain knowledge, may be called £10,000; his own and his duchess's employments at five 30 years' value, reckoning only the known and avowed salaries, are very low rated at £100,000. Here is a good deal above half a million of money; and, I dare say, those who are loudest with the clamour of ingratitude, will readily

own, that all this is but a trifle, in comparison of what is untold.

The reason of my stating this account is only to convince the world, that we are not quite so ungrateful either as the
5 Greeks or the Romans ; and in order to adjust the matter with all fairness, I shall confine myself to the latter, who were much more generous of the two. A victorious general of Rome, in the height of that empire, having entirely subdued his enemies, was rewarded with the larger triumph,
10 and perhaps a statue in the Forum, a bull for a sacrifice, an embroidered garment to appear in, a crown of laurel, a monumental trophy with inscriptions ; sometimes five hundred or a thousand copper coins were struck on occasion of the victory, which, doing honour to the general, we will place
15 to his account ; and lastly, sometimes, although not very frequently, a triumphal arch. These are all the rewards that I can call to mind, which a victorious general received, after his return from the most glorious expedition ; having conquered some great kingdom, brought the king himself, his
20 family, and nobles, to adorn the triumph, in chains ; and made the kingdom, either a Roman province, or, at best, a poor depending state, in humble alliance to that empire. Now, of all these rewards, I find but two which were of real profit to the general ; the laurel crown, made and sent him
25 at the charge of the public, and the embroidered garment ; but I cannot find whether this last was paid for by the senate or the general : however, we will take the more favourable opinion ; and in all the rest admit the whole expense, as if it were ready money in the general's pocket.
30 Now, according to these computations on both sides, we will draw up two fair accounts ; the one of Roman gratitude, and the other of British ingratitude, and set them together in balance.

A BILL OF ROMAN GRATITUDE.

Imprim.	£	s.	d.
For frankincense, and earthen pots to burn it in	4	10	0
A bull for sacrifice	8	0	0
An embroidered garment	50	0	0
A crown of laurel	0	0	2
A statue	100	0	0
A trophy	80	0	0
A thousand copper medals, value half pence a-piece	2	1	8
A triumphal arch	500	0	0
A triumphal car, valued as a modern coach	100	0	0
Casual charges at the triumph	150	0	0
	£994	11	10

A BILL OF BRITISH INGRATITUDE.

Imprim.	£	s.	d.
Woodstock	£40,000		
Blenheim	200,000		
Post-office grant	100,000		
Mildenheim	30,000		
Pictures, jewels, &c.	60,000		
Pall-Mall grant, &c.	10,000		
Employments	100,000		
	£540,000		

This is an account of the visible profits on both sides ; and if the Roman general had any private perquisites, they may be easily discounted, and by more probable computations ; and differ yet more upon the balance, if we consider that all the gold and silver for safeguards and contributions, 5 also all valuable prizes taken in the war, were openly exposed in the triumph, and then lodged in the Capitol for the public service.

So that, upon the whole, we are not yet quite so bad at worst as the Romans were at best. And I doubt, those 10 who raise the hideous cry of ingratitude, may be mightily

mistaken in the consequence they propose from such complaints. I remember a saying of Seneca, *Multos ingratos invenimus, plures facimus* ; we find many ungrateful persons in the world, but we make more, by setting too high a rate
5 upon our pretensions, and undervaluing the rewards we receive. When unreasonable bills are brought in, they ought to be taxed or cut off in the middle. Where there have been long accounts between two persons, I have known one of them perpetually making large demands, and
10 pressing for payment ; who, when the accounts were cast up on both sides, was found to be debtor for some hundreds. I am thinking, if a proclamation were issued out for every man to send in his bill of merits, and the lowest price he set them at, what a pretty sum it would amount to, and
15 how many such islands as this must be sold to pay them. I form my judgment from the practice of those who sometimes happen to pay themselves, and, I dare affirm, would not be so unjust as to take a farthing more than they think is due to their deserts. I will instance only in one article :
20 A lady of my acquaintance appropriated twenty-six pounds a-year out of her allowance, for certain uses, which her woman received, and was to pay to the lady, or her order, as it was called for. But, after eight years, it appeared, upon the strictest calculation, that the woman had paid but
25 four pounds a-year, and sunk two-and-twenty for her own pocket. It is but supposing, instead of twenty-six pounds, twenty-six thousand ; and by that you may judge what the pretensions of modern merit are, where it happens to be its own paymaster.

No. XXI.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1710.

*Nam et majorum instituta tueri, sacris caerimoniisque retinendis,
sapientis est.*

—*Ruituraque semper
Stat (mirum!) moles—*

A wise man will protect and defend the rights of the church; which, in spite of the malice of its enemies, although tottering, and on the brink of destruction, stands secure, to the admiration of all men.

WHOEVER is a true lover of our constitution, must needs be pleased to see what successful endeavours are daily made to restore it, in every branch, to its ancient form from the languishing condition it has long lain in, and with such deadly symptoms.

I have already handled some abuses during the late management, and shall, in convenient time, go on with the rest. Hitherto I have confined myself to those of the state; but, with the good leave of some who think it a matter of small moment, I shall now take liberty to say something of the church.

For several years past, there has not, I think, in Europe, been any society of men upon so unhappy a foot as the clergy of England, nor more hardly treated by those very persons, from whom they deserved much better quarter, and in whose power they chiefly had put it to use them so ill. I would not willingly misrepresent facts; but I think it generally allowed by enemies and friends, that the bold and brave defences made before the Revolution, against those many invasions of our rights, proceeded principally from the clergy, who are likewise known to have rejected

all advances made them, to close with the measures at that time concerting ; while the dissenters, to gratify their ambition and revenge, fell into the basest compliances with the court, approved of all proceedings by their numerous
5 and fulsome addresses, and took employments and commissions, by virtue of the dispensing power, against the direct laws of the land. All this is so true, that, if ever the Pretender comes in, they will, next to those of his own religion, have the fairest claim and pretensions to his favour,
10 from their merit and eminent services to his supposed father ; who, without such encouragement, would probably never have been misled to go the lengths he did. It should likewise be remembered, to the everlasting honour of the London divines, that, in those dangerous times, they writ
15 and published the best collection of arguments against popery that ever appeared in the world. At the Revolution, the body of the clergy joined heartily in the common cause, except a few, whose sufferings, perhaps, have atoned for their mistakes, like men who are content to go about for
20 avoiding a gulf or a precipice, but come into the old straight road again as soon as they can. But another temper had now begun to prevail ; for, as in the reign of King Charles the First, several well-meaning people were ready to join in reforming some abuses, while others, who had deeper de-
25 signs, were still calling out for a thorough reformation, which ended at last in the ruin of the kingdom ; so, after the late king's coming to the throne, there was a restless cry from men of the same principles for a thorough revolution, which, as some were carrying it on, must have ended in the
30 destruction of the monarchy and church.

What a violent humour has run ever since against the clergy, and from what corner spread and fomented, is, I believe, manifest to all men. It looked like a set quarrel against Christianity ; and if we call to mind several of the

leaders, it must, in a great measure, have been actually so. Nothing was more common, in writing and conversation, than to hear that reverend body charged in gross with what was utterly inconsistent, despised for their poverty, hated for their riches ; reproached with avarice, and taxed with 5 luxury ; accused for promoting arbitrary power, and for resisting the prerogative ; censured for their pride, and scorned for their meanness of spirit. The representatives of the lower clergy were railed at for disputing the power of the bishops, by the known abhorrrers of episcopacy, and 10 abused for doing nothing in the convocations, by those very men who helped to bind up their hands. The vice, the folly, the ignorance of every single man, were laid upon the character ; their jurisdiction, censures, and discipline, trampled under foot ; yet mighty complaints against their 15 excessive power ; the men of wit employed to turn the priesthood itself into ridicule ; in short, groaning every where under the weight of poverty, oppression, contempt, and obloquy. A fair return for the time and money spent in their education to fit them for the service of the altar, 20 and a fair encouragement for worthy men to come into the church ! However, it may be some comfort to the persons of that holy function, that their divine Founder, as well as his harbinger, met with the like reception :— ‘ John came neither eating or drinking, and they say, 25 he hath a devil ; the Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they say, behold a glutton and a wine-bibber,’ &c.

In this deplorable state of the clergy, nothing but the hand of Providence, working by its glorious instrument the 30 queen, could have been able to turn the people’s hearts so surprisingly in their favour. This princess, destined for the safety of Europe, and a blessing to her subjects, began her reign with a noble benefaction to the church ; and it was

hoped the nation would have followed such an example, which nothing could have prevented, but the false politics of a set of men, who form their maxims upon those of every tottering commonwealth, which is always struggling for life, 5 subsisting by expedients, and often at the mercy of any powerful neighbour. These men take it into their imagination, that trade can never flourish, unless the country becomes a common receptacle for all nations, religions, and languages ; a system only proper for small popular states, 10 but altogether unworthy and below the dignity of an imperial crown ; which, with us, is best upheld by a monarchy in possession of its just prerogative, a senate of nobles and of commons, and a clergy established in its due rights, with a suitable maintenance by law. But these men come, 15 with the spirit of shopkeepers, to frame rules for the administration of kingdoms ; or, as if they thought the whole art of government consisted in the importation of nutmegs, and the curing of herrings. Such an island as ours can afford enough to support the majesty of a crown, the honour 20 of a nobility, and the dignity of a magistracy ; we can encourage arts and sciences, maintain our bishops and clergy, and suffer our gentry to live in a decent hospitable manner ; yet still there will remain hands sufficient for trade and manufactures, which do always indeed deserve the best 25 encouragement, but not to a degree of sending every living soul into the warehouse or the workshop.

This pedantry of republican politics has done infinite mischief among us. To this we owe those noble schemes of treating Christianity as a system of speculative opinions 30 which no man should be bound to believe ; of making the being and the worship of God a creature of the state ; in consequence of these, that the teachers of religion ought to hold their maintenance at pleasure, or live by the alms and charitable collection of the people, and be equally en-

couraged of all opinions ; that they should be prescribed what to teach, by those who are to learn from them ; and, upon default, have a staff and a pair of shoes left at their door ; with many other projects of equal piety, wisdom, and good nature.

5

But, God be thanked, they and their schemes are vanished, and their places shall know them no more. When I think of that inundation of atheism, infidelity, profaneness, and licentiousness, which was likely to overwhelm us, from what mouths and hearts it first proceeded, and how the 10 people joined with the queen's endeavours to divert this flood, I cannot but reflect on that remarkable passage in the Revelation, where "the serpent with seven heads cast out of his mouth water after the woman, like a flood, that he might cause her to be carried away of the flood : but the 15 earth helped the woman, and the earth opened her mouth, and swallowed up the flood which the dragon had cast out of his mouth." For the queen having changed her ministry suitable to her own wisdom and the wishes of her subjects, and having called a free parliament, and at the same time 20 summoned the convocation by her royal writ, as in all times had been accustomed ; and, soon after their meeting, sent a most gracious letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to be communicated to the bishops and clergy of his province, taking notice of "the loose and profane principles which 25 had been openly scattered and propagated among her subjects ; that the consultations of the clergy were particularly requisite to repress and prevent such daring attempts, for which her subjects from all parts of the kingdom have shown their just abhorrence ; she hopes the endeavours of 30 the clergy in this respect will not be unsuccessful ; and, for her part, is ready to give them all fit encouragement to proceed in the dispatch of such business as properly belongs to them, and to grant them powers requisite to carry on so

good a work : ” in conclusion, “ earnestly recommending to them to avoid disputes ; and determining to do all that in her lies to compose and extinguish them.”

It is to be hoped, that this last part of her majesty's
5 letter will be the first she will please to execute ; for it seems, this very letter created the first dispute, the fact whereof is thus related :—The Upper House, having formed an address to the queen before they received her majesty's letter, sent both address and letter together to
10 the Lower House, with a message, excusing their not mentioning the letter in the address ; because this was formed before the other was received. The Lower House returned them, with a desire that an address might be formed with a due regard and acknowledgments
15 for the letter. After some difficulties, the same address was sent down again, with a clause inserted, making some short mention of the said letter. This the Lower House did not think sufficient, and sent it back again with the same request ; whereupon the archbishop, after a short
20 consultation with some of his brethren, immediately adjourned the convocation for a month ; and no address at all was sent to the queen.

I understand not ecclesiastical affairs well enough to comment upon this matter ; but it seems to me, that all
25 methods of doing service to the church and kingdom, by means of a convocation, may be at any time eluded, if there be no remedy against such an incident. And, if this proceeding be agreeable to the institution, spiritual assemblies must needs be strangely contrived, very differ-
30 ent from any lay senate yet known in the world. Surely, from the nature of such a synod, it must be a very unhappy circumstance, when the majority of the bishops draws one way, and that of the lower clergy another. The latter, I think, are not at this time suspected for any

principle bordering upon those professed by enemies to episcopacy ; and if they happen to differ from the greater part of the present set of bishops, I doubt it will call some things to mind, that may turn the scale of general favour on the inferior clergy's side ; who, with a profound 5 duty to her majesty, are perfectly pleased with the present turn of affairs. Besides, curious people will be apt to inquire into the dates of some promotions ; to call to mind what designs were then upon the anvil, and thence make malicious deductions. Perhaps they will observe the manner of voting 10 on the bishops' bench, and compare it with what shall pass in the upper house of convocation. There is, however, one comfort, that, under the present dispositions of the kingdom, a dislike to the proceedings of any of their lordships, even to the number of a majority, will be purely personal, and 15 not turned to the disadvantage of the order. And for my part, as I am a true lover of the church, I would rather find the inclinations of the people favourable to episcopacy in general, than see a majority of prelates cried up by those who are known enemies to the character. Nor, indeed, hath 20 anything given me more offence for several years past, than to observe how some of that bench have been caressed by certain persons, and others of them openly celebrated by the infamous pens of atheists, republicans, and fanatics.

Time and mortality can only remedy these inconveniences 25 in the church, which are not to be cured, like those in the state, by a change of ministry. If we may guess the temper of a convocation from the choice of a prolocutor, as it is usual to do that of a house of commons by the speaker, we may expect great things from that reverend body, who have 30 done themselves much reputation, by pitching upon a gentleman of so much piety, wit, and learning, for that office, and one who is so thoroughly versed in those parts of knowledge which are proper for it. I am sorry that the

three Latin speeches, delivered upon presenting the prolocutor, were not made public ; they might, perhaps, have given us some light into the disposition of each house ; and, besides, one of them is said to be so peculiar in the style and
5 matter, as might have made up in entertainment what it wanted in instruction.

NOTES.



EARLY POEMS.

Page 40. *William Sancroft* (1616-1693), Archbishop of Canterbury, had been the leader of the English Bishops in their resistance to James II's scheme of Indulgence. But Sancroft's adherence to 'divine right' principles forced him, after the Revolution, to resign the Archbishopric, and join the Nonjuring party. Swift's respect for Sancroft—although he had no sympathy with Sancroft's extreme views—shows the underlying vein of ecclesiastical Toryism that influenced him, even before he had separated himself from the Whig party. Swift rarely adopted any views that were those of Dryden: but Dryden in the *Fables* (version of Chaucer's *Good Parson*) refers to Sancroft's action in similar terms of praise.

1. 3. *that high sacred seven* has doubtless reference to the seven lights of the Tabernacle (Exodus xxv.), the seven lamps of the prophet Zechariah's vision, and to the seven stars of Revelation (ii.). Cf. Milton, *Parad. Lost* iii. 654

'Uriel, for thou of those seven spirits that stand
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright';

and Milton's poem *On Time* (v. 14):

'When everything that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
About the supreme Throne.'

41, l. 7. Swift may have had in his mind here the imagery of the Cave in Plato's *Republic*; but the lines are more immediately based upon his study of Descartes' treatise on optics, with the theories of the transmission and refraction of light. The *Cartesian artists* in l. 13 are those who attempted to illustrate the new theories by experiments with the camera obscura, the effects of which are described in the following lines.

42, l. 15. The whole of this stanza is extremely obscure: but it

seems to show the effects of the same recent study of Descartes, as may be inferred from stanza II. The first lines appear to mean: 'Some men, in order to be of great influence, and to satisfy their own vanity, make their minds wander over the whole expanse of thought, and are involved in contradictions and inconsistencies—all in order to find arguments in favour of some material ease of place (such as clinging by casuistical arguments to a post like that surrendered by Sancroft, the tenure of which was against their conscience).' But this must only be conjectural: and the comparisons with the mistaken notions as to the sun's motion, and the herd, who are deceived by the weathercock, would seem to point rather to a philosophical error, than to the selfishness dictated by a false casuistry in matters of conduct. The reference to the 'vortex' is doubtless a reminiscence of the system of Descartes (cf. p. 165, l. 10 note): and it is curious that the next lines cite the false belief in the sun's motion, which Descartes as well as Galileo had combated.

Part of the obscurity of this stanza seems to be due to the fact that Swift avoids committing himself entirely to the defence of Sancroft's position. In later days he by no means sympathized with the Non-jurors; and although now he honours Sancroft's integrity, he seems to deprecate the careless and self-satisfied criticism of the crowd, and to deny any inference as to Sancroft's disaffection to the Government, rather than to defend entirely the position which Sancroft had assumed.

43, l. 13. *In gathering follies from the wise*, i. e. 'in finding instances which may prove that the wise may give way to folly.' Swift does not himself ascribe the folly to Sancroft: but he admits that the multitude may put such an interpretation upon Nonjuring, as though it amounted to disaffection.

l. 26. It would be absurd to draw any special political inference from this. Swift could not mean that the recent misfortunes of James II were due to his excess of gentleness, nor could he mean to hint any repugnance to the Revolution. All he intended, probably, was to urge the necessity of strengthening the Crown as a bulwark against faction, and perhaps to convey a hint that William was not using for the check of faction all that authority with which the nation had entrusted him. But cf. note on p. 67, l. 21.

l. 29. Cf. *Rich. II*, Act iii, Sc. 4:

'Our sea-walled garden, the whole land,

Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choked up,' &c.

44, l. 5. *original mildness*. This is probably addressed to Sancroft. 'Original' has much the same sense as the '*prisca fides*' of Virgil.

l. 20. *In wholly equalling our sin and theirs*. 'I should be

wrongly understood, if I were thought to equal altogether our sin in judging Sancroft, and that of the Jews in calling for the crucifixion of Christ.'

45, l. 8. The *idol* in the vision of Daniel.

ll. 21-23. These three lines show, like some others in these early poems, how much Swift was influenced by Milton in his earlier years.

46, l. 9. *In Cæsar's court, or in Jerusalem*, i. e. in scenes of worldly ambition, or of the capital, rather than in the obscurity of the country village.

l. 18. Swift appeals to Political Necessity, so often alleged as an excuse, that appears to take the place of conscience in the breasts of statesmen, and to be more imperious in its behests; and demands of her, as the authority most fit to explain it to him, why the weal of the Church should have to yield to that of the body politic.

The argument of this stanza seems to be as follows: 'Why should the Church always suffer, when the State suffers? (There is no corresponding partnership in good fortune.) For, at this moment, the world deems us blessed in our king, and believes us to emulate his virtues. (Let us do so, as we ought—but the example of a good king is not so often followed as that of a bad one.) But in spite of this happiness in the State, Sancroft feels his Church so ruined by faction that he has laid down his mitre.'

47, l. 1. This passage suggests the well-known simile in Addison's *Campaign*, where he likens Marlborough to the Angel ruling the whirlwind, and speaks of the storm

'Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed'

—referring to the great storm of 1703. Swift's *that fearful storm of late* is, however, only the metaphorical storm of the Revolution, which had threatened to overwhelm the Church, before the triumph of the sectaries. *The prophetic tempest in the virgin reign* seems to refer to the Puritan movement in the reign of Elizabeth.

l. 20. *And must to human reasoning opposite conclude*, &c., must come to a conclusion opposite to that of human reason, (in trying) to point out, &c. There may be a hint here that Sancroft in his *fortitude* overstept the bounds of *moderation*.

48, l. 7. *like that poetic wood of old*. The branch of golden leaves that Aeneas was to use as his guide to Avernus. *Aen.* vi. 137.

49, l. 1. *In striving to wash off th' imaginary paint*—in striving to remove those signs of reverence which were falsely imagined to be mere superficial ornament. Cf. Swift's satire, in the *Tale of a Tub*, upon Jack's eager haste to strip off all ornament from his coat. The passage on p. 169, l. 21, contrasts, in its irony, with this serious deprecation of interference with the decency of outward forms.

ll. 6 seq. These lines sum up, with the terseness and pithiness of Swift's later and more powerful style, the position which he maintained from first to last in regard to all ecclesiastical struggles.

l. 16. Cf. Dryden's *Ode on Cromwell*, stanza 2, l. 3

'Heaven what praise we offer to his name
Hath rendered too authentic by its choice.'

50, l. 1. Cf. Dryden, st. 7, l. 3 (basing one of Cromwell's titles to fame on his *not* being an hereditary monarch)

'Nor was his virtue poisoned, soon as born,
With the too early thoughts of being King.'

But contrast Swift's more mature opinion in the *Sentiments of a Church of England Man*: 'Hereditary right is much to be preferred before election.'

l. 3. *Part of your merit Chance would call her own.* Cf. Dryden, st. 6, l. 2—

'For he was great ere Fortune made him so.'

l. 14. Cf. Dryden, st. 30, l. 1

'That old unquestioned pirate of the land,
Proud Rome.'

l. 18. Cf. Dryden, st. 23, l. 3

'His fortune turned the scale where'er 'twas cast.'

l. 26. *When Schomberg started at the vast design.* Schomberg did, as a fact, endeavour to dissuade the King from attacking at the Boyne, the Irish having secured a much superior position.

51, l. 7. Cf. Dryden, st. 20, l. 3

'Successful counsels did him soon approve
As fit for close intrigues as open field.'

l. 9. Cf. Dryden, st. 28, l. 1

'From this high spring our foreign conquests flow.'

l. 13. It was this poem which is said to have given rise to Dryden's criticism (never forgotten or forgiven by Swift), 'Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet.'

52, l. 12. *the Dove-Muse*: i. e. philosophy, starting forth after the cessation of the deluge of civil troubles, like the dove from the Ark.

l. 27. This refers to the *Ode to King William*, on p. 49.

53, l. 13. *the god of wit* = Apollo. Cf. Swift's verses on Apollo (1731)

'Apollo, god of light and wit.'

l. 14. *oracular.* Observe the curious accent on the penultimate.

l. 24 and p. 54, l. 8. Cf. p. 178, l. 24. Also p. 59, l. 6.

54, l. 21. *ye great unknown.* The mysterious members of Dunton's society, to whom Swift, in a rhapsody so strangely unlike his other writings, was now making his court.

l. 22. *the juggling sea-god* = Proteus. Cf. p. 188, l. 25 (note).

l. 23. *sleeping*, referring, of course, to Proteus, not to the *querist*.

55, l. 1. The passage which follows shows how Swift's later dislike of philosophy took its rise.

l. 12. *farthingale* = a hooped petticoat.

l. 13. *commode* = a wirework frame on which the head-dress was raised.

l. 18. The restoration by Dunton was not destined to command Swift's respect for long. Cf. p. 99, l. 27 (note).

57, l. 21. *Censure, and Pedantry, and Pride*. Cf. *Tale of a Tub*, p. 120, l. 28, and *Battle of the Books*, p. 214, l. 20.

58, l. 7. *Malignant goddess* = Poetry, or, perhaps, Imagination. Cf. the bitterness of Swift's later *Rhapsody on Poetry* (1733). The same spirit inspires the lines in the *Ode to Congreve* (1693), in which Swift seems to bid farewell to serious poetry :

'Tis time to bid my friend a long farewell!

The Muse retreats far in yon crystal cell.

Faint inspiration sickens as she flies,

Like distant echo spent, the spirit dies.'

59, l. 31. *hope his last and greatest foe*. The delusion of hope Swift counts as his most recent and most fatal foe. Clearly the petty disappointments of his connexion with Temple were telling with cruel force upon a mind which Swift was told (see p. 4) 'was like a con-jured spirit.' Contrast the utterance of his finished irony, written only some four years later, 'happiness is a perpetual possession of being well deceived' (p. 168, l. 17).

60, l. 8. This passage can hardly have failed to give a suggestion to Pope for the magnificent outburst in the *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, 'Not fortune's worshipper,' &c.

l. 15. *Since thy few ill-presented graces seem*

To breed contempt where thou hadst hoped esteem.

Cf. Johnson's Letter to Lord Chesterfield, 'I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could: and no man is pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.'

DISSENSIONS IN ATHENS AND ROME.

In order to understand the position assumed by Swift in the following pages, it is necessary to bear in mind the current theories as

to the constitution of civil government. Sir Robert Filmer's posthumous work, entitled *Patriarcha*, had been first published in 1680, and maintained the divine right of kings by the inheritance which, he asserted, they derived from the authority vested in Adam. This fantastic theory had obtained considerable support, towards the close of the Stuart rule, by the views current amongst the Royalist party, and supported by the University of Oxford. The Revolution had overturned entirely the theory, and had proceeded upon the opposite notion, that society rested upon a supposed Original Contract, by which the constituent members had voluntarily surrendered something of their liberty, by a partition of authority amongst the various members of which the society was composed. This view of civil society had its counterpart in the theory of international relations, which held that peace was maintained by a balance of power amongst the various States of Europe. The Original Contract was formally maintained in the vote of the Convention, by which the Revolution was brought about: and its chief philosophical defender was Locke. It derived support from the theories advanced, in the previous generation, by Harrington in his *Oceana*, a book constantly present to Swift's mind in this treatise; and it set aside the theory of Hobbes, far more acute and far more philosophical than that of Filmer, which maintained that a mixed constitution was in reality impossible; that any symptoms of it were not, in their nature, 'absolute,' but only 'subordinate'; that the sovereign power must, in its essence, rest in one part of the constitution, and that any apparent mixture was only 'a mixture that imposeth' on our imaginations, and had no existence in Nature. Swift, writing as an adherent of the revolutionary Whig party, had adopted, for practical purposes, this theory of a 'balance of power' in civil society. His position obliged him to oppose Hobbes's views: and although his clearness of vision led him to distrust, as we shall notice, the theories of Harrington, yet for practical purposes he argues that this 'balance' must be maintained. But the fear which he shews of popular assemblies, and his hatred of popular encroachments, come strangely from an adherent of the Whig party, and prove, as the subsequent development of his political views proves still more conclusively, that in his mind the 'balance' was to be maintained quite as much as a defence against the danger of popular movements, as against those of monarchical prerogative.

Page 62, l. 8. *or else made merchandize, and merely bought and sold.* The construction is confused. Swift means that the habit of yielding to popular encroachments is influenced by a mere bargaining principle, and is guided solely by the considerations which would affect

one who has something to sell, with which he is prepared to part for value received.

l. 15. *without further pursuits*, i. e. without seeking after further favours.

63, l. 3) *then might there be some hopes that it were a matter to be adjusted*. Swift here shews that, in his view, no stipulation or bargain was a safeguard against popular encroachments, if these encroachments were once allowed free course. To him, as to Hobbes, the 'balance' or 'mixture' is a piece of 'subordinate' contrivance, something which 'imposes' but is not real. But none the less he feels the urgent duty of maintaining the balance as long as possible. The 'imposition' should be supported, however hollow it may be.

l. 7. *those to whom the rest of the balance is entrusted* (see also l. 14). This may mean either the Crown, or the Executive, or those responsible guides of public opinion, to whose influence the maintenance of the present balance must be entrusted. Swift is probably, of set purpose, indefinite in his reference. The *rest of the balance* seems to mean either the 'adjustment,' or, perhaps, in a material sense, the 'tongue' of the balance. Swift forgot that a balance ceases to be true, as soon as its adjustment is entrusted to any one. It must either be maintained by its own equilibrium, or it becomes a pretence, sustained only by the application of arbitrary force. And indeed, in refusing to admit the justification of a standing army, Swift rendered the application of this force impossible.

l. 22. *collective or represented*, i. e. either gathered together in full numbers, or represented by elected delegates.

l. 26. Swift's inherent cynicism speaks here, and doubtless with some amount of truth. But a little reflection shews that the mere power of oratory has rarely, if ever, given a large share either of party direction or of administrative influence to a politician in England. As a fact, not one of those who were responsible for the factious and virulent proceedings attacked by Swift in this treatise, ever attained to any long or considerable influence in the politics of the day. And of the Ministers who, successively, during his life, obtained the largest share of power—Godolphin, Harley, Walpole—not one owed any of his influence to oratorical power, or to the arts of the tribune.

64, l. 1. Cf. p. 67, l. 17. *Tyranny* is here used, not in the sense of the Greek word, which is strictly limited to the despotism of a single individual, but loosely, to express absolute power. It is, indeed, just the same as the 'sovereign power' which Hobbes maintained must, of necessity, rest ultimately in the hands of 'the one, the few, or the many.'

l. 7. *its own dupe*. Observe the change in number; in l. 9, *they* advance to *their* own ruin. Cf. somewhat similar irregularities on p. 140, l. 23, and p. 168, l. 24.

l. 14. *Into* is unusual, with the verb *engaged*.

l. 16. The examples are adduced in the early part of the treatise, not here printed.

l. 18. *of producing it*. *It* seems to refer to the example adduced or produced, rather than to the whole discourse.

l. 28. *how those diseases in a state are bred, that hasten its end*. Observe the faulty arrangement. In l. 11 of this page, we should expect the order of the words *superior nature* to be reversed; and such irregularity is frequent in Swift.

l. 33. *manage* exactly = the French *ménager*, thus illustrating Swift's love of French idioms.

65, l. 4. *some physicians*. Swift refers to Harrington, the author of *Oceana*. Harrington believed that 'an equal commonwealth' might be a perpetual form of constitution. By such a commonwealth he meant one 'equal both in the foundation and the superstructure.' The equality in the foundation was equal distribution of property in land: and the equality in the superstructure was equal rotation of rule, which he thus defines:—'Equal rotation is equal vicissitude in government, or succession to magistracy, conferred for such convenient terms . . . as take in the whole body by turns.' Of such an immortal constitution Harrington thought that Venice gave an example. Cf. p. 68, l. 3.

l. 9. *this* = the immortality of the body politic: *the other* = the immortality of the physical body.

l. 11. *It has an appearance of fatality, and that*. One of the irregular constructions so frequent in Swift. The first clause is taken as = 'it appears that fate comes into the matter,' and the next clause is thus naturally introduced with *that*.

l. 12. *when a concurrence . . . unite*. This is an even more marked irregularity. *Concurrence* is used by Swift as = a multitude, and thus the plural verb is partially justified. In the very next line we have, *the whole body of the people are*.

l. 17. *by the very same errors that*. We expect the sentence to proceed 'that have broken so many before.' Swift alters the construction without caring to alter *that* into 'by which.'

l. 23. *secure*, in its proper sense = free from anxiety.

l. 27. 'Which fate may guiding fortune turn far from us, and may reason, rather than stern reality, convince us.' The first line of the quotation is introduced by Swift again, p. 157, l. 17.

66, l. 1. *some prince*, i.e. Louis XIV. Swift's views as to the dangers to be feared from French aggression were destined, before long, to undergo a very decided change.

l. 7. *in the number of fopperies*, as worthy to be ranked with other absurdities.

l. 32. *the custom introduced (or permitted) among the nobles, of selling their lands*. By the Statute of Fines, which enabled a tenant for life to bar the rights of his successors in tail. See Hallam's *Constitutional History*, chap. i.

67, l. 12. *moulding up* = mixing together. It would perhaps be hard to prove that any republican principles were really held by the Puritans in the days of Elizabeth.

l. 14. *as well as the nobles*, i.e. as well as *upon* the nobles.

l. 21. *two weak princes*. Observe that this could scarcely have been the ordinary view of the rule of Charles II and James II. True as Swift's estimate is, it probably seemed a paradox to the Revolutionary Whigs, who looked upon these reigns as serious menaces to the liberty of the subject. But cf. note on p. 43, l. 26.

l. 23. *by the hands that held it*. Cf. p. 63, ll. 8 and 14. Swift refers to those whose advice prevailed chiefly with the last two Stuarts, who ought to have had sufficient foresight to prevent the ultimate encroachments of popular views, but whose want of wisdom contributed to these encroachments.

l. 26. *in a very few years*, i.e. between 1689 and 1701.

l. 27. *popularity* = the preponderance of popular influence.

l. 30. *pandeckt*, a synopsis or digest, such as that issued by the Emperor Justinian embodying the decisions of the Roman jurists.

68, l. 3. *the author of the Oceana*: see p. 65, l. 4 (note). The equal rotation was thought by Harrington to be beneficial, as an element of stability: and Swift's using it in a bad sense shews the reference to be sarcastic. Harrington wrote in favour of principles of government that could hardly commend themselves to Swift.

l. 8. *the raging of the sea and the madness of the people are put together in holy writ*. In the Epistle of S. Jude, 13, the evil teachers are compared to 'Raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame.' Cf. also Isaiah lvii. 20 'the wicked are like the troubled sea.'

l. 12. *a limited state* = a state in which each element possesses only a limited amount of power.

l. 19. *to ask the potter, What dost thou make?* Referring to Isaiah xlv. 9, 'Shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, What makest thou?'

l. 22. *that* = the usurpation.

l. 27. *Conventions*. The word had become current since the Convention Parliament, which had fixed the terms upon which the Revolution was carried out.

l. 29. *such assemblies, who*. This is the ordinary sequence in Swift, although he varies it in one of the clauses here, by that which is now more usual, *such—as*.

69, l. 5. *the source . . . arises*. This is one of the incorrect expressions to which Swift is prone. The *mistakes* arise from the *source*; and it would of course be more strictly correct to say, 'the mistakes arise from the influence,' or 'the source of the mistakes is the influence.' Swift mixes together the two methods of saying the same thing.

l. 10. *a few words put together, which is called*. The phrase is clear and forcible; and this being so, Swift disregards its grammatical inaccuracy.

l. 34. *Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ*, a work repleté with dangerous hazard. Hor. *Odes* ii. 1. 6.

70, l. 7. *imitatores, servum pecus*. So Horace (*Ep.* i. 19. 19) nick-names the slavish herd that ape the manners of genius.

l. 14. *where*, i. e. in which herd, a man need only be violent in order to earn consideration.

l. 18. *I would be glad any partizan*. Observe the idiomatic omission, after Swift's manner, of the usual 'if.'

ll. 19-22. *Clodius, Curio, Bibulus*. These are names which were prominent in the struggles which preceded the Triumvirate, and ultimately culminated in the establishment of Caesar's power. But Swift does not introduce them with any reference to their real opinions. As a fact Bibulus was the adherent of the aristocratic party, while Clodius and Curio were notorious for their violence and profligacy as tribunes of the plebs.

71, l. 5. *a people represented . . . the commons collective*. Cf. p. 63, l. 22.

l. 8. *what Diodorus tells us of one Charondas, a lawgiver to the Sybarites*. Charondas appears to have legislated for some of the cities of Sicily and Southern Italy. The law here spoken of is ascribed by Demosthenes to the Locrians. It is curious that the names of Charondas and Zaleucus were attached to two fictitious compilations of laws, praised by Sir W. Temple in his *Treatise on Ancient and Modern Learning*, and a large part of Bentley's *Dissertation* is taken up with exposing the baselessness of the stories current about them. Swift wrote the present treatise between the composition and publication of the *Battle of the Books*, and after the

appearance of the *Dissertation*; but Bentley's opposition would not tend to make him doubt the genuineness of the Charondas legend.

l. 10. *averse from*. Cf. p. 73, l. 12, *aversion against*: and p. 185, l. 22 (note).

l. 25. *the distinction between the personal and politic capacity*. This refers to the attempt of the Tories, anxious to find an expedient against revolution, to draw a distinction between the personal position of James II, as a Roman Catholic, and his political or legal position, as Head of the Church of England.

l. 32. *Here* = in the common offices of life.

72, l. 9. *listed*. Cf. p. 156, l. 24 (note).

l. 11. *whose opinions*. If we look to the grammatical construction, this would naturally refer to the opinions of the *party*: but what Swift complains of is the violent zeal and faith with which the opinions of the *leader* are followed and maintained.

l. 12. *as violent as a young scholar does*, an elliptical expression, characteristic of Swift. It should run 'as violent as *those with which* a young scholar,' &c.

l. 13. *has*. It is well to notice that Swift observes no uniform practice with regard to the use of '*hath*' and '*has*.' The earliest editions of this treatise give us '*has*' throughout. On the other hand, the earliest editions of the *Tale of a Tub* have, as uniformly, '*hath*.' In *Gulliver*, again, the first edition employs '*hath*,' but in the copy (in the Forster Library) altered in Swift's own hand for a new edition, '*hath*' is altered into '*has*.' We may conclude, therefore, that Swift came to discard the use of '*hath*' as archaic; but in the separate books he probably left the printers to take their own way.

l. 20. *congenial with him*. The construction seems to be mixed, the two phrases—'*congenial with his natural qualities*' and '*congenial* (in the sense of 'agreeable') *to him*'—being both in Swift's mind.

l. 22. *during the present lucid interval*. Parliament had been prorogued in April 1700: and, after a dissolution, met again in February 1701. Swift probably wrote in the summer of 1700, when it was expected that Parliament would meet again in November.

l. 33. *have been openly caressed by the people*. The credit of the House of Commons had perhaps fallen, and that of the House of Lords risen. But Swift seems to some extent to have been deceived by associating with the Whigs, whose adherent he now was, and whose views would naturally impress him. It is difficult to trace any symptoms of popular leaning towards Somers and his friends: and, as a fact, the next election went for the Tories. The '*fear of their persons from popular rage*,' which he attributes to the Tories, seems to be equally an exaggeration.

78, l. 2. *this unprecedented proceeding in their masters* = this unusual action of their masters (i. e. the people whom they are sent to represent) in disavowing the doings of their representatives.

l. 7. *the mass of the people . . . have opened.* Cf. p. 65, l. 14.

l. 9. *Clodius and Curio.* Cf. p. 70, l. 19.

l. 12. *aversion . . . against.* Cf. p. 71, l. 10 (note).

l. 17. *universal fear . . . of the power of France.* Cf. p. 66, l. 1 (note).

l. 31. *free from such obstructions* = free from the check imposed on their action by the displeasure of their constituents.

l. 34. *the hand that holds the balance.* Cf. p. 63, ll. 7 and 14, and observe the variation in the present phrase. It is no longer 'those that hold the balance,' but the single hand of the King, on which Swift is disposed to rely.

THE TALE OF A TUB.

Page 76, l. 2. *Lord Somers* was at this date (1704) fifty-four years of age. His distinction as a lawyer was gained after he had spent some years in the pursuit of literature; but when he applied himself entirely to his profession he attained rapid success. He opposed the measures of the Court during the reigns of Charles II and James II, and, after the Revolution, passed quickly, by the steps of the Solicitor and Attorney Generalships, to the office of Lord Chancellor. In the words of Lord Sunderland to William III, he 'was the life, the soul, the spirit of his (the Whig) party.' He was one of those attacked by the Commons in those proceedings which Swift condemned in his treatise on *Dissensions in Athens and Rome*; and at that time Somers resigned his office. At the date of this dedication he was still without office, but held high rank in his party. From 1708 to 1710 he was Lord President; but Swift had then become too much estranged from the Whigs to maintain his former cordial relations with Somers. During the later years of Anne's reign, Somers was laid aside by ill-health, and he died in 1716. He remained throughout life a warm patron of literature.

78, l. 34. This paragraph gives an admirable specimen of Swift's skill in conveying a compliment through a delicate turn of raillery. He accentuates the sincerity of his praise of the qualities which Somers does possess by suggesting how easy it would be for insincerity to add to the catalogue those to which he has no claim. The same method of enhancing a compliment, by seeming to detract from it, appears again in the dedication of his *Project for the Advancement of Religion* to the Countess of Berkeley. 'My design . . . is that of

publishing your praises to the world ; not upon the subject of your noble birth, for I know others as noble ; or of the greatness of your fortune, for I know others far greater ; or of that beautiful race which call you mother, for even this may perhaps have been equalled in some other age or country. . . What I intend is your piety, truth, good sense, and good nature, affability, and charity.'

80, l. 8. *The Bookseller*, in whose character Swift writes the dedication, was John Nutt.

l. 13. The *first treatise* is the *Tale of a Tub* ; the *second*, the *Battle of the Books*. They were published together in one volume, with a Fragment, *On the Mechanical Operation of the Spirit*, not published in this collection.

l. 23. It would, of course, be absurd to take these words seriously. Swift's object is only to mystify ; the treatises were not published sooner because Swift's occupation, and his long absences from London, prevented it.

81, l. 4. *Don Quixote*, *Boccalini*, *la Bruyère*. It is probably of set purpose that Swift, speaking in the character of the bookseller, enumerates Cervantes' hero as one of a list of authors ; and we may also infer that the other names are introduced somewhat at random, and without any special literary reference. The English parallel to *Don Quixote* which naturally presents itself is Butler's *Hudibras* ; but Swift, who greatly admired Butler, was not likely to refer to *Hudibras* with an implied sarcasm. *Trajano Boccalini* was an Italian writer, who lived from 1556 to 1613. His works are *Ragguagli di Parnaso* (News from Parnassus) and *Pietra del Paragone Politico* (Political Touchstone). The last had a political bearing against Spain, and was not published until after Boccalini's death. An English translation of part of his works had appeared in 1626, and a translation of the whole was now being prepared, and was issued in 1705, with a preface by John Hughes, the friend of Addison. He is described as ' a satirical wit ' ; but this description, as now employed, would scarcely apply to his works. The *News from Parnassus* treats of moral questions by means of allegorical machinery, difficult points being discussed by a council summoned by Apollo, and referred to his decision. At times his essays approach very nearly to the form of fables. There are passages in the *Tale of a Tub* which recall his manner, and some of the papers in the *Spectator* owed, perhaps, something to his writings. *La Bruyère* founded his *Caractères* upon Theophrastus. As his *Caractères* appeared only in 1687, it could hardly be necessary to refit them ' to the humour of the age.'

l. 27. *having decreed you sole arbiter*. This use of the verb, although both legitimate and forcible, seems to have become obsolete.

l. 31. *the person*, i. e. Time.

82, l. 11. *this insolent*. This is one of the French idioms which Swift not infrequently affects.

l. 17. *and still continues*. It would be more strictly grammatical to say 'still continues to profess.' But Swift almost invariably prefers to leave his reader to supply the sense, when he can do so without sacrifice of perspicuity.

83, l. 9. *maître du palais*. It was by means of the power which they obtained as Mayors of the Palace, that the Carlovingian dynasty displaced the Merovingian, as Kings of the Franks.

l. 10. *hors de page* = out of tutelage.

l. 22. *his*, i. e. Time's.

l. 29. *the laurel*, the post of Poet Laureate.

84, l. 9. *uncontrollable* = of universal application. The word is used in exactly the same sense in Swift's tract on *Maxims Controlled in Ireland*—that is to say, maxims which, however accepted elsewhere, are inapplicable to the peculiar circumstances of Ireland.

l. 17. *returning*. This is another instance of Swift's sacrificing strict grammatical accuracy to terseness of expression. 'When I returned' would, of course, be more correct.

l. 23. *without all taste*. 'Altogether without' or 'without any' would be more according to rule, but perhaps less expressive.

l. 29. Mr. Forster compares the passage in *Antony and Cleopatra* (Act iv. sc. 12) beginning 'Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish,' &c.

85, l. 9. *in return of*, i. e. in exchange for, *en retour de*. Cf. p. 187, l. 21.

l. 16. *I can by no means warrant*, i. e. 'I can give no warrant that they will not happen.'

l. 20. Dryden's *Virgil* was published in July 1697. The poet died on May 1st, 1700, so that this Epistle is either purposely misleading or was written (which seems unlikely) some years before its publication. Not even death secured Dryden against Swift's vengeance for the unfavourable criticism of his early verses. (See Life, p. 7.)

l. 23. *Nahum Tate* was born in 1652, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He was befriended by Dryden, for whom he wrote much of the Second Part of *Absalom and Achitophel*. He was the author of many works, but his name is chiefly remembered as that of the metrical translator of the Psalms in conjunction with Brady. 'Tate's poor page' and 'The mild limbo of our Father Tate' have found a place in the *Dunciad*. He was Poet Laureate, and died in 1715.

l. 28. *Tom Durfey*, a prolific verse-writer of the day, much esteemed as a social wit. Steele, in the *Guardian*, tells us how much

the age was indebted to him for his *Pills to Purge Melancholy*; and, coupling his name jocularly with that of Pindar, bespeaks the favour of a grateful public for a benefit-night, designed to make the old singer easy in his declining days. In the *Miscellanies* of Swift, Pope and Arbuthnot, there is a humorous poem (apparently by Swift) turning to ridicule a printer's error, by which an &c. was added to the author's name on the title-page of one of Dufrey's plays. He stirred contempt more than anger; and Pope wrote a Prologue to his last play, in a mixed spirit of kindness and ridicule.

l. 30. *Mr. Rymer*. Thomas Rymer (1638-1713) was the author of some dramas and some essays in criticism, which shewed the worst side of the literary faculty of his age. The most lamentable of these attempts was his *View of the Tragedies of the Last Age*. As historiographer he was employed on more laborious but, perhaps, more useful work, in the compilation of the *Fœdera*, a statement of the international engagements of England. Rymer contributed more than one pamphlet, adverse to the Christ Church wits, to the controversy on the subject of ancient and modern learning. This sufficiently accounts for Swift's dislike.

l. 31. *Mr. Dennis*. The name of John Dennis (1657-1733) has attained too much notoriety, as the aim for the bitterest sarcasms of those whom he made it his object to attack, to permit the quotation even of samples of his treatment by the chief writers of the day. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and seems to have had a fair start in life, which was marred by his own boisterousness of manner and unruliness of temper. A certain facility of writing, considerable information, and some acuteness of argumentative power, made him aspire to the function of critic. His pronounced Whig opinions gained him some opponents, and his own increasing arrogance, which approached the borders of insanity, added to the number. Those whom he attacked belonged to all parties, and comprised Addison and Steele as well as Pope. One story which is told of him gives an index to his character. In consequence of some pamphlet which he had written against France, he believed himself to be the chief object of that nation's hatred; and when a peace seemed imminent, he sought an interview with the Duke of Marlborough, to beg that he should not be delivered over to the foe. Marlborough was at pains to quiet the author's anxiety, by telling him that he had not found it necessary to claim any special exemption for himself, although he believed he had been the means of doing almost as much harm to the French as Mr. Dennis. Dennis became, amongst the coterie led by Swift and Pope, almost the type of the Critic as a name of opprobrium and contempt; and he seems, indeed, to have gloried in the

name. His later years were clouded by poverty, which Pope, with-out any very severe tax upon his charity, did something to alleviate.

1. 32. *Dr. Bentley*. Richard Bentley (1662-1742), Royal Librarian and, in 1699, Master of Trinity, Cambridge. He was the leader of that opposition to Sir W. Temple which Swift attacked in the *Battle of the Books*. The relation of Bentley and Wotton to the controversy is more fully dealt with in connexion with that book.

86, 1. 6. *A friend of your Governor*, i. e. Sir William Temple, whose complimentary references to Phalaris, in his *Treatise of Ancient Learning*, were the object of Bentley's attack in the *Dissertation* appended to the second edition of Wotton's *Reflections on Ancient and Modern Learning*. Temple is described as a *friend* of Time, because it is assumed that his fame will be immortal.

1. 11. *his forementioned friend*, i. e. Bentley.

1. 17. *A Satire against Wit* was published in 1700 by Sir Richard Blackmore, and it is curious to find Swift professing his intention to undertake a business already attempted by one whom he made the object of his satire.

1. 26. *the many volumes of late years written for a help to their studies*. Such as the Delphine edition of the classics, written for the help of the French Dauphin.

87, 1. 4. *during the intervals of a long peace*. This sentence is characteristic of Swift, in its looseness of expression, combined with perfect clearness of intention. The meaning is, of course, 'the times of leisure given by a long peace interposed between times of war.' Such an expression was, perhaps, rather less absurd in 1696, when the book professes to have been written, than it would have been as applied to 1704, when it was published, and when England was in the midst of a war that showed no promise of an early conclusion. But Swift uses it with sarcastic meaning, as war was one of those human follies in which lucid intervals were to be assumed, even if they were seldom found.

1. 12. *new levies of wits*. With reference to the frequent levies of recruits which were held, to fill up that standing army which Swift always viewed as a serious menace to liberty.

1. 18. *a grand committee*. A common Parliamentary device, which Swift more than once attacks as a convenient contrivance of party tactics. So in the *Legion Club*,

'Let them form a grand committee
How to plague and starve the city.'

1. 21. *an empty tub*. The phrase 'A Tale of a Tub' was used by Sir Thomas More to describe a pointless speech. Ben Jonson gave the name to an early comedy, in which one of the characters was

'Squire Tub.' Defoe, in a pamphlet published in 1704, on the grievances of Irish Dissenters, speaks of a certain Bill as a 'Tale of a Tub,' exactly in the sense here used by Swift, from whom it is quite possible that Defoe borrowed the phrase.

l. 22. *laying violent hands upon the ship*. Here again we have a phrase, almost Hibernian in its absurdity, which nevertheless forcibly enough expresses what Swift wished to say.

l. 23. *mythologised*, i. e. provided with a remote or recondite interpretation.

l. 24. *Hobbes's Leviathan*. Hobbes's *Leviathan; or Treatise upon the Form of a Commonwealth, Civil and Ecclesiastical*, was published in 1651. This particular treatise is cited here by Swift more perhaps from its title than for any other reason; and in the passing comment that the wits find Hobbes a storehouse of weapons, there may be an implied compliment, as well as in the hint that the objects which Hobbes attacked were not always worthy of much reverence. Swift certainly did not overlook or despise Hobbes, whose clearness and perspicuity must have been not without some attraction for him, and whose hatred of the Dissenters could not have failed to rouse Swift's sympathy. But for Hobbes's views of absolutism Swift had nothing but detestation. 'Arbitrary power,' Swift says, in the *Sentiments of a Church of England Man*, 'notwithstanding all that Hobbes, Filmer, and others have said to its advantage, I look upon as a greater evil than anarchy itself, as much as a savage is in a happier state of life than a slave at the oar.' 'She understood,' he writes of Esther Johnson, 'the nature of government, and could point out all the errors of Hobbes, both in that and religion.' 'Hobbes,' says the *Abstract on Free-thinking*, 'was a person of great learning, virtue, and free-thinking, except in the High Church politics.' This last sarcastic reference is, perhaps, the strongest condemnation. Swift could not, indeed, pardon Hobbes's formal disquisitions for the sake of his originality, nor his attacks upon religion for the sake of his defence of Church government.

88, l. 11. The description here is not without resemblance to that of the Academy of Laputa.

l. 21. There is little to guide us to the proper meaning of these 'schools.' That of spelling, *a very spacious building*, may refer to niceties of verbal quibbling. That of *looking-glasses* may refer to the follies of fashion. The *school of swearing* may refer to the blasphemies with which the wits helped out their poverty of diction, and it was a vice against which Swift frequently inveighed. The *school of critics* may be taken literally; and there is little difficulty as to the *school of hobby-horses*, on which men rode their caprices to the death.

From a note in one of the early editions (perhaps by Wotton), the *school of tops* seems to have been taken in the same sense. The *school of poetry* is easily understood as the craze for versifying; and that of *spleen* as the indulgence of envy and malice. That of *gaming* seems to join defects of morals with intellectual weaknesses. But it is impossible to say whether Swift had not some special dunces in view under each of these headings. Cf. *Tatler*, No. 12: 'Gamesters, banterers, biters, swearers, and twenty new-born insects more, are, in their several species, the Modern Men of Wit.'

l. 30. *my imagination to make the tour of my invention*. By *imagination*, Swift seems to mean the fancy which, ranging over the mere incidents which the more humble industry of his invention might supply, might adapt them for the purposes of his work.

89, l. 5. 'Something piquant, fresh, uttered by no other tongue.' The quotation is from Horace, *Odes*, iii. 25. 8.

l. 6. *that necessary and noble course of study*. An original note explains, 'Reading prefaces,' &c.

l. 16. *annihilate*. A participle taken direct from *annihilatus*.

l. 23. *towardly*, apt and well-applied. Cf. p. 194, l. 20

l. 28. *to furnish*. According to Swift's frequent manner, instead of 'of furnishing.' See p. 93, l. 6.

l. 34. *the very bottom of all the sublime*. Swift purposely, and with sarcastic reference to the misappropriation of high-sounding words, joins these two ill-paired words.

90, l. 11. Swift writes in the character of a Grub-street hack.

l. 18. *emergent* = which may arise.

91, l. 13. *this objection*, i. e. that he has omitted to make this natural complaint, according to the fashion of the trade.

l. 24. *fit*, a part of a song or recital: and hence any new division in a series, or any new specimen of his antics by the mountebank.

92, l. 8. The use of *italics* was carried to an absurd extent in Swift's day; and in the *Tale of a Tub* he made full use of the liberty in the early editions.

l. 9. *sublime*, as a substantive, as on p. 90, l. 1.

l. 16. *have bought out the fee simple*—and thus left nothing for posterity to administer.

l. 18. *Elogy* is properly a speech delivered in memory of the dead; but in Swift's day, and previously, it was not infrequently used as equivalent to 'eulogy.'

l. 29. *dissent from*, in the sense of 'differ from.'

l. 32. *expostulate the case*, i. e. show its guilt by proof.

93, l. 6. *the prerogative to sting*. For this characteristic construction

(‘to sting,’ instead of ‘of stinging’), cf. p. 83, l. 34: ‘The honour to produce.’

l. 11. *the first monarch of this island*, i. e. James I, who added the thistle, entwined with the rose, in the scroll on the royal arms, which bears the motto, *Dieu et mon Droit*. It is to this that Swift seems to refer, as no such alteration was made in the collar of the Order of the Garter.

l. 15. The sequence is not quite clear. Swift seems to mean, that as Scotland gave us thistles for roses, so she may have given us a taint of the national malady in the form of satire.

94, l. 21. *till he has talked round*, i. e. has come back to the point from which he began, and is forced to repeat himself.

l. 25. *It is all pork*. An original note gives the short reference ‘Plutarch.’ Swift is usually more precise in his references. The nearest parallel I can find in Plutarch is in the life of Eumenes, who, besieged in the fortress of Nora, had no food for his men but corn and salt, which he seasoned with the sauce of his own conversation.

95, l. 7. An original note cites ‘Xenophon.’ The passage occurs in Xenophon’s short treatise on the Athenian Republic, chap. 2. 18: *Κωμῳδεῖν δ’ αὖ καὶ κακῶς λέγειν τὸν μὲν δῆμον οὐκ ἐῷσιν, ἵνα μὴ αὐτοὶ ἀκούωσι κακῶς· ἰδίᾳ δὲ κελεύουσιν εἰ τίς τινα βούλεται, εἰ εἰδότες ὅτι οὐχὶ τοῦ δῆμον ἐστίν, οὐδὲ τοῦ πλήθους ὁ κωμῳδοῦμενος ὡς ἐπὶ τὰ πολὺ, ἀλλ’ ἢ πλούσιος ἢ γενναῖος, ἢ δυνάμενος*: ‘They allow no one to turn to ridicule, or speak ill of, the people, that they may not hear themselves ill spoken of; but if any one wishes to satirize another, they bid him do it as a personal matter, being well aware that the individual who is turned to ridicule does not, as a rule, belong to the people or the multitude, but is either a rich man, or one of noble birth, or powerful.’ Aristophanes (*The Knights*, v. 42)—‘the People, gathered in its common assembly, is an ill-tempered, deaf old dotard’—is quoted against the truth of Xenophon’s saying.

Swift himself certainly did not follow the Athenian practice. His attacks on individuals are comparatively rare; the weight of his bitterest satire falls upon humanity. ‘He hated and detested that animal called man . . . he loved only individuals’ (Swift to Pope, Sept. 29, 1725). ‘Upon the foundation of misanthropy,’ he says, ‘the whole building of his (Gulliver’s) travels was erected.’ Cf. his solemn warning to Pope and Gay upon their attacks on individuals (printed in my *Life of Swift*, p. 399).

l. 10. *Creon* is so printed in the earliest editions, and has been followed by Scott. But we may safely assume that it is a printer’s error, if not a slip of the pen, for Cleon. The four Athenians named were all introduced by one or other of the comedians classed together

by Horace — ‘Eupolis, atque Cratinus Aristophanesque poetæ.’ Cleon was the notorious demagogue during the Peloponnesian War; Hyperbolus, his feeble imitator, who disgraced the punishment of ostracism by becoming its victim; Alcibiades was the brilliant representative of the younger and more ambitious faction; and Demosthenes was the general associated, along with Nicias, in the disasters of the Syracusan expedition.

l. 21. *Astraea*, daughter of Zeus and Themis, who dwelt on earth for the blessing of men during the Golden Age, but afterwards fled to the stars.

l. 22. *Splendida bilis* is the expression used by Horace to describe the tragic rage of Orestes.

l. 26. *Covent Garden* was the quarter of the town where vice was most flagrant; *Whitehall* was the seat of the Government offices; while the *Inns of Court* represent the lawyers; and the mercantile classes, in Swift’s time, lived as well as worked in the City.

96, l. 6. *Paris* represents some dull and timid member of the judicial bench. *Juno and Venus* probably represent Money and Female influence; an early note states that some such scandal was current in regard to a judge at the time. But the annotator cannot give the name, and we may be content to dispense with it. The independence secured for the Bench by the Act of Settlement was still new; but Swift does not here refer to political influence.

l. 10. *scandalum magnatum*. The offence of uttering treasonable libels against one in authority.

97, l. 3. Cf. *Hudibras*, Part iii. c. 2. l. 971

‘For charlatans can do no good

Until they’re mounted in a crowd.’

l. 7. *wedge them ever so close*. This use of the word *wedge* is typical of an English habit, to which no one has contributed more than Swift, of employing a word in a sense which is clear and expressive, but altogether secondary. Something may be packed so tightly that a wedge cannot find its way in; and so we come to speak of ‘wedged close’ as if it were the same as ‘packed close.’ Shakespeare’s phrase, in *Henry VIII*, shews how the secondary usage arises. The speaker tells how he had just been,

‘Among the crowd in the abbey, where a finger
Could not be wedged in more.’

l. 11. ‘To climb to the upper air—this is the chief labour, this the special toil.’ The hackneyed beginning of the quotation, ‘Facilis descensus Averni,’ would have no application here; and Swift, who did not like such trite quotations, was doubtless glad to avoid it.

l. 16. *these kind of structures*. A faulty construction, common

in our own day, which finds authority from a not infrequent usage of Swift's.

l. 17. *that of*, i. e. the practice of. The connexion with the preceding clause is inexact.

l. 18. *Socrates*. So he is represented in the *Clouds* of Aristophanes.

l. 24. *north-west regions*, i. e. our own island, where Swift had no wish that philosophical speculation should find a home.

l. 31. *the pulpit, the ladder, and the stage itincrant*, representing the dissenting preacher, the rogue that suffers for his crimes, and the mountebank.

98, l. 1. *compounded of the same matter*, i. e. depending, like the others, upon blatant noise and facile consciences.

l. 7. *The original design . . . the present practice*. The sarcastic reference to the 'present practice' of a droning bench of judges is obvious enough (cf. p. 96, l. 7); but it is less easy to see where the sarcasm lies against the original design. Probably Swift brings in the allusion to the '*original design*,' and '*the primitive institution*,' only to give an air of mock erudition to the sentence, which is carried out by the imaginary Phœnician etymology. Observe the somewhat irregular variety in the construction of the two clauses; 'They will acknowledge the present practice (*to be*) exactly correspondent . . . and both (present practice and primitive institution) to answer.'

l. 15. *senes ut in otia tuta recedant*, 'that when they are old they may have places of secure retreat.' The object of all toil, as described by Horace, *Sat.* i. 1. 30.

l. 17. *formerly*, i. e. when they were at the bar.

l. 21. *oratorical*, an obsolete form, for which 'oratorical' is now used. Cf. p. 99, l. 7, and p. 101, l. 16. It does not appear to be found elsewhere: but Swift uses it frequently.

l. 26. *some mystical number*. This was a favourite topic with the cabalists and the principal sects that endeavoured to keep alive their spirit even to Swift's day.

l. 31. *coupling some against their wills, &c.*, i. e. classifying certain species as members of a genus to which they do not naturally belong, and in other cases excluding a species which would disorder their preconceived theory of the mystic number.

l. 33. *the profound number Three*. In the *Apology*, of 1709, Swift expressly defends himself against the charge that any impious reference to the doctrine of the Trinity was here intended. There was in the original manuscript, he says, a fourth wooden machine: but it was omitted because it was thought to have a satiric reference 'too

particular.' The number *three* was thus only accidental : and 'indeed,' he adds, 'the conceit was half spoiled by changing the numbers : that of four being much more cabalistic.' (See p. 158.) But it is symptomatic of Swift's strange apathy of perception, that he should have felt surprised at his readers finding a reference which seems obvious enough.

99, l. 10. *sylvæ Caledonia*. Pulpits from the Scottish wood refer, of course, to the Presbyterian preachers.

l. 12. *for other reasons*. See p. 101, l. 25.

l. 16. *the only uncovered vessel*. This may be an allusion to the wearing of hats in conventicles, as a protest against ceremony.

l. 25. Broad-sides containing the last speeches of criminals about to be hanged, were regularly issued. Swift composed and published a fictitious speech on the occasion of the execution of Ebenezer Elliston in Dublin (1722).

l. 27. *Mr. John Dunton*. Swift had now, apparently, learned to take at his true valuation this strange projector. (Compare the notes upon the *Ode to the Athenian Society*, p. 51.) It would not be surprising if such a collection was one of the projects of this odd adventurer.

l. 33. *sub Jove pluvio, in triviis et quadriviviis*. Under a rainy sky, and where the roads meet and cross.

100, l. 19. *corpoream quoque, &c.* Swift quotes Lucretius, from whom he takes his description of the doctrine of Epicurus. The lines may be translated, 'We must needs ascribe a bodily nature both to the voice and to sound, since they can produce an influence upon the senses.'

101, l. 5. Nauseous as Swift occasionally is, his nauseousness is always sarcastic. He has no toleration for that commonplace noisomeness which seeks to supply the place of wit.

l. 16. *physico-logical*, i. e. partly physical and partly mental.

l. 17. *mystery*, something symbolical. Cf. p. 181, l. 22.

l. 28. *a type with a pair of handles*. This is borrowed from the style of the sermons of the 'modern saints.'

102, l. 2. *Do perorare with a song*. Finish their discourse with some fanatical outburst.

l. 3. *to turn them off*. As the hangman does the criminal.

l. 5. *By transferring of propriety*. As robbing brings men to the gallows. *Propriety* is used as equivalent to 'property.' Cf. p. 111, l. 32.

l. 11. *Grub street*. A street in Moorfields, occupied by hack-writers of the lower sort, and an endless subject of satire to the writers whom these humble aspirants to literature were encouraged by such notice to attack.

1. 27. *the Society of Gresham* = the Royal Society: *Will's* is the coffee-house in Covent Garden, the resort of all the leading literary men of the day. Swift never spared either the Scientists or the Wits, and finds for both a descent from Grub Street.

103, l. 7. Archimedes undertook to move the earth, if a lever large enough were provided.

1. 22. *briguing*. This is another instance of Swift's fondness for French words. It is equivalent to 'intriguing.' Cf. p. 82, l. 11.

1. 28. *extreme*, where modern usage would have 'extremely.'

104, l. 2 and note. The *virtuoso experiments* refer to the Royal Society: the *modern comedies* to the company at Will's. The word *virtuoso* was frequently used to describe an experimental philosopher. It gives its title to a play by Shadwell, the butt of Dryden, in which Sir Nicholas Gimcrack is the representative of the scientific theorists. Boyle so interprets it in his treatise (1690) *On the Christian Virtuoso*, which is designed to shew that the pursuit of experimental philosophy is not inconsistent with orthodox Christianity. Boyle, who was the patron of Swift's enemy, Burnet, was a special mark for Swift's satire against the physicists, and not a few of Swift's allusions seem to have Boyle's works in view. To him Boyle was the leading representative of the Royal Society, and he was the object of ridicule in the *Meditation on a Broomstick*. Cf. the *Tatler*, No. 216. King satirizes the *Virtuoso* of the Royal Society in the *Transactioneer*, which was chiefly aimed at Sir Hans Sloane.

If more than a general reference to the would-be wits is intended by the '*Modern Comedies*,' we may suppose Swift to have had in his eye such comedians as Durfey, Mrs. Afra Behn, and possibly Colley Cibber (although he had produced little when this was written). Wycherley was well thought of in Swift's circle: Congreve was his own friend: and Vanburgh, though at times a butt, was not despised.

1. 21. *grubæan*. This adjective Swift has invented for himself, although far from being alone in his commemoration of Grub Street.

1. 23. *which having been*, &c. The carelessness of construction here almost outruns Swift's usual licence. So in l. 28 *as neither to regard* = so that they neither regard.

105, l. 9. *exanilation*. Drawing out or exhaustion. The word is one which Boyle uses, but which is now obsolete.

1. 12. Swift's object in this passage is to satirize the wasted labour of those who write elaborate treatises upon what he cites at random, as common specimens of childish tales. It seems probable that he had in view the laborious but cumbrous and ill-digested work of Anthony à Wood (*Athenæ Oxonienses*), which had been published

two or three years before. Cf. the satirical reference to Hearne, as *Wormius*, in the *Dunciad*, iii. 185. It is curious that Hearne (who was no doubt preceded by others in the same view) fulfilled Swift's prophecy by asserting that *Reynard the Fox* was a political treatise. But Swift would have been still more astonished had he been able to foresee the careful and scientific study that might be applied to the subject, without pedantry, and with no little interest.

1. 24. *Tom Thumb*. A treatise of mock seriousness was actually written in 1711 by Wagstaffe, on the story of *Tom Thumb*, in ridicule of Addison's *Spectators* on *Cherry Chace*, which had appeared early in the same year. Wagstaffe refers to this passage in the *Tale*.

1. 28. *Dr. Faustus*. It is curious that Swift, even in a passing fit of sarcasm, should compare this story, to the antiquity and interest of which he could scarcely be blind, with the ordinary nursery tales of the day.

Artephius was an alchemist, who wrote in the 12th century. In one of his treatises he pretends to be 1025 years old. One of his books had obtained some vogue in a French translation.

1. 29. *adeptus*. A word used by the Cabalists, to describe one versed in the mysteries of the art. Cf. p. 134, l. 17 (note).

1. 31. The words here seem purposely to recall some unmeaning jumble of pedantic phrases. Swift's dislike of the Greshamites blinded him to the distinction between what was useful and what was absurd in their investigations. The tediousness and cumbrousness of their expositions gave some justification to his contempt.

106, l. 1. *Whittington and his cat*. We need seek no reason for Swift's connexion of this story with the Jews, except a passing whim. The *Misna*, or *Mishnah*, is the collection of legal decisions by the ancient Rabbi, and the *Gemara* is the body of discussions upon the interpretation of such decisions. Swift is using here the results of the discursive and voluminous reading of his early years.

1. 5. *The Hind and the Panther*. Swift contemptuously classifies Dryden's poem with other nursery tales. In 1697, when Swift professes that the *Tale* was written, Dryden was still living.

1. 8. *Tommy Pots* was a popular ballad of the day.

1. 10. *The wise men of Gotham*. The paragraph shews that Swift had in his mind, when writing the *Tale*, the struggle between Temple and Boyle on one side, and Bentley and Wotton on the other, towards which his *Battle of the Books* was a contribution. It illustrates the close connexion that exists between the satiric aim of both the books. The abstract of this treatise is no doubt Dr. Wotton's *Reflections on Ancient and Modern Learning*. The popular fable which made

Gotham, in Nottinghamshire, the home of all sorts of inconsequent folly, is at least as old as the days of King John, and Anthony à Wood wrote of Andrew Boorde (the original of 'Merry Andrew') as the author of the tales of the 'Madmen of Gotham.'

l. 26. *a quill worn to the pith*, &c. This is another hit at Dryden, whose tergiversations Swift wishes to satirize. No doubt is possible, as Swift in the *Apology* for the *Tale*, written in 1709, expressly says that he had Dryden and L'Estrange in view in this passage. Dryden's postscript to the *Aeneid*, published in 1697, reflects something of this tone of complaint.

l. 28. *Meal-tubs*. This refers to the Meal-tub plot in the days of Charles II.

l. 34. *Fourscore and eleven pamphlets . . . for the service of six-and-thirty factions*. Mr. Forster quotes Porson's discovery of the curious parallel between this passage and one in *Gulliver*. In Lilliput, the hero is bound by 'four score and eleven chains, like those which hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and about as large, which were locked to my left leg with six and thirty padlocks.'

107, l. 30. *a multiplicity of godfathers*. Alluding to the number of different patrons to whom Dryden dedicated his translations of Virgil. The *Eclogues* were dedicated to Lord Clifford; the *Georgics* to the Earl of Chesterfield; and the *Aeneid* to the Marquis of Normanby, afterwards Duke of Buckingham.

109, l. 19. Money, Great Titles, and Pride, the three chief sources of corruption in the early Church.

l. 28. *bulks*. Stalls or benches in front of shops.

bilked = cheated of their fare.

l. 30. *Locket's* was an ordinary near Charing Cross. For *Will's*, see note to p. 102, l. 27.

l. 33. *billetdoux* is used as one word, and *billet* thus retains the singular.

110, l. 1. *sub dio*. In the open air, i.e. no more than any of the crowd in the street who might watch those who went to the levee.

l. 19. *a sort of idol* = the tailor, as the deity presiding over the production of clothes.

l. 21. *In the highest part of the house*. The tailors seem to have worked in garrets.

l. 23. *with his legs interwoven under him*. Cross-legged, as a tailor sits at work.

l. 24. There is here a pun upon the tailor's goose, identified with the sacred geese of the Capitol. Cf. *Hudibras*, Part ii. c. 3. l. 799

'These consecrated geese in orders
That to the Capitol were warders.'

l. 26. *deduce his original* = trace his descent from. The word *original*, for 'origin,' occurs frequently in Swift, but is now obsolete. The expression *deduce his original* is clearly incorrect, though expressive enough.

l. 27. *Hell*. Cf. p. 127, l. 6. It is the place into which the tailor threw his shreds. Cf. King's *Art of Cookery*—

'In Covent Garden did a tailor dwell
Who might deserve a place in his own hell.'

And *Hudibras*—

'This trusty squire he had, as well
As the bold Trojan knight, seen Hell—
Not with a counterfeited pass
Of golden bough, but true gold lace.'

l. 34. *the yard and the needle*. Here again there is a pun on the identification of the tailor's needle with that of the mariner's compass.

111, l. 5. *the universe to be a large suit of clothes*. To most modern readers this passage will naturally suggest a comparison with some parts of Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*. There are not wanting signs that Swift was in Carlyle's mind when he wrote; and not a few sentences in the *Sartor* are certainly suggested by the passage now before us. Carlyle's quotations from *Hudibras* are curious when we remember how full the *Tale of a Tub* is of allusions to that poem. Swift is actually quoted once (at the end of ch. 8. Part I). Carlyle's word 'virtuosity' is suggested by Swift. The superiority which Carlyle finds in the equine race, in one passage of *Sartor* (contradicted by another in ch. 4 of Part II), reminds us of Gulliver. The description of a Judge, as an arrangement of clothes (ch. 9 of Part II), is evidently borrowed from Swift; and so, also, the description of the Tailor as God (ch. 11 of Part II). The proposal of Carlyle to use the poor as food (ch. 4 of Part II) owes its suggestion to Swift's *Modest Proposal* (see Vol. II of this collection). But when we have traced these coincidences, due to suggestion or accident alone, we have come to an end of the resemblance. Swift sneers at all human conventions, contemptible because they are the creation of human vanity. Carlyle preaches that all the visible conditions of our life are, of necessity, but a dream-like phantasmagoria, behind which the real mystery of the latent spirit is hidden. Not customs, traditions, institutions only, but even Time and Space, which condition our thought, are, to Carlyle, merely Clothes. He aims at Poetry, Philosophy, Prophecy; Swift begins and ends with Satire.

l. 8. *primum mobile*. The name given by the older astronomers

to the outer region which contributed the principle of movement to the regions nearer to the earth. Congreve compares the Pindaric strophe and antistrophe 'to the contrarotation of the *primum mobile* in respect of the *secunda mobilia*.'

l. 11. *Tabby* is the epithet applied to a stuff that has been passed under a calender to give it a wavy appearance. *Water-tabby* is a double epithet used as we speak of 'watered' silk.

l. 17. *micro-coat*. The Cabalists were used to speak of man as a *microcosm*, and the notion appears more than once in the poems of Donne and his contemporaries.

l. 32. *proprieties*. The word is obsolete in the sense in which Swift uses it, as = properties. Cf. p. 102, l. 5.

112, l. 10. *were yet more refined*, i. e. ran into further refinements. In that sense we now use the word 'refined' without the auxiliary verb. Swift himself so uses it on p. 124, l. 26.

l. 13. *That the soul was the outward, &c.* This is a vague reminiscence of some of the ideas of the Gnostics, whose theories Swift had studied in Irenaeus (see p. 179, l. 30 and note).

l. 14. *extraduce*. *Tradux* is a layer used for propagating vines; and hence the stock by which anything is produced directly from, and in connexion with, the original source. Swift's strangely varied reading is again illustrated by this. He must almost certainly have had in his mind the words in which Prudentius (*Apotheosis*, v. 915) describes a heresy which attributes a material origin to the soul by tracing it as coming 'traduce carnis . . . sanguinis exemplo.' The discussion as to the 'traduction' of the soul enters into Brown's *Religio Medici*; and Sir Kenelm Digby, in his *Observations* thereon, uses this phrase *ex traduce*. 'The soul,' he says, 'is not *ex traduce*, and yet hath a strange kind of near dependence on the body, which is, as it were, God's instrument to create it by.'

l. 16. *in them we live, and move, and have our being*. Wotton, in his strictures on the *Tale*, comments severely upon the ridicule of the solemn passage in the Bible from which these words are taken. Swift was stirred to anger by such criticisms; but only that strange apathy which characterizes him could blind him to the obvious suggestion of his words.

l. 18. *All in all, and all in every part*. This is taken from the philosophical notion of Anaxagoras regarding the homogeneity of the universe. The notion penetrated the fanciful systems which Swift means to satirize. He seems to have taken the doctrine of Anaxagoras as expressed by Lucretius, Bk. i. v. 876 'Ut omnibus omnes Res putet immixtas rebus latitare.'

l. 23. *with great vogue*. The word *vogue*, which Swift uses fre-

quently, was another of those which his and the preceding generation had borrowed from France.

11. 26, 27. *wit . . . humour*. The distinction between these two, in Swift's day, may be taken from the *locus classicus* on the subject (*Spectator*, No. 35). The genealogy of True Humour Addison gives thus: 'Truth was the founder of the family, and the father of Good Sense. Good Sense was the father of Wit, who married a lady of a collateral line, called Mirth, by whom he had issue Humour.' So he gives Falsehood as the mother of Nonsense, who had a son called Frenzy, who married one of the daughters of Folly, commonly known by the name of Laughter, and 'begot that monstrous infant,' False Humour. The genealogy makes it clear that, in the well-defined sense of that day, Wit was purely intellectual; while to produce Humour, mirth had to be added. Now-a-days, each man seems to adopt his own interpretation. Cf also the lines in Sheffield's *Essay on Poetry*—

'That silly thing men call *sheer wit* avoid,
With which our age so nauseously is cloyed;
Humour is all; *wit* should be only brought
To turn agreeably some proper thought.'

1. 28. *very good raillery*—by which Swift means 'very bad.' He adds the epithet because raillery, by itself, was a word for which he had a high respect. 'Raillery,' he says, in the *Essay on Conversation* (see Vol. II. of this collection), 'is the finest part of conversation'; and he there gives a perfect definition of the art of refined raillery.

1. 34. *race of thinking*. *Race* has here the sense of a special flavour, as of wine, whence the adjective 'racy.'

113, l. 24. *all of a piece; but at the same time very plain*. Swift thus describes primitive Christianity; and Wotton has the note on the passage, 'This is the distinguishing character of the Christian religion; *Christiana religio absoluta et simplex* was Ammianus Marcellinus's description of it, who was himself a heathen.'

1. 28. *Ruelle* was the passage between the bed and the wall, which the great ladies of the Court of Louis XIV used as a salon. The *style de ruelle* was the language of the *précieuses*, ridiculed by Molière.

1. 30. Swift here renews (from p. 109) the description of the corruptions which grew upon the primitive Church.

1. 33. *twelve-penny gallery*. The cheapest place; see p. 101, l. 13.

114, l. 1. *The Rose*. This tavern stood in Russell Street, Covent Garden. Swift names it in the verses on his own death—

'Suppose me dead, and then suppose
A Club assembled at the Rose.'

Here the duel between the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun was arranged in 1712; see p. 313.

114, l. 7. *what temper should they find.* *Temper*, here, seems to mean a middle course, or compromise.

115, l. 5. *jure paterno.* Bentley assumes this to mean *jure divino*, and to be a hit at the defence of later and unessential ceremonies as of divine institution. This would be rather contrary to Swift's views on Church matters; and we may therefore suppose that it merely means 'by right derived from their father.' Cf. p. 118, l. 27.

l. 11. *fifty yards of gold lace.* This may be taken to refer generally to the unceasing tendency to tag on to the simplicity of primitive Christianity some new figment of vanity and fashion. But to attempt the identification of each feature of this part of the Satire—which is by no means the strongest—with some special deviation from the simplicity of the early order, would be useless refining. The allusions are, in the main, obvious enough.

l. 20. *circumstantial* (besides its technical meaning as applied to evidence) seems to be used in two distinct senses—viz. to describe either, something which deals only with accidental and unimportant incidents; or, something which commands belief from the fulness and exactness with which it treats of details and incidents attending an occurrence. The latter is the common usage in our day: Swift here uses the word in the other sense, which seems now to be obsolete.

l. 21. *too considerable an alteration without better warrant.* This is another instance of Swift's habit of elliptical writing. He does not mean, as grammatically we might infer, that gold-lace is without better warrant than shoulder-knots, but that gold-lace is an alteration too considerable *to be made* without better warrant.

l. 22. *aliquo modo essentiae adhærere.* Swift borrows here from the Latin of the Schoolmen, which was followed by the later revivers of Alchemy. It is hard to say why Swift considered these whimsical fancies to be worth the trouble of satirizing.

ll. 24, 25. *Aristotelis dialectica . . . de interpretatione.* Swift must be taken to speak rather at random of Aristotle's works, the first-hand study of which had not made any real progress in England in his time. The *dialectica* seems to refer to the current Latin representations of the Aristotelian logic, and the *De interpretatione* to some exposition of Aristotle's views *περί ἀποδείξεως*, or the explanation of logical terms.

l. 28. *proceed prophets.* A usage frequent with Swift. Cf.

p. 188, l. 1 'proceeded a heathen philosopher'; and p. 145, l. 17.

l. 30. *nuncupatory and scriptory*, the will by word of mouth, and that committed to writing. The former was, by the Roman law, allowed to be valid in certain cases, as in that of a soldier on campaign. The nuncupatory will here represents oral tradition.

l. 32. *conceditur . . . negatur*. The words used in the School disputations for granting, and refusing to admit, an opponent's postulate.

116, l. 6. *without more ado got*. Some editions insert 'they.' But to require the reader to supply the pronoun from the sense of the preceding sentence scarcely seems contrary to Swift's elliptical habit.

l. 9. *flame-coloured satin for linings*. Bentley interprets the '*flame-coloured satin*' as purgatory, and '*linings*' as prayers for the dead. The first interpretation may be true, but the second seems to be far-fetched and scarcely to fit the description.

l. 11. *My Lord C— and Sir J. W.* An early note tells us, without giving names, as to which more than one guess might be hazarded, that these were well-known men of fashion in 1697.

l. 21. *This, though a good deal for the purpose, &c.* Observe the break in the construction after the first clause. The homeliness and irregularity of the style seem intended to increase the dramatic force of the story. '*For the purpose*' would now naturally be '*to the purpose.*'

l. 30. *a codicil*. This doubtless refers to the Apocryphal books. The use of these had been the subject of some discussion and pamphlet-war towards the close of the 17th century. The Book of Tobit was specially put forward as typical of these books; and the episode of Tobit and his dog no doubt suggested the '*dog-keeper*' in l. 32.

117, l. 6. *silver fringe*. As in the case of the gold-lace, it would be difficult to fix the interpretation, and would serve little purpose to try.

l. 33. *Indian figures*. This clearly refers to the use of images in churches.

118, l. 14. *cum grano salis*. With a grain of salt, i.e. with a certain reservation.

l. 17. *searching farther evasions*. The word *search* seems now to have lost the meaning it has here, and not rarely in Swift's time and before, of '*looking for,*' or '*seeking after*' a thing, and to be used, when not joined with a preposition, only to express '*careful examination into*' a thing.

l. 21. *a strong box, brought out of Greece or Italy*. This refers to the refusal of the Scriptures in the vernacular, the Latin of the

Vulgate and the Greek of the New Testament keeping the knowledge of them from the laity.

l. 27. *ex cathedra*, as by the authority of the Papal Chair.
jure paterno. See p. 115, l. 5.

l. 32. *emolument*, as frequently (e.g. in the *Tatler*), means merely 'weal' or 'benefit,' without the modern limited meaning of personal remuneration. Cf. p. 130, l. 7; p. 166, l. 31; and p. 171, l. 15.

l. 34. *else multa absurda sequerentur* = without this power many absurd results would come about.

119, l. 6. This, and the next sentence, refer to the forged *Donation* of Constantine, from which the temporal power of the Popes was traced.

l. 17. *illustrious moderns*. Again Swift reverts to the subject of the *Battle of the Books*, as he does so often throughout the *Tale*. Cf. p. 106, l. 10 and note, and p. 122, l. 30.

l. 26. *the original*. Cf. p. 110, l. 26 (note); p. 120, l. 29; and p. 122, ll. 16, 23.

120, l. 10. *Edinburgh streets*. The primitive sanitary arrangements of the northern capital, and the cry of '*gardez l'eau*,' by which the wayfarer was warned, are familiar from the pages of Smollett and others.

l. 16. *critic in a literal sense*, i. e. one whose function was to judge (*κρίνω*).

l. 30. Compare the lineage as varied, in the *Battle of the Books*, p. 214. *Momus* and *Hybris* are Nonsense and Insolence. *Zoilus* was a grammarian of the age of Demosthenes, notorious for his attacks on Homer, and his name is thus proverbially used for a captious critic. *Tigellius* is the detractor to whose attacks upon himself Horace alludes with almost playful contempt. For *Bentley*, *Wotton*, and *Perrault*, see the prefatory note to the *Battle of the Books*; and for *Rymer* and *Dennis*, see p. 85, ll. 30, 31 (notes).

121, l. 29. See another reference to the recovery of his cattle, and the unearthing of the thief *Cacus*, by Hercules, at p. 155, l. 4.

It is not very easy to see the application of the satire here; but probably Swift purposely confuses the reminiscences of the labours of Hercules so as to mark the mock-heroic labours of the True Critic. Errors (which had better be left in their obscurity) the Critic drags out, as the hero did Cacus; these errors he multiplies,—as the Hydra's heads were multiplied on Hercules' hands; then, instead of clearing the Augean stable, as the hero did, by making streams flow through it, he heaps up and preserves the dung; and lastly, as Hercules drove away the brazen-clawed birds of the Stympalian lake, so the Critic

would discourage those whose taste guides them to browse upon what is of real value in the Tree of Knowledge. The Critic reverses, rather than emulates, the labours of Hercules. But, from p. 128, l. 17, it would seem as if the Critic himself performed the function of the *Stymphalian birds*.

122, l. 17. *agreeable*, for 'agreeably'; as *extreme*, for 'extremely' (p. 103, l. 28).

l. 30. Again Swift comes back to the Ancient and Modern controversy. See p. 119, l. 17 (note).

123, l. 3. *a comprehensive list of them*. The first edition has a marginal note: 'See Wotton of Ancient and Modern Learning.' In that treatise Wotton went, in detail, through the comparative achievements of Ancients and Moderns in Poetry, Oratory, Mathematics, Medicine, &c., &c.

l. 19. *both these*, i. e. both satire and panegyric on critics. This is explained in an original marginal note.

l. 31. *against the antiquity* = as an argument to disprove the antiquity.

124, l. 17. The reference is to Pausanias, Bk. II. ch. 38. Having mentioned the story, Pausanias adds, 'This story I shall pass by, as not worthy of discussion.'

l. 22. *in terminis* = by the use of the same words.

l. 23. Observe *tax ... of*, where later usage, and Swift's own elsewhere, has *tax ... with*. Cf. p. 142, l. 28.

l. 25. See Herodotus, Bk. IV. ch. 191. The horned asses are mentioned with other odd products of Libya, such as men without heads, and with an eye in their breast, and other *θηρία κατάφρονα*.

l. 26. Here again we have another curious illustration of Swift's strangely chosen reading. The *Bibliotheca*, or *Myriobiblon*, of Photius (Patriarch of Constantinople in the 9th century) contained a copious analysis, with excerpts, of an immense range of authors, including *Ctesias*, a physician of Cnidus, about 400 B. C., who spent much time in the East, and wrote upon Indian and Persian affairs. More than one edition of the *Bibliotheca*, with Latin versions, appeared in the 17th century. Swift's account of the extract is strictly correct; and *Ctesias*, as he says, seems to ascribe the bitterness (*πικρότης*) of the flesh to the presence of a gall (*χολή*). Swift must either have had a memory strangely stocked, or must have verified each quotation at the time of writing.

125, l. 3. See Herodotus, Bk. IV. ch. 129. It was the Persians who were helped by the asses to rout the Scythian cavalry.

l. 9. *our Scythian ancestors*. This refers to a story then commonly received, that a Scythian horde at one time invaded and

peopled a part of Britain. Milton, in his early *Vacation Exercise*, speaks of 'Humber loud that keeps the Scythian name,' in allusion to a story referred to by Spenser, and by Drayton in the *Polyolbion*, of a Scythian King Humber, who gave his name to the river. The story of the Scythian invasion (Scythian being the name applied to the inhabitants of Northern Asia) is given also by Sir William Temple in his *Introduction to the History of England* (Works, vol. iv. p. 508).

l. 15. *Diodorus*. I cannot trace the reference; and it seems unlikely that if it existed it should have escaped the knowledge of Professor Munro, who, in his note to the passage quoted from Lucretius (vi. 786), cites similar references in Plutarch and Dicaearchus, but says nothing of Diodorus. The marginal note in the original edition has only 'Lib.' Swift probably trusted to his memory, intending subsequently to verify the quotation and fill in the number of the Book, and then forgot to do so. After the MS. was in the printer's hands, he cared no more about it.

l. 21. 'There is, too, in Helicon's mighty mountains a tree that is wont to kill men by its blossom's evil smell.'

l. 32. Again, the description of the *serpent* is exactly that of Ctesias, so that we are forced to conclude that Swift helped his memory by a special reference to the Book. The repeated instances of the same kind seem to prove that the *Tale* must have been written when Swift had constant access to a library of some size.

126, l. 18. *one quality in common with an alderman*. Because the alderman is elected for life.

l. 23. *though taken but in the seed*—just as when it is applied in the form of the hangman's rope.

l. 27. *Malevolus* is the epithet which Terence repeatedly applies, in his Prologues, to his adverse critics.

l. 30. *like Themistocles and his company*. The retort of Themistocles to those who found him, as a boy, deficient in accomplishments—'I cannot tune a lute or play upon the harp, but I can make a small and obscure state great and glorious'—is given by Plutarch in his *Life of Themistocles*.

127, l. 6. *the tailor's hell*. See p. 110, l. 27 (note).

l. 8. *at least as many*, with reference to the old adage that it takes nine tailors to make one man.

l. 14. *free of the critic's company*. Swift uses the word *free* in the sense in which it is applied to one placed in possession of the privileges of a corporation. Burnet in his *History of his own Times* speaks of the Earl of Argyle as 'free of all scandalous vices.' 'As a man,' says Swift's MS. note, 'is free of a corporation, he means.'

l. 23. *A certain author*. The note shews that the sarcasm is

directed against what Swift thought was the pedantic manner in which Bentley gave his quotations. The sentence helps us to decide when this passage was written. Bentley's *Dissertation* was first published as an Appendix to the second edition of Wotton's *Reflections on Ancient and Modern Learning* in 1697. This was answered by the Christ Church coterie : and then the *Dissertation* was issued in a separate and more complete form in 1699. But Swift clearly has in view the edition of 1697, in which the citations are almost uniformly given with chapter and verse, which is scarcely ever done in the more complete edition of 1699.

l. 31. *sine mercurio*, without the coating of quicksilver, employed in making mirrors of glass.

128, l. 7. *deducible from these*. The earliest editions have *deducible to*. Scott has altered this to '*reducible to*.' The word *reducible* is not applicable here (see its use on p. 142, l. 2); and although the preposition *from* is more correct and more in accordance with modern usage, I am by no means certain that Swift may not have written '*to*.' Irregularities of this kind are quite consistent with his style. '*Deduce*' on l. 24 of the next page has no sense of tracing by deduction, but merely means to trace in detail.

129, l. 15. In this very cheap sarcasm on the Roman Catholic Church, Swift falls as much below the usual sincerity, as below the usual breadth, of his satire. Any sarcasm based upon the adoption of certain formal methods of address applies equally to all Churches which recognise a graded hierarchy, and are established by law. The Episcopal Church of England was as much, or as little, open to the sarcasm as that of Rome : and Swift, of all men, was least disposed to bate any of the privileges of the clergy.

l. 18. *fonde*. Foundation, or stock-in-trade. Swift preserves, in the final *e*, a form which was obsolete in the French even of his own day, although found in older French.

l. 22. *bear great . . . practice* is an unusual phrase. *Practices* is used in the same sense of 'general acceptance,' on p. 113, l. 12. It is different from the modern use of the word, for a course of action which has, by means of such general acceptance, become habitual.

l. 33. *academies abroad, especially those of France and Italy*. Among the academies of *Belles Lettres*, those of Italy were the earliest and the most numerous. They began as early as the 16th century, and the most famous was the *Accademia della Crusca*. The French Academy was established in 1635.

130, l. 7. *emolument*. See p. 118, l. 32 (note).

l. 9. This refers to the well-known grants, by the Pope, of newly discovered territories, the power to enforce which depended entirely

upon the recipient. Bentley identifies this unknown continent with Purgatory: but it is difficult to see the appositeness of the identification.

✓ l. 19. *The second project*. By this Swift clearly intends ascetic practices, combined with the formal absolution granted by the priest.

l. 27. *a whispering office* = the confessional.

l. 30. *repeating poets* = poets that insist upon reading their poetry aloud in order to obtain criticism and patronage.

131, l. 5. *Another very beneficial object*. This is the Papal grant of indulgences. All the objects mentioned in the following lines are either specially exposed to heat, or (like volumes of poetry) subject to be committed to the flames; except *shadows* and *rivers* which are above all things independent of it. The meaning seems to be that those who are especially prone to sin, and those whose habit of life especially secures them from the temptations of the appetites, are the most likely recipients of indulgences.

l. 9. *friendly societies*. I can trace no earlier use of this phrase to describe, as it is apparently intended here to do, societies of mutual insurance. Some such societies were in existence before the end of the 17th century, but this name seems to have been, at least, unusual.

l. 11. *undertakers*; as we should now say, 'promoters.'

l. 13. *puppets and raree-shows*: meaningless and fanciful ceremonies.

l. 18. *his famous universal pickle*. Wotton, followed by later editors, interprets as 'holy water.' It probably refers equally to the more general powers claimed by the Papal see, including that of canonization.

l. 30. *pimperlimpimp*. This word seems to be purely fanciful, and is perhaps capriciously compounded of *piment* (for all-spice) and *pimpernel* (the wild flower).

132, l. 6. *a certain set of bulls*. This pun upon the Papal Bulls scarcely requires explanation.

l. 22. *common lead*. This refers to the leaden seals appended to the Papal Bulls. The Imperial *Bulla* was of gold.

ll. 22 and 26. *terrible roaring . . . breathing out fire*. This popular fancy is not unfamiliar to those who remember the agitation against the Catholic Ecclesiastical Titles, early in the present reign.

ll. 32 and 34. The quotations come from the opening lines of the *Ars Poetica*, describing the ill-judged efforts of a painter who should 'clothe with various feathers' limbs brought together at random, and so contrive that a woman, fair to view above, 'should end in an ugly fish.'

133, l. 1. *fishes' tails*. Alluding to the expression with which the

Papal Bulls concluded, '*sub signo piscatoris*.' They were sealed with the *annulus piscatoris*, representing St. Peter as a fisherman in a boat.

l. 4. *naughty boys*. The temporal sovereigns, who opposed Papal pretensions.

l. 12. *coil*. A tumult, as in Shakespeare *Tempest*, Act i. sc. 2, and *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii. sc. 2.

l. 13 *pulveris exigui jactu*, 'by the throwing of a little dust,' which composes the dire struggles of the bees (Virgil, *Georg.* iv. 87).

l. 21. *bull-beggars*. Dr. Ayliffe, a younger contemporary of Swift, who wrote some years after on the Canon Law, distinctly asserts this etymology for a word then in common use, which occurs, in the sense of a bug-bear or bogie, in the *Tatler*, No. 212.

l. 23. *English bull-dogs*. Swift claims for England the chief honours of the Reformation.

l. 25. *one more of Lord Peter's projects*. This is probably rightly interpreted by Wotton as absolution *in articulo mortis*.

134, l. 6. In the *Tatler*, No. 25, Steele compares this greeting with the style of a challenge to a duel.

l. 9. *most humble man's man*. The papal subscription '*servus servorum*.'

l. 17. *veré adepti*. See p. 105, l. 29 (note). Cf. also *Hudibras*, Part I. c. i. l. 546

'In Rosy-crucian lore as learned
As he that *veré adeptus* earned.'

l. 18. *to form*. Cf. p. 93, l. 6 (note).

l. 20. *brevity sake*. The sign of the possessive is dropped for euphony's sake.

in the operation = in putting them in practice.

l. 22. *innuendo* is used by Swift in the sense of a hint or reminder, rather than in the modern sense of a meaning conveyed by implication, but not openly expressed, Cf. p. 166, l. 11.

135, l. 6. *three old high-crowned hats*. The triple tiara of the Pope. The rest of the sentence refers, of course, to the keys of St. Peter, and the fisher's ring. These, and the very obvious allusions which follow, shew us Swift's humour descending into burlesque. The contrast between such fooling and the more true and wide-reaching humour of the rest of the book, is striking enough.

l. 18. *boutade*, a humorous sally, a practical joke. Another instance of Swift's fondness for French words.

l. 19. The following lines, it is scarcely necessary to say, are intended to represent the celibate rules of the Catholic clergy, the refusal of the Communion in both kinds, and the doctrine of Transubstantiation. That Swift's humour should show some coarseness

and apathy towards the feelings of others, need not surprise us: but he rarely sinks to the same level of dulness and commonplace. Those who accept the doctrine will be offended: those who do not, will regret that Swift's genius should have descended to such trifling. It is curious that in the *Apology* (1709) he resents with some bitterness the accusation that he had borrowed from (Villiers) Duke of Buckingham the idea of the burlesque of transubstantiation, and is at needless pains to disprove by dates his indebtedness to any one for an idea which has been part of the baser currency of ridicule from Luther's time till now. The passage occurs in Buckingham's Dialogue between himself and a priest. To prove the absurdity of Transubstantiation, the duke maintains that a cork he has just drawn is a horse: and the turns of phrase are sufficiently like Swift's to make the coincidence remarkable.

l. 26. It seems probable that there is some special reference in the Alderman and his saying: but it would be difficult to point out any phase in the controversies as to the Real Presence which Swift intends to represent.

136, l. 24. *Take me along with you.* Let me share your joke.

137, l. 8. *Leadenhall market.* This market was in Swift's time used by the butchers as well as the poulterers. Its speciality was not, however, mutton, according to Gay, in the *Trivia*—

'Shall the large mutton smoke upon your boards?

Such Newgate's copious market best affords.

Would'st thou with mighty beef augment thy meal?

Seek Leadenhall: St. James's sends thee veal.'

138, l. 3. *great and famous rupture.* The Reformation.

l. 7. *very lewdly given,* inclined to foolish and ignorant talk.

l. 14. This refers to the miraculous multiplication of the Virgin's milk, under the allegory of a cow which gave as much milk as would fill three thousand churches. (Wotton.)

l. 17. *an old sign-post.* This no doubt means the fragments which claimed to belong to the true Cross. Swift forgot that, however he might intend to aim his sarcasm only at monkish fictions, his was a humour to which a wider and more offensive scope would certainly be attributed by most readers.

l. 19. *Chinese waggons.* Swift has exaggerated the travellers' tales of the wicker waggons carried across the plains of China by sails, by adding the touch as to crossing the mountains. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 437

'The barren plains

Of Sericana, where Chineses drive

With sails and wind their cany wagons light.'

1. 22. *a large house of lime and stone travel*. The legend described how the *Casa Santa* of the Virgin in the church at Loretto in Italy had, in 1291, after the depredations of the Saracens, been transported from Nazareth to Italy. Cowley refers to the legend in his *Ode on the Death of Mr. Crashaw*: 'Angels, they say, brought the famed chapel there.'

189, l. 5. *took a copia vera*. The translation of the Scriptures. Cf. p. 118, l. 21 (note). *Copia*, in the sense of a *copy* or version, is late Latin. The transfer of meaning is easy to account for, as copies increase the number of the thing copied.

1. 23. *clutter*, a confusion of noise and quarrelling,—a word used by L'Estrange and by Swift himself elsewhere, as in a short poem on the Irish Bishops—

'What a clutter with clippings, dividings, and cleavings.'

with a file of dragoons, i. e. invoking the aid of the civil power to put down heresy.

140, l. 4. 'Persuades me to endure any toil whatever, and makes me ready to spend the still nights in watching.' The quotation is from Lucretius, Bk. i. v. 143.

1. 23. *he receives*. The pronoun refers to mankind, as an individual personality. Cf. p. 168, l. 24.

1. 25. *Fastidiousity* is certainly not used by Swift in the sense of careful or discriminating selection, but of overfondness for fantastic conceits. *Amorphy* (a word which Swift seems to form for himself on the model of Atrophy) is the 'formlessness' and singularity of style upon which the moderns prided themselves. *Oscitation* (used in the form *oscitancy* on p. 190, l. 14) is yawning or dullness. Observe the characteristic sequence of the satire. These three faults are best dealt with by diversion (i. e. ridicule). We expect the next sentence to show that *instruction* would not touch them. Swift purposely disappoints our expectation: he does not urge the *uselessness* of instruction, but its *superfluity* in an age of such wit and learning as the present.

1. 29. *I have attempted carrying*. Observe the participle where we should naturally use the infinitive 'attempted to carry.' Cf. exactly the opposite usage in p. 93, l. 6 (note).

1. 32. *utile . . . dulce*. The reference, of course, is to Horace's line,
'Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci'

141, l. 2. *to a degree that*. The natural phrase would be 'to such a degree, that.' Swift is again elliptical.

1. 3. *Whether there have been ever any ancients or no*, refers, of course, to the arguments by which Bentley proved that no such author as Phalaris ever existed (see prefatory note to *The Battle of the Books*).

l. 12. *O Brazile*. This was a name for a supposed island, painted by the sea-mist upon a superstitious imagination, which was said to be visible at times to the Irish from the Isle of Arran. It here stands for an earlier Laputa.

l. 17. *undertaker*. See p. 131, l. 11 (note).

l. 21. *in balneo Mariæ*. This is the name used in the late Latin of the Alchemists, for the vessel used in laboratories to produce heat, without the direct application of fire, but through the medium of water. It was said to be the invention of the Jewess Maria, to whom many of the chemical discoveries of Alchemy were due. Here it probably means 'gentle heat.' The word *Bainmarie* is still, I understand, familiar in our kitchens.

Q. S. = *quantum sufficit*, to a sufficient quantity.

l. 22. *Lethe*, the river of Hades, which represents forgetfulness.

ll. 23, 24. *sordes*, the scum. *caput mortuum*, the stagnant froth.

l. 27. *hermetically*, i. e. after the manner usual in the Hermetic Science (Chemistry). It is so named from the identification of *Thoth* (who represented the god of Science in the Egyptian mythology) with *Hermes*, by the Neo-platonists of Alexandria.

l. 28. *Catholic*, i. e. of universal range.

l. 34. *medullas*. Treatises containing the pith and marrow of a subject.

142, l. 1. *florilegas*. Following the analogy of *sacrilegium* and *spicilegium*, the more correct word would be *florilegia*, and we find a book on gardening, before Swift's day, called *florilegium*. But the original edition has *florilega*.

l. 4. *impar*, too weak for the task, as in *impar congressus Achilli*.

l. 11. *a complete body of all knowledge*. Xenophon's words are : *ὁ Ὅμηρος ὁ σοφώτατος πεποίηκε σχεδὸν περὶ πάντων τῶν ἀνθρωπίνων*. As usual, Swift quotes from the Latin version. By the quotation he really means to satirize the pedantry of interpreting words in their literal rather than their natural sense. Xenophon's words are intended, of course, to express the wide human sympathy that runs through the Homeric poems. Swift satirizes the pedants (having Wotton and Bentley in his eye) by taking this in a literal sense, as if these poems were an encyclopædia of information. This gave him just the opportunity he wished, for turning the enemy's flank at a point where his own side of the controversy was weakest. Some of the advocates of the Ancients—Temple amongst others—had made the absurd mistake of challenging comparison in the sphere of scientific discoveries and inventions. Swift knew how foolish such an argument was: and this passage is devoted to laughing out of court the ponderous pedantry with which Wotton had met the

argument by an elaborate discursus upon all the sciences. The references to Homer are a parody of several passages in Wotton's *Reflections*; that, for instance, in which Wotton reproduces an extract from a mathematician of his acquaintance, of high repute as the friend of Newton and Bentley, Mr. John Craig, who writes: 'If we take a short view of the Geometry of the Ancients, it appears that they considered no lines except straight lines, the circle and the conic sections. As for the spiral, the quadratrix, the conchoid, the cissoid, and a few others, they made little account of them,' &c. &c. Wotton gravely introduces absurdities like this, as well as the facts that the Ancients did not invent telescopes and pendulum clocks, and did not even know how to make cyder as well as Evelyn would have taught them in his *Pomona* (cf. 'What can be more defective than Homer's dissertation upon tea?' p. 143, l. 21)—as relevant to the literary discussion upon the comparative value of classical and modern literature. Unfortunately Temple had led the way. But Swift's vision was too clear for such an error. In these two pages he dismisses it once for all, as ludicrously irrelevant. 'And if you insist on bringing in, as an element in the comparison, your boasted scientific achievements, take them,' he seems to say, 'for what they are worth—a bundle of whims and fancies taught you by Alchemists and Rosicrucian mystics, and a string of mechanical contrivances, represented by—a save-all!'

l. 14. *For, first of all, as eminent, &c.* The punctuation, which is that of the earliest edition, would seem to shew that *for* is here a preposition, and not a conjunction, and that the sentence might run, 'First of all, for as eminent a cabalist,' &c. If this is not so, then the first *for* has caused the omission of a second, which is required by the grammar.

cabalist. The Kabala, or Kabbala, is the body of mysticism growing out of the traditional Judaic interpretation of the Scriptures. Alchemy, which is based upon the same type of ideas, represents the physical side of this mystic philosophy, or so, at least, it was assumed to be by Swift. The *opus magnum*, in the next line, is the mighty experiment to which all the Alchemists' aims were directed. See p. 179, l. 24.

l. 17. *Sendivogius, Behmen, or Anthroposophia.* Cf. *Hudibras* Part I, c. i. l. 541

'He Anthroposophus, and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen understood.'

Sendivogius was a Polish Alchemist, who had written, some 100 years before, on the philosopher's stone. Behmen, or Bohme, was a German visionary and enthusiast who, about the same time, wrote

a book called *Aurora*, embodying some of the chemical notions of the day. He was suspected of witchcraft. The *Anthroposophia Theomagica* was a treatise, written in 1650, by Thomas Vaughan, Rector of St. Bridget, near Brecknock. It was a *réchauffé* of Alchemist doctrines, and involved him in a controversy with Henry More. See also p. 180, l. 1 (note). The note quoted at this passage in Scott's edition as 'original,' is not so, and is indeed entirely the reverse of what Swift would write.

l. 18. *sphæra pyroplastica*. The Alchemist's furnace, in which the chemical elements were believed to be transformed by fire.

l. 21. *vix crederem*, &c. 'I would scarcely believe that this author ever heard the voice of fire.' Fire was, according to the doctrine of the Alchemists, the vital principle: as Paracelsus says, *vita ignis, corpus lignum*.

l. 25. *A save-all* is a pan or clip inserted into candlesticks to save the ends of candles. Here it no doubt stands for any modern utensil of infinitesimal importance.

l. 28. *tax . . . with*. Cf. p. 124, l. 23.

l. 33. *Mr. Wotton*. See prefatory note to the *Battle of the Books*, and note to p. 198, l. 1.

143, l. 4. *the subject of flies and spittle*. Referring to Wotton's laborious comparisons of the achievements of the Ancients and the Moderns, in Physiology and Natural History. Both the subjects named by Swift are dealt with under these heads by Wotton.

l. 7. *liftings*, borrowed from the language usual with the religious enthusiast.

l. 32. These titles are not to be too exactly identified, but are typical of the literary fussiness of the day, and of the whimsical schemes of the projectors.

144, l. 15. *For my own particular*=for myself in particular. Cf. Shakespeare, *King Lear*, Act ii. sc. 4

'For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.'

l. 18. *directs it*=prevails. The 'it' is entirely impersonal and general, and does not refer to any definite object. The use is frequent in Shakespeare, e.g.

'To revel it with him and his new bride,'

3 *Hen. VI*, Act iii. sc. 3,

and

'Lord Angelo dukes it well.'

Measure for Measure, Act iii. sc. 2.

It is found also in Pope's

'Whether the charmer sinner it or saint it.'

l. 32. *attending*=waiting, like the use of the French *attendre*. There is evidently an intentional jingle between the *urging* and *attending* here, and the *moving* and *standing* in the next line.

145, l. 3. *great Dryden*: the sarcastic epithet is another instance of Swift's untiring hostility to Dryden.

l. 15. *Stint* is a limit or measure: a fixed allowance or task. Swift speaks of his allowance of wine—'My stint in company is a pint at noon.'

l. 17. *proceed critics and wits*. Cf. p. 115, l. 28 (note).

146, l. 11. *to drop suddenly off*. Observe the awkward ending with a preposition—a fault which is so frequent with Swift as to be his almost invariable habit, where there is an opportunity. Cf. l. 4 on this page, and p. 136, l. 16; p. 142, l. 28; and p. 143, l. 29. innumerable other instances might be cited.

l. 20. *my character of an historian* (which requires me) *to follow*. Observe the characteristic ellipse. *Character* is used in the theatrical sense, as a rôle which imposes on him a certain duty.

147, l. 3. *the two brothers . . . duly comparing . . . there never was*. Observe the broken construction. Cf. p. 116, l. 21.

l. 13. *Martin* (from Martin Luther) is the name which represents the moderate reform of the English Church. *Jack* (from John Calvin), stands for the fanatical enthusiasts, dissenters, and Presbyterians. Swift, in the *Apology*, refers to the charge of having borrowed these names from (Villiers) Duke of Buckingham, without much concern. The words of Buckingham are: 'men found no advantage in withdrawing from Father Peter to Father Martin and Father John.' The original suggestion certainly shews no such striking wit as to be worth a quarrel about its ownership.

l. 32. *as an argument unanswerable for our great wit*, i. e. as an unanswerable argument that our wit is great. Cf. p. 175, l. 4.

in method=had I proceeded strictly according to method.

148, l. 8. *only those tagged with silver*, i. e. only those which involved some pecuniary advantage.

l. 28. *picked up*. 'Picked out' would seem better suited to the sense. On p. 150, l. 18, we have *up* in exactly the opposite sense.

149, l. 4. *Strengthen a flaw* does not mean, as it very well might, 'add to,' or 'increase,' the flaw, but 'strengthen the place weakened by' the flaw.

l. 8. *which*, i. e. the preservation of the stuff from injury. The antecedent is only to be drawn by implication from the preceding clause.

l. 20. *this medley of humour*, composed of hatred and spite, and in a small degree, of regard for purity of doctrine.

150, l. 9. *by consequence* (being) *in a delicate temper*. The whole passage is typical of Swift's dramatic style, and is therefore purposely elliptical and defiant of rule.

l. 26. *kennel*, the water-course or gutter in a street, connected with canal. Quite a different word from *kennel*, a dog-house (*canis*).

The notes in Scott's edition suppose, throughout this passage, a special reference to Scotland. It refers really to the ultra-reformers generally, the Scotch being noted on p. 152, l. 28, as one variety.

151, l. 11. *penal*, in the rather unusual sense of imposing penalties, rather than involving them.

l. 13. *Dispensable* is here exactly equivalent to *permissible*. The usage is undoubtedly incorrect, and almost absurd. The strict meaning would be 'if straining a point were something that could be dispensed with or avoided'—the very opposite of what Swift means.

l. 14. *rather to*, i. e. rather (if it led) to.

l. 17. *of*, where modern usage would prescribe 'on.'

152, l. 2. *Garnish* was the money extorted from a fresh prisoner by way of blackmail. We hear of it frequently in the novels of last century.

l. 3. *Exchange women*. These were the women who kept the shops round both the Exchanges. Defoe (*Complete English Tradesman*, ch. 51) speaks of 'the two great centres of the women merchants: I mean the Exchange shops, particularly at the Royal Exchange, and the New Exchange in the Strand.'

l. 12. *fox's arguments*. The arguments by which the fox that had lost his tail tried to persuade his comrades to become as himself.

l. 16. *million of scurrilities*. The phrase is repeated from p. 139, l. 25. Cf. also p. 150, l. 23. Each age has its own fashion of exaggeration, and ours seems to have dropt from Swift's habitual millions into thousands, and even hundreds.

l. 22. *whimsey* (used also on p. 54, l. 6) seems to have given place, in modern usage, to *whim*: but it is still preserved in the adjective *whimsical*.

l. 26. The humour of these nicknames is not striking. *Jack the Bald* (*calvus*) is Calvin; *Jack with a lantern* represents the enthusiast with his inward light. Cf. *Hudibras*, Part I, Cant. i. l. 505

'Tis a dark lantern of the spirit,

Which none see by but those that bear it.'

Dutch Jack is the Anabaptists, represented by John of Leyden; *French Hugh* stands for the Huguenots; *Tom the beggar* for *Les Gueux*—the Ragamuffins—the name applied to the Flemish Huguenots; and *Knocking Jack of the north* for John Knox and the Scotch Presbyterians.

l. 31. *epidemic*. Widespread. Cf. p. 140, l. 25.

l. 32. *Æolists*. The disciples of the god of winds—wind-bags.

153, l. 3. 'Touching all with honeyed grace.' Swift intends to quote from Lucretius (i. 934). But Lucretius writes *Musæo* (the charm of the Muses), and Swift substitutes *melleo*, and makes the second syllable long to suit the scansion!

l. 5. *Iliad in a nutshell*. The story of an Iliad written in characters so small that it could be packed in a nutshell is given by Pliny, *Natur. Hist.* Book III, ch. 21, '*In nuce inclusam Iliada Homeri carmen in membrana scriptum tradit Cicero.*' The allusion is not found in any of the extant works of Cicero. The elder Scaliger refers to the passage in Pliny in his book *De Subtilitate*, which Swift seems to have read. Cf. p. 189, l. 31 (note).

l. 16. *olio*, a Spanish stew of mixed meats: *fricassee*, a dish of fowls, chopped small, and fried: *ragout*, a highly-seasoned stew, to tickle the palate (lit. to restore the taste—*goût*). The introduction of these foreign dishes was within the memory of Swift's generation.

154, l. 8. *expatiating from*=enlarging your range beyond. The modern usage has 'expatiating upon'=treating the subject at great length. Cf. p. 96, l. 13, and p. 207, l. 26.

l. 12. *maintains itself*. Observe the change in number in the next line, '*they send.*'

l. 27. *the index*. Cf. Pope, *Dunciad*, i. 279 'How index-learning turns no student pale.' Swift doubtless has Bentley in view in this passage. It was the fashion with the Christ Church wits to stigmatise Bentley's scholarship, which they could not appreciate, much less emulate, as 'index-learning.' This taunt occurs repeatedly in the reply to Bentley's *Dissertation*, published in 1698 under the name of Charles Boyle, but really the work of Atterbury and the circle who ranged themselves against Bentley and Wotton.

l. 34. *by throwing*. Observe the variety in the idiom in next line, '*with flinging.*'

155, l. 3. *the wise man's rule*. The rule of Solon, given to Croesus. (Herod. i. 29). Or else with reference to Psalm xxxvii. 37, 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.'

l. 4. *like Hercules' oxen*. Cf. p. 121, l. 29. To conceal the place where the oxen were hidden, Cacus drew them backward into his den, so that the footprints appeared as if they had issued thence. Cf. *Hudibras*, Part II. Cant. i. l. 429

'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole

And dragged beasts backward into his hole.'

l. 21. *there is not a sufficient quantity of new matter left.* Wotton gravely predicts that the number of learned men of the age is so great 'that the next age will not find much of the kind to do.'

l. 31. *booked in alphabet*, catalogued according to their alphabetical sequence.

156, l. 1. The arrangement of the clauses is curious. '*By some called*,' &c., would naturally follow '*observandas*.'

sieves and boulders. Instruments of the same sort, for separating the finer part of a substance from the coarser. The *boulter* seems specially confined to such an instrument, used for separating the bran from the meal.

l. 4. The pearls remained while the dust and small particles passed through: but the meal passed through while the worthless bran remained.

l. 9. *common-place book.* Cf. p. 96, l. 22.

l. 18. *bound to everlasting chains.* Referring to the chains by which books were attached in the older libraries.

l. 22. *these allowances.* See above, ll. 8-13.

l. 24. *listed under so many thousand heads.* This seems to refer to l. 30 of the previous page. '*Listed*' is the same as '*booked in alphabet*.' Swift uses the word as=enlisted, on p. 192, l. 20, and p. 72, l. 9.

l. 32. *our Scythian ancestors.* Cf. p. 125, l. 9 (note).

157, l. 4. See chap. 31 of the 4th Book of Herodotus, who conjectures that the story of the feathers is derived from the appearance of falling snow.

l. 12. *Æolists.* Resumed from p. 152, l. 32.

l. 17. '*Which fate may guiding fortune turn far from us.*' Lucr. Bk. v. l. 108. The same quotation is used on p. 65, l. 27.

l. 18. *adepti.* The disciples of the Cabalist or Rosicrucian mysteries. Cf. p. 105, l. 29, and p. 134, l. 17 (note).

158, l. 15. *quartum principium.* Cf. p. 98, l. 33 (note).

l. 17. *Bumbastus.* The family name of Paracelsus. Cf. *Hudibras*, Part II. Cant. iii. l. 627

'Bumbastus kept a Devil's bird

Shut in the pummel of his sword.'

l. 33. *latria*=λατρεία, the worship offered to a deity.

159, l. 1. *omnium deorum Boream maxime celebrant.* Θεῶν οὐδενὸς Βορέαν ὑστερον ἀγουσιν ἐς τιμὴν. Paus. Bk. viii. ch. 36. The Megalopolitans, Pausanias tells us, worshipped the north wind because it saved them from the Lacedaemonians.

l. 5. *cælum empyreum.* The fiery, or fourth, heavenly region, according to the Cabalists.

l. 7. *Σκοτία*. The land of darkness, with a play upon the name *Scotia*.

l. 14. *disploding*. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, vi. 605

‘In posture to displode their second tire
Of thunder.’

l. 26. *who travels the east into the west*. Following the course of the sun and light. Possibly Swift may also refer to the idea broached by Temple in the *Learning of the Ancients*, that the source of all knowledge and genius lies in the East. Swift adopts the notion, p. 201, l. 8.

l. 30. *reflecting*. Used, apparently, in a sort of double sense: ‘considering’ and ‘shining upon.’

160, l. 1. *like a dead bird of paradise*. No bird has had more fabulous tales told of it than this. It was believed to have no feet, and to continue until death in mid air, drawing nourishment from the dews of heaven, whence it was supposed to come.

l. 26. *Moulinavent*. The wind-mill, with a reminiscence, probably, of the attack of Don Quixote.

l. 33. *Laplanders*. The Lapland witchcraft was celebrated, and a large part of it consisted in trafficking with the winds. Cf. *Hudibras*, Part II. Cant. ii. l. 343

‘And sell their blasts of wind as dear
As Lapland witches bottled air.’

And Part III. Cant. i. l. 1133

‘In which the Lapland Magi deal
And things incredible reveal.’

See also *Spectator*, No. 117.

161, l. 9. *Delphos* for Delphi. Temple had already been attacked by Bentley for this unauthorized word: so that Swift erred knowingly.

l. 28. *intellectuals*. Cf. *Parad. Lost*, Bk. ix. l. 483, speaking of Adam,
‘Whose higher intellectual more I shun.’

Also Davenant, Preface to *Gondibert*, ‘heroic poets . . . whose intellectuals were of so great a making . . . as they will perhaps, in worthy memory, outlast even makers of laws.’

162, l. 5. *persons, whose natural reason hath admitted great revolutions, whose common sense has been utterly upset*. So Peter’s brain ‘began to turn round for a little ease,’ p. 184, l. 32. Cf. p. 181, l. 17, for the same use of ‘*revolution*.’ The whole of this passage curiously recalls that on the effects of ‘inspired madness’ in Plato’s *Phaedrus*, 244 seq.

l. 9. *individual in* = inseparable from. Cf. *Parad. Lost*, Bk. iv. l. 486.

‘To have thee by my side
Henceforth, an individual solace dear.’

And Bk. v. l. 610

‘United as one individual soul’;

and Milton’s *Ode on Time*, l. 12

‘With an individual kiss.’

l. 28. *overspread by vapours, ascending from the lower faculties.* Swift has in his mind *Hudibras*, Part II. Cant. iii. l. 773, where Butler speaks of the vapour which

‘If it upward chance to fly

Becomes new light and prophecy.’

l. 31. *original*, again, as several times before = origin.

163, l. 1. *A certain great prince.* The note in Scott’s edition, following that in an earlier reprint, identifies the prince with Henry IV of France, and the *state-surgeon* (l. 14) with Ravailac, his assassin. But we may doubt whether any special reference is intended.

l. 18. *only* = except. This use has now sunk into a vulgar colloquialism.

l. 22. *at a gaze.* Usually the phrase is ‘at gaze.’ But we find a verb (now obsolete) *agaze* = to frighten. In *a-gape* the *a* is = ‘on.’ But the similarity of sound in this, and in the phrase ‘set them a-gazing’ may have led to the occasional introduction of the indefinite article.

l. 26. This paragraph, again, may refer, as is thought, to Louis XIV. But it is unnecessary to identify the reference too closely.

l. 31. *dragoon.* This may well refer to the celebrated *dragonnades* against the Protestants, under Louis XIV. Cf. p. 139, l. 23.

164, l. 12. *agreed* (to be) *impossible.* Another of the ellipses so frequent in Swift.

l. 17. *mistaken . . . to have been.* We should now say ‘mistaken for.’ But Swift uses exactly the same construction with the compound verb ‘mistaken’ as we should use with the simple verb ‘taken.’

l. 25. The eccentricity of *Epicurus* (B. C. 342-270) was the subject of various stories, which are now believed to have been libels. *Diogenes* (B. C. 412-323) was proverbial for his contempt for the ordinary rules of conduct. *Apollonius*, who lived about the beginning of the Christian era, was, similarly, credited with magic power, and singularity of dress and conduct. *Lucretius* (B. C. 95-51) was believed to have been driven mad by a love potion; while *Paracelsus* was a compound of erratic knavery with astuteness, and *Descartes* had a well-grounded reputation for eccentricity.

1. 29. *phlebotomy*, blood-letting.

1. 33. *to the same length . . . of his own*. The two admissible constructions are 'the same length . . . as his own' and 'the length of his own.' Swift mixes both.

165, 1. 3. *justlings*. The more common form now is 'jostlings'; but Swift has the authority of the Authorized Version for *justlings*.

1. 5. *by certain clinamina*. Swift borrows *clinamina* from Lucretius. But curiously Lucretius uses the word to express just the opposite of a tendency to universal agreement. According to him it is the *clinamen principiorum* which enables the mind to have a certain freedom from forced conclusions.

1. 9. *romantic*=imaginary.

1. 10. *vortex*. Swift more than once refers to the *vortices* of Descartes—that part of the Cartesian system which became most popularly known. Here he describes the whole system by the word. Cf. p. 218, l. 5.

1. 18. *fail providing*, instead of 'fail to provide.' Swift here uses the participle where we should use the infinitive, just as in p. 83, l. 34, p. 89, l. 28, p. 93, l. 6, and elsewhere, he uses the infinitive where we should use the participle.

1. 33. *of the nicest conduct*=requiring the most careful discrimination.

166, l. 1. *Cicero understood this very well*, &c. The reference is to two of Cicero's letters to Trebatius, a Roman lawyer residing in Britain. In the first, Cicero gives a friendly caution—'See that you, who know so well how to manage securities for others, secure yourself against the wiles of the British charioteers (*essedae*)'—just as we might caution a friend travelling in Africa against the assegaïs of the Zulus. In another letter he rallies Trebatius on the recognition of his talents by Caesar, in the words quoted (l. 5) by Swift: 'Think yourself lucky to find yourself where you have got the reputation of some wisdom.'

1. 11. *innuendo*. Cf. p. 134, l. 22 (note).

1. 31. *emolument*. Cf. p. 118, l. 32 (note).

167, l. 1. *happily be reduced*. So it is in the earliest texts. Scott, following some later editions, prints 'unhappily.' But this misses the point of Swift's sarcasm. Swift would certainly consider that universal acquiescence in authorized dogma with respect to the invisible would contribute to the 'happiness' of humanity. But writing on behalf of the madmen, he naturally considers that the attainment of this happiness would be far from desirable from the madmen's point of view, and takes credit to them for preventing it.

1. 6. *To cut the feather* seems to be a nautical metaphor, from the

prow of a ship cutting a featherlike spray, as it moves sharply through the waves.

l. 10. *individuation* = *distinction*. Here in the modern sense quite different from the use of 'individual' as = inseparable (p. 162, l. 9).

Jack of Leyden. See p. 152, l. 27 (note).

l. 11. *des Cartes*. The editions are not uniform in this peculiar nomenclature: but Swift varies in regard to the name of Descartes.

l. 14. *perpensity*. This word is obsolete, although we retain the verb 'perpend.'

l. 16. The blank is intended to hint the uselessness of philosophical explanations, and the small regard paid to them.

168, l. 1. *that*, i. e. his understanding.

l. 3. *when a man's fancy gets astride on his reason*. Cf. p. 174, l. 27, for the metaphor reversed.

l. 10. *cant*. The peculiar singsong which was supposed to mark the dissenting pulpit, and the state of mind of which it was the type. The word is connected with the French *chanter*. But see *Spectator*, No. 147, where a fanciful derivation from the name of Mr. Andrew Cant, a Presbyterian minister in Scotland, is propounded.

l. 13. *take an examination*. Like the modern 'take stock of.'

l. 17. *a perpetual possession of being well deceived*. Swift must surely have had in his mind the passage in Horace (*Ep.* ii. 2. 140), where the Argive citizen upbraids his friends, when they had cured him of his madness, and had caused his '*mentis gratissimus error*' to disappear. Cf. Swift's expression of this thought, not in the lightness of irony, but in the bitterness of despair, p. 60, l. 19.

l. 24. *in his choice*. Cf. p. 140, l. 23 (note) for the same usage.

l. 27. It would be utterly absurd to suppose that Swift had any idea of advancing a metaphysical theory. But we must not conclude that the metaphysical side of Swift's intellect was destroyed, although it was silenced, by his sarcastic vein; and without entering upon a discussion for which this is not the place, it is impossible to overlook the link that there is between Swift's jest and the theory advanced in earnest by Berkeley, in opposition to the materialism of Locke. Berkeley was Swift's friend: Locke belonged to the party between which and Swift there was a natural cleavage.

l. 31. This is one of the passages in which Swift mingles cynicism, sarcasm, and profound melancholy. It is a strange jest, with a far-reaching meaning,—that imagination is the mother of reality, memory its tomb.

169, l. 13. *has never been allowed fair usage*. Another instance of Swift's elliptical style, which gives us a sentence to our ears bearing exactly the opposite meaning of that he intended. The natural gram-

matical meaning of the sentence, now-a-days, would be that the employment of unmasking has never had fair usage accorded to it. Swift's meaning is that the employment is one which has never been held to be a fair one.

l. 25. *the outward of bodies*. Cf. Shakespeare, *Cymbeline*, Act i. sc. 1, l. 23

‘I do not think
So fair an outward and such stuff within
Endows a man but he.’

l. 34. *reason is in the right*, i. e. in its conclusions. Swift maintains that it is wrong in searching for such conclusions.

170, l. 14. *to solder*. The older editions have *sodder*. Milton uses another form, ‘To soder up the shifting flaws.’ This spelling shews the old pronunciation, which is made more clear by *Hudibras*, Part I, Cant. ii, l. 226

‘Replete with strange hermetic powder
That wounds point-blank nine miles would solder.’

171, l. 5. *By which*, i. e. the ‘vanishing’ and the ‘stay-at-home’ varieties.

l. 7. *and which*, i. e. these same varieties. This *which* does not refer to the *two principal branches of madness*, otherwise the *and* would convict Swift of a vile cockneyism.

l. 15. *emolument*. Cf. p. 118, l. 32 (note).

l. 17. *proceeds a hero*. Cf. p. 115, l. 28 (note).

l. 24. *Brutus*, the first consul, who feigned madness to save himself from the Tarquinian family.

l. 28. *ingenium par negotiis*. Tacitus uses this phrase twice, in each case of men who, with certain qualities unfitting them for public business, yet proved adequate to its discharge. ‘Equal, but not more than equal,’ he says in one case. Swift evidently had only a vague recollection of the passages, as he uses the phrase of a talent which was specially adapted to public work.

172, l. 2. The names here given are those of men who were all members of the Tory party, distinguished for the virulence of their attacks upon Somers. Swift has in view the clause which the Tories tacked on to a Land Tax Bill, in order to appoint commissioners to inquire into grants of forfeited Irish estates. This was in 1699, and it would appear, therefore, that this passage was written after that date. *John How* was especially notorious for the bitterness of his lampoons, and his exaggerated partizanship.

l. 13. The blank probably should be supplied by ‘ecclesiastical’; and there is quite as much sarcasm in the scruples which Swift would have us believe that he entertained against printing a word which

might savour of irreverence, as there would have been in naming the ecclesiastical along with other posts for which frenzy gave a special qualification. Yet Swift, so far as we can judge, was unconscious that he could give offence to the supporters of the Church!

l. 18. *that honourable society*. At first sight this appears to refer to Bedlam; but there is no other word which would lead us to fancy that Swift professed to write in the character of a former inmate of the madhouse, unless we suppose the passage on p. 174, l. 26, to imply this, which it scarcely does. The words would seem rather to refer to the Society of Modern Authors (see p. 139, l. 30) or wits, for whose special interest it is that all the genius of the age, including what may be contributed by Bedlam, should have free scope.

l. 25. *sound*: so in the original edition, although we may conjecture that it is a misprint for 'round.'

l. 28. *Westminster Hall*, where the Law Courts sat until a few years ago.

l. 31. *ecce cornuta erat ejus facies*. This is from the Vulgate version of Exodus xxxix. 29. The horn was a symbol of a bright ray of light, indicating some special glory. This is one of the passages specially attacked by Wotton for its irreverence and indecency, as the word is, of course, used by Swift to indicate the domestic reasons for this patient's madness.

173, l. 3. *at eight o'clock*, when the shops closed. Gay, in the *Trivia*, tells how the closing-hour came with evening, when 'the shop windows falling threat thy head.'

l. 4. *court-customers*. Perhaps those who wasted the time, without adding to the gains of the shopkeepers. Cf. *Spectator*, No. 155.

l. 5. *Privileged places* seem to be places to which special market licences were assigned.

l. 32. *the society of Warwick Lane* = the College of Physicians, which stood in Warwick Lane, near Newgate Street.

174, l. 4. *Professor* seems to be used with a reference to its employment to signify one who is a burning and shining light of some sect.

l. 10. *Hark in your ear* —. The blank is to be filled up, of course, with a suggestion to place the 'professor' in some high court station.

l. 27. Cf. p. 168, l. 3, for the metaphor reversed.

l. 31. *to vent my speculation in this or the like manner*, instead of allowing my imagination to indulge in some more dangerous freak.

l. 33. *which*. It is not quite clear what this refers to. Probably

we should take it to stand for 'that these speculations are for the universal benefit of mankind.'

175, l. 1. *will be very hardly persuaded* = will be persuaded, if I take sufficient pains about it.

l. 3. This digression is suggested by the words immediately preceding, about the courtesy of readers.

l. 4. *an unanswerable argument of a very refined age* = that our age is very refined. Cf. a similar expression on p. 147, l. 32.

l. 17. *Will's Coffee-house*, the resort of the wits. *Gresham College*, the seat of the Royal Society (p. 102, l. 27). *Warwick Lane* (see p. 173, l. 32 note). *Moorfields* may refer to Grub Street, which was in Moorfields, but more probably to Bethlehem Hospital, the madhouse there. Cf. Gay's epistle to Mr. Thomas Snow, where he seems to have had this passage in his mind—

'Through famed Moorfields extends a famous seat,
Where mortals of exalted wit retreat;
Where, wrapt in contemplation and in straw,
The wiser few from the mad world withdraw.'

Scotland Yard contained several official residences, and is mentioned in Wagstaffe's *Plain Dealer*, No. 13, as a place where political gossip was retailed. *Westminster Hall*, see p. 172, l. 28. *Guildhall*, the seat of the City Fathers.

l. 32. These are almost the words used by Blackmore, in his preface to *Prince Arthur* (1695).

176, l. 18. *factions* = disordered.

l. 24. *Troglodyte philosopher*. The Troglodytes were the races dwelling in caves, described by some of the ancient historians. The word occurs in Rabelais, but not in the same sense as here. Montesquieu uses it in the *Lettres Persanes* to describe a people with peculiar ideas and customs of their own. Here Swift uses it in the sense of the typical cynic in his tub.

177, l. 5. *Blackmore* (at this time Sir Richard Blackmore) had published his *Prince Arthur* in 1695, and followed it up in 1697 by *King Arthur*, so that the point of the satire seems to lie in pretending that his second epic was a counterfeit. Blackmore afterwards made a bitter attack on the *Tale of a Tub* in his *Essays* (1716). But the reference to Blackmore in the *Battle of the Books* is not altogether uncomplimentary (p. 220).

Lestrangle. Roger Lestrangle (1616-1704), who was knighted in 1685, was a voluminous writer of the time, who was suspected of having attempted to gain the favour of Cromwell, although he afterwards claimed rewards from the Court, and became a keen Tory. He appears as *Sheva* in *Absalom and Achitophel* (Part II. l. 1025), and

the praise accorded to him in a poem which appeared under Dryden's name was enough to make him the butt of Swift's satire. Here again we see the bent of Swift's political feeling at this date.

l. 7. *rectifier of saddles*. Alluding to what his opponents deemed the useless pedantry of Bentley, in correcting common errors as to the authorship of the letters ascribed to Phalaris, and similar forgeries. The phrase is, no doubt, meant to ridicule the uncouth and familiar style in which Bentley often indulged, although I have not found in the *Dissertation* this special expression. The roughness of his style is so marked that Boyle asserts that it will some day be used as a proof that the *Dissertation* is a forgery, not being written in the English tongue, or by an educated man.

l. 13. *to lighten me of the burden*. In allusion to Bentley's following up his first *Dissertation* with another, or to his association with the re-issue of Wotton's *Reflections*. If the first allusion is intended, the words must have been introduced as an afterthought, most of the *Tale* having been written before the second *Dissertation* was issued.

178, l. 25. Cf. p. 53, l. 24. There is a passage in Oldham's *Counterpart to the Satire against Virtue* beginning, 'What art thou, Fame, for which so eagerly we strive,' which seems to have been in Swift's thoughts, both here and in the poem on p. 53.

l. 34. *The republic of dark authors* probably refers to the mystic writers on the Rosicrucian and Cabalist mysteries.

179, l. 7. Swift may refer to the strange fancies of the interpreters of Rabelais, without intending to classify Rabelais as one of the 'dark republic.'

l. 15. *innuendoes*: cf. p. 134, l. 22 (note).

l. 24. *opus magnum*. The great aim of the Alchemists, who are associated by Swift with the Cabalists and other mystics.

l. 30. *Bythus and Sige*. These words are found in Irenaeus's *Treatise against Heresies*, and form parts of the system of one of the Gnostic sects, which he describes. Bythus (*βυθός*) and Sige (*σιγή*), Profundity and Silence, were held to be the origin of things. Acamoth (*σοφία*) was the Spirit of Wisdom, materialized by its adjuncts; and according to the quotation, 'from her tears comes the substance of moisture, from her laughter that of light, from her sadness that of solid matter, from her fear that of motion.' The Latin words are a translation of Irenaeus, Bk. I. ch. 4. § 2. The whole fancy is incomprehensible enough; but there is no difficulty in tracing Swift's reference, and the note, ascribed in Scott's edition to Wotton, is *not* his. Wotton had quite sufficient scholarship to have traced the quotation from Irenaeus.

180, l. 1. *Eugenius Philalethes*, a name under which Vaughan

wrote (see p. 142, l. 17 note). The book named in the original note appended to the text was another treatise, of the same kind as his *Anthroposophia Theomagica*.

l. 11. *allowing me* = that he should allow me.

l. 25. *Plight* signifies condition or state generally, whether good or bad is usually determined by the epithet. Here Swift uses it in the sense of 'good condition.' So it is found in Tusser's *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandrie*—

'Who abuseth his cattle, and starves them for meat,
By carting or ploughing his gains are not great;
Where he that with labour can use them aright
Hath gain to his comfort, and cattle in plight.'

But Tusser also uses the word indeterminately, with a qualifying epithet.

l. 31. *let them jog on*, &c. The words are put into the mouth of the traveller.

181, l. 14. *from two of the foregoing* (sc. sections). The reference is probably to Sections VIII and IX, on the Æolists and Madness, which deal with the qualities that furnish out the character of Jack.

l. 17. *the first revolution of his brain*. Just as Peter's brain is described as 'beginning to turn round for a little ease' (p. 134, l. 32). 'Revolution' is used in the same sense on p. 162, l. 5.

l. 18. *epidemic*: cf. p. 152, l. 31.

l. 22. *mysteries* = symbolical interpretations. Cf. *Hudibras*, Part III. Cant. i. l. 178

'Pretended not to apprehend
The mystery of what he meant.'

l. 29. *latitude*, here strictly = breadth. It is more usually employed either as a geographical term, or to signify 'width of range.'

l. 31. *such . . . whose*, instead of *those . . . whose*, is an idiom frequent in Swift. Cf. p. 68, l. 29.

converting imaginations = imaginations that are always hunting after symbolical interpretations.

182, l. 13. *this very skin of parchment to be*, &c. Alluding to the miraculous efficacy ascribed, by the superstition of some of the sects, to the very words or even the printed pages of the Bible.

l. 20. *lap*. A word Swift employs frequently. Cf. *Dissensions in Athens and Rome* (end of ch. 3), 'Lapped up safely in the bosom of a Nero and a Caligula.' Also p. 185, l. 2.

l. 24. *analogy*, in Swift = conformity. Cf. p. 187, l. 13.

l. 25. *ran wholly in the phrase of his will*. Alluding to the affectation of using Scriptural language, as practised by the sectaries.

l. 29. Refers to the resistance of the sectaries to decency of ceremonial, even in receiving the Sacrament.

l. 32. *snap-dragon*. This may refer to the 'inward lanthorn' and the tendency of the sectaries to inflamed enthusiasm. In the *Tatler*, No. 85, snap-dragon is used for a type of domestic quarrelling over trifles.

183, l. 8. *lantern*. See p. 152, l. 26 (note).

l. 17. *It was ordained*, &c. Alluding to the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination.

l. 34. *appearing* = being seen publicly.

184, l. 17. *Laurcalco*. The *lord of the silver bridge* was one of the knights whom Don Quixote's fancy saw at the head of the hosts which it conjured out of the flocks of sheep moving behind a cloud of dust.

l. 22. *scantling* (= *échantillon*), pattern or specimen. Cf. Brown's *Religio Medici*: 'More true happiness than it is possible for a heart of flesh to have scarce any *scantling* of.'

l. 28. *an ancient temple upon Salisbury Plain*. This is, of course, Stonehenge. Swift had, like most of his contemporaries, no interest whatever in the historic or antiquarian aspects of Stonehenge: he simply regarded it as typical of the chaos whence all things arose, and to which the sectaries would fain reduce us.

l. 34. This may be taken to represent the obstinate perversity with which Swift would credit the dissenters.

185, l. 4. *the office of hangman general*. Alluding to the intolerance that, as Swift would imply, prompted the dissenters to avenge their own sufferings by persecution when their turn came.

l. 7. *musculous*. Dr. Johnson, in his *Journey to Scotland*, uses this word in the same sense as Swift. Modern usage has substituted 'muscular.'

l. 10. *the Spanish accomplishment of braying*. So called, probably, because the ass was reared with special care in Spain, and thus a certain appropriateness was given to the comparison between his bray and the boastfulness of the Don.

l. 16. *tarantula*. The Sicilian spider, whose sting was supposed to be curable only by music.

l. 17. *Bag-pipes* seems to stand for 'organs.' Probably to Swift the bag-pipes had no special connexion with Scotland; otherwise it would be curious that he should select them as the special aversion of the sectaries.

l. 19. *in Westminster Hall*, i. e. amongst the lawyers; *in Billingsgate*, amidst the curses of the fish-women. *In a boarding-school* is more doubtful. The word is frequently found both in Swift and his

contemporaries, and always, apparently, in the sense of a girls' school.
Cf. *Cadenus and Vanessa*—

'A blockhead with melodious voice

In boarding-school can have his choice.'

Swift seems here to ascribe the same influence to the sectary. *The Royal Exchange*, i.e. amongst the shopwomen. *A state coffee-house* is one of those where political gossip was retailed: at the Cocoa Tree by the Tories, and at the St. James's by the Whigs. So we have a 'coffee-house statesman' for a politician who aired his views in these resorts.

l. 21. *feared* = held in reverence.

l. 22. *aversion against*. The construction is irregular. On p. 186, l. 28, *aversion* is followed by *towards*. Cf. also p. 71, l. 10.

l. 25. *signs* = images or decorations in the churches.

l. 26. This refers to the practice of baptism by immersion.

l. 32. The *soporiferous medicine*, compounded of sulphur and balm, is the sectarian preaching, compounded of pictures of the future sufferings of their opponents, and of the happiness in store for themselves. The *pilgrim's salve* hints at the essential similarity between the Roman Catholic and the Sectary (cf. p. 151, l. 33 and p. 187, l. 10).

186, l. 1. *artificial caustics* = self-martyrdom, or ascetic practices.

l. 21. *the Pope and the French King*, against which supporters of the Pretender the Dissenters claimed to be England's chief defence.

l. 28. *aversion . . . towards*. See l. 22 on preceding page.

l. 32. *Their lodgings were, &c.* The arrangement of the words is very awkward. *From each other* does not probably refer to the *parts of the town*, but to the *lodgings*, although it is not the lodgings, but the parts of the town, that are distant. It is one of the phrases typical of Swift's style—clear in intention and forcible, although homely and irregular in construction.

187, l. 1. *uncouth*, in its original and strict sense of 'unusual.'

l. 13. *analogy*: cf. p. 182, l. 24 (note).

l. 19. *medicines for the worms*. Cf. p. 130, l. 19.

l. 21. *return of*. Modern usage would require *return for*. Cf. p. 85, l. 9.

l. 22. *and finding how directly opposite, &c.* Observe how Swift includes several irregularities in this sentence. The participial phrase, 'finding,' &c., has no subject. There is a confusion between the phrases 'turned out opposite' and 'answered ill.' Lastly, 'how could it avoid' has a reference only to the general meaning which the sentence conveys.

l. 31. *nothing but the white*. Cf. *Hudibras*, Part III. Cant. i. l. 479

'While thus the lady talked, the knight
Turn'd the outside of his eyes to white
(As men of inward light are wont
To turn their optics in upon 't).'

188, l. 1. *proceeded*. Cf. p. 115, l. 28 note.

l. 16. *Desunt nonnulla*. These *lacunae* appear always to come in when Swift finds his satire taking a course which he would prefer that the reader should guess, rather than that he should fully express it. It is possible that here he stops short at an analysis which would reduce all religious fervour to a common source in human weakness. The comparison between Peter and Jack might be carried further; and the influence of both might be traced to the ears by which men, like asses, are to be held.

l. 25. 'Yet even these bonds the mischief-loving changeling will escape.' (Hor. *Sat.* ii. 3. 71.)

l. 35. *a curious invention to catch and keep them*. Probably refers to the unquestioned dominion of authority and superstition in earlier times.

189, l. 1. *tenure*, power of holding.

l. 9. *to improve the growth of ears once more among us*=to revive superstition by the efforts of the sectaries.

l. 15. *a cruel king*=Charles II, who deprived the nonconformist ministers. Cf. p. 67, l. 21 (note).

l. 25. *the small care had*. Modern usage would put 'taken' in place of 'had.'

l. 31. *several handles*, i.e. other methods which must take the place of the more primitive superstitions.

the six senses, and note *Including Scaliger's*. This refers to the elder Scaliger, who speaks of the *sextus sensus* in his book *De Subtilitate* addressed *ad Hieronymum Cardanum* (see *Exercitatio* 286, 3). The allusion is to the sexual passion. This somewhat sarcastic reference was doubtless suggested by the frequent mention, throughout the controversy, of the younger Scaliger, who had been attacked by young Boyle in his *Phalaris*, and whose name had been mentioned with respect by Bentley—the only Englishman of the day who could really appreciate the range and grasp of the Scaligers' scholarship. The current estimate of the day in England rated the Scaligers as whimsical pedants. Butler, in *Hudibras*, refers with something of a sneer to the younger Scaliger's labours in chronology (P. II, c. iii. l. 881). There is a touch of bitter sarcasm in the *Battle of the Books*, where Swift makes Scaliger, even though fighting, like Bentley, on the Modern side, yet turn upon Bentley with the most contemptuous abuse (p. 223).

190, l. 11. *the aforesaid handle* = curiosity.

l. 14. *oscitancy* = yawning, or dulness. Swift uses also 'oscitation' (see p. 140, l. 26 note).

l. 24. *how Peter got a protection out of the King's Bench*. This refers to the dispensation from the penal laws against the Roman Catholics, granted by James II.

l. 25. *reconcilement between Jack and him*. The union between the Roman Catholics and the dissenters, on the subject of a dispensation (just before the Revolution) from the penal laws against nonconformity.

l. 28. *How Martin . . shewed them both a fair pair of heels*. By the Revolution, preceded by the resistance offered by the Church of England to the dispensing power.

l. 29. *a new warrant came out against Peter*. The renewal of the penal laws against the Roman Catholics after the Revolution, when the Presbyterians, having secured toleration for themselves, left their late allies in the lurch.

l. 32. *how he got upon a great horse, and eat custard*. Sir Humphrey Edwin, the Presbyterian Lord Mayor in 1697, openly displayed his adherence to nonconformity. *Custard* was one of the dishes at the Lord Mayor's feast.

191, l. 14. *noble Jesuit (Père d'Orléans)*. Author of a French *History of the Revolutions of England*, in four volumes, published in 1694. He begins from the time of the Roman occupation, and writes, so far as regards the earlier periods, with great care and accuracy, and for the later periods with no more prejudice, certainly, than we might expect to find in a subject of Louis XIV, who had to defend his own king's ally, James II, against what he naturally deemed the injustice of rebellious subjects. For Swift, and indeed for all English readers of his day, the important part of the book was the history of the House of Stuart: and the passage to which Swift seems here to refer, occurs in the preface to that part of the *History*. He confesses that in regard to this, 'one of the most delicate parts of the history of our times,' he has been obliged to take a side. He is aware, he says, that there are those who think that an historian's business is only to tell facts, and leave his readers to form their own judgments. 'Cette règle est bonne,' he admits, 'et ceux qui la suivent se mettent moins en danger que les autres de s'éloigner de la vérité'; but he goes on to say that there are occasions when this is not possible, and when the passionate prejudices of the other side, their calumnies, and their attacks upon divinely constituted authority, require the historian to take a side. Such was the time in which he wrote. The interpretation Swift

places on the passage (if it be that to which he refers) is certainly strained : but the implied sneer shows how at this time Swift resented a book which contained a strong attack upon Whiggish principles.

l. 26. *manifestly considered* = considered as manifest tokens or guides. The use of the adverb is peculiar.

192, l. 2. *banter*, a word which Swift regarded with special abhorrence. Cf., in the *Apology* for the *Tale*, 'Peter's banter, as he calls it in his Alsatia phrase.'

l. 3. *a small treatise upon the* —. We may take this to stand for some of the productions of the Royal Society, filling up the blank as we please. If the weather is bad, says Swift, banter or a lucubration of the Greshamites will serve : if it is good, let us hear some one having a fling against the chief of pedants.

l. 11. *Durfey*. See p. 85, l. 28 (note). *Durfey* is here the 'ordure,' contrasted with Congreve's 'honey.'

l. 12. *lieve* or 'lief' (connected with the Germ. *liebe*), 'with love or liking,' 'freely.' Used as the opposite of 'loth.'

l. 20. *list me*. Cf. p. 156, l. 24 (note).

193, l. 9. *ut plenus vitæ conviva*. Swift seems to have in his mind Hor. *Sat.* i. 1. 119

'qui . . . exacto contentus tempore vita
cedet uti conviva satur.'

l. 17. *a very polite nation in Greece*. Pausanias tells us that in Troezen, near the Temple of the Muses, there was an altar on which the Troezenians sacrificed to the Muses and to Sleep, 'asserting that Sleep is of all deities the most friendly to the Muses.'

194, l. 9. *book of commonplaces*. Cf. p. 155, l. 30.

l. 20. *many a towardly word*. Cf. p. 89, l. 23.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

197, l. 1. *The Bookseller to the Reader*. Unlike the introductory notices to the *Tale of a Tub*, this short preface seems not to be the work of Swift. It must have been written after 1703, when Charles Boyle became Earl of Orrery; but Swift seems to have added very little to either treatise after 1697 or 1698. The note contains none of the characteristic marks of his style, and he probably left the bookseller to employ some hack for the purpose. Throughout the *Battle of the Books* Swift's style is rather more careful and regular than in most of his work.

l. 4. *the former*, i. e. the *Tale of a Tub*.

198, l. 1. *W. Wotton* (1666-1726), of St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, was noted in his earliest youth as a prodigy of learning.

He was B.A. at 13, and already he had been made the subject of complimentary addresses from many of the scholars of the day. He was commonly called 'the polyglot infant.' His *Reflections* is a book which, dull as it is, shews an enormous amount of information for a man of 28. But his chief mental endowment was memory: and he is represented as eccentric in conduct. Nichol's *Lit. Anecdotes*, iv. 253, gives a long list of the encomiums addressed to Wotton as a boy.

Temple's *Essay* was published in 1692, and the first edition of Wotton's *Reflections on Ancient and Modern Learning* was published in 1694. It professed to be rather a review of the current controversy, than a manifesto on the side of the Moderns, although the whole tendency of the book is in that direction: and, although Wotton treated Temple with respect, he distinctly assumed the attitude of an opponent. In 1695, Boyle's edition of *Phalaris* appeared: and it was only after this that, when Wotton was preparing a second edition of his *Reflections*, Bentley came to his help by writing the *Dissertation* on the spurious epistles ascribed to Phalaris and other equally doubtful writings of the kind. It was issued as an appendix to Wotton's book. Boyle published a reply in 1696: and in 1699 Bentley re-issued his *Dissertation* in a more complete and longer form.

199, l. 9. *being a sort of cream*. Swift uses the same metaphor in the *Tale of a Tub* (p. 170, l. 24).

l. 16. *Annual Records of Time*. An original note here occurs, 'Riches produceth Pride: Pride is War's Ground, &c. Vid. Ephem. de Mary Clarke, opt. edit.' Scott adds 'now called Wing's Sheet Almanack, and printed by J. Roberts, for the Company of Stationers.' Wing was one of the well-known Almanac writers of the day, named by Swift in one of the Bickerstaff pamphlets. *Ephemerides* was a title given to some of these compilations, but I have failed to trace any in the name of Mary Clarke. Swift's reference may be purposely misleading, and the point of the sentence may very likely be to sneer at the prophetic almanacs of the day, by pretending that Time would choose such a vehicle for announcing the secrets which he alone can reveal.

ll. 16-27. Pride, says Swift, certainly produces war, and *perhaps* is itself produced by Riches. But, however this may be, Pride is certainly own sister to Want; Want is the parent of Lust and Avarice: and as these produce war, Want as well as Pride must be held to be the source of war.

l. 29. *an institution of the many*=a government in which the multitude bear sway.

200, l. 21. *on the part of*=as a motive on the side of.

1. 29. *conjecture at*. Swift is so prone to introduce the preposition at the close of a sentence that, in this instance, he has added one entirely useless. Cf. p. 146, l. 11.

201, l. 8. Cf. p. 159, l. 26.

1. 11. *summit*, for 'summit,' a word not infrequently found in Swift's day and in the preceding century (cf. p. 204, l. 2).

1. 12. *or else the said ancients will*. Observe the omission of 'that' after *else*, and the change of the *would* of the previous sentence into *will*. According to his habit, Swift, for the sake of force, changes the *oratio obliqua* into the actual words of the emissaries of the Moderns.

1. 27. *if they did, or did not, know*: i. e. folly, if they did, ignorance, if they did not, know.

1. 34. *by the moderns with much indignation, who still resisted*. Observe the separation, which sounds awkwardly to us, of the relative and its antecedent.

202, l. 10. *which, conveyed through a sort of engine . . . infinite numbers of these are darted*. Observe the breach in the construction, of which we have already noted many instances in Swift.

1. 15. *gall and copperas* are, in fact, the principal ingredients in ink.

203, l. 7. *to inform them*, to give them character and meaning. Cf. *forma informans*, p. 157, l. 22.

1. 10. *brutum hominis*, the elementary principle of man, without the 'plastic' of the soul. The notion is first suggested by the passage in the *Phaedo* (81), where the lower and more grovelling souls are said to haunt the neighbourhood of tombs and sepulchres, being not entirely detached from the earthly element. Milton reproduces the Platonic notion in *Comus* (470)—

'Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp

Of seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres

Lingering, and sitting by a new-made grave;

As loth to leave the body that it loved,' &c.

Dr. Henry More, the Platonist, in his *Immortality of the Soul*, (Bk. II. ch. xvi), quaintly expresses the notion that bodies 'lately dead, or as fresh as those that are but newly dead,' may facilitate the appearance of the souls of those that are gone, 'and so invite them (i. e. the ghosts) to play tricks when they can do it at so cheap a rate.' Sir T. Brown (*Religio Medici*) thinks they are not the souls of the dead, 'but unquiet walks of devils,' who choose the cemeteries as 'dormitories of the dead, where the Devil beholds with pride his spoils and trophies.' Sir Kenelm Digby, in his *Observations on the Religio Medici*, leans to More's view rather than Brown's, and repro-

duces the idea of Plato, that those 'terrene' souls that 'go out of their bodies with affection to the things they left behind them,' appear in 'cemeteries and charnel-houses.'

These variations in the fancy are interesting, as they shew us where Swift's reading lay.

l. 19. *to bind them to the peace with strong iron chains.* The chains with which certain books used to be bound in libraries. Books of controversy are to be bound by those chains, which were not considered necessary in the case of books of the modern taste. (Cf. p. 156, l. 19.)

l. 24. *Aristotle . . . Plato.* The dispute between the Platonists and Aristotelians was one in which Swift had no interest, and of which, probably, he knew very little. He introduces this episode merely to illustrate the struggles between authors; and, as a fact, many of those to whom he refers sarcastically were noted as impugners of mediaeval Aristotelianism.

l. 27. *near eight hundred years.* Duns Scotus wrote in the 14th century: and it is curious that Swift should assign the supremacy of the preceding eight hundred years to Plato, as they really covered the period from the decay of Platonism in the 6th century to its revival in the 14th.

l. 30. *polemics* = polemical or controversial works.

204, l. 23. *regal library* = the Royal library of St. James's.

a person of great valour. Dr. Bentley, who was appointed to the office in 1694.

l. 24. *chiefly renowned for his humanity.* This refers to the words used by Charles Boyle, in the preface to his edition of the *Letters of Phalaris*, where he complained of what he deemed the churlish conduct of Bentley in connexion with the loan of a MS., as 'in keeping with his extraordinary notion of *courtesy*' (*pro singulari humanitate suâ*). *Humanitas* signified, of course, 'courtesy'; but it was one of the current jokes of Bentley's opponents to 'English' it as 'humanity'—thus implying that he was a savage as well as a boor.

l. 27. *two of the ancient chiefs.* Phalaris and Aesop, the spuriousness of the writings ascribed to these two having been the chief topic of the *Dissertation*.

l. 33. *in reducing to practice* = in bringing back (themselves or their speculations) to the test of practice.

205, l. 10. *a strange confusion of place among all the books.* Bentley did, more than once, complain of the disorder of the library, as excusing occasional difficulty of access to MSS., and Swift probably refers to this, and offers an uncomplimentary explanation of it.

l. 22. *the Seven Wise Masters*. This was a popular class-book of the day, much in use as a book for the moral instruction of children. It is curious that Swift should name it as a representative of the Moderns, since the original compilation is traced back to Sandabar, Chief of the Indian Brahmins, who is said to have lived before the Christian era. It was certainly of Eastern origin; and, from Hebrew, Greek, and Latin versions, spread all over Europe, being translated into every language. It is a string of stories hanging upon a contrivance like that of the *Arabian Nights*, and contains some tales that have obtained enormous vogue. Amongst others, that of Gelert, the faithful hound, which has located itself in Wales, is first found in this compilation.

l. 24. *Withers*. This spelling of the name of George Wither (1588-1667) occurs in the first edition, and has been repeated in all others. It occurs again on p. 212, l. 21; and the same spelling is found in Oldham, in his *Satire dissuading from Poetry*, and in Dryden's Dedication of the *Aeneid*. Probably Wither's adherence to the Parliamentary side in the time of the Rebellion was sufficient, without any thought of his literary defects, to account for his being joined in a sarcastic reference with Swift's unforgiven enemy, Dryden.

l. 31. *consisting chiefly of light-horse, heavy-armed foot, and mercenaries*. The enumeration does not quite agree with that on p. 212. But in both cases the *light-horse* are the poets, other than epic; the *foot* are the historians; while *mercenaries* seem to be those who have little interest in the points of the struggle, but, from the accident of their date, fight on the side of the Moderns.

l. 33. *their horses*. The previous clause makes this almost absurd, were it not that Swift's elliptical habit requires us to supply the sense by referring the present clause to the *light-horse*.

206, l. 14. The note is original, and refers to the paradox that the Moderns could claim superiority in point of ancient descent and more prolonged experience. Cf. Hobbes's *Answer to Davenant's Preface to Gondibert*: 'I honour antiquity, but that which is commonly called old time is young time.'

207, l. 1. *Temple happened to hear them*. Temple had introduced the dispute from France into England.

l. 33. *Beelzebub*. The god of flies.

208, l. 17. *pruned himself*. Cleared his wings of cobweb, as a bird preparing for flight smooths his ruffled plumage. Cf. Shakespeare, *Cymbeline*, Act v. Sc. 4—speaking of Jove's eagle—

'his royal bird

Prunes the immortal wing and cloyes his beak.'

209, l. 8. *a freebooter*. The usual break in the construction gives some additional energy to the oburgation.

l. 12. *my improvements in the mathematics*. Vaunted on behalf of the Moderns in Wotton's *Reflections*. Cf. p. 207, l. 16, and p. 211, l. 15.

l. 28. *consider duration and matter, as well as method and art*. Swift repeats this distinction between what he considers to be the chief and the secondary elements in literary excellence, almost in the same words, on p. 211, l. 22. At first sight it would seem scarcely to agree with the position he takes up in the dispute between Ancients and Moderns. It might appear that '*method and art*' (or '*skill*' as he puts it on p. 211) were the qualities which, in the opinion of those whose sympathies would naturally lie with the Ancients, were the prime sources of '*duration*,' instead of being sharply distinguished from it. But so to interpret Swift's words would be to import the terms of more recent criticism into the discussions of Swift's day. By '*method and art*' Swift means pedantic rules and artificiality; and by '*duration*' he means rather the breadth of treatment which gives to literary work an enduring interest as distinguished from topics of the day, than merely the continued respect and admiration which may be secured by artistic excellence.

Swift was really fighting the battle of literary art against the whims and caprices of a spurious originality which despises rule, and claims admiration for its laboured ingenuity and its obscurity. But no man was ever less prone to allow rules of art to become a burden or to fetter his liberty.

The commonplace description of the *Tale of a Tub* and the *Battle of the Books* as incidents in a forgotten controversy, might lead us to suppose that Swift had erred against his own rule. But we can never understand either book until we have learned fully that they deal with subjects as fresh in their interest for us to-day as when the books were written. The accidental contemporary phases of the struggle may have passed; but it is as much with us as ever, and must remain with us as long as the fundamental differences of taste, education, and temperament endure amongst men.

210, l. 7. *that which, by a lazy contemplation, &c.* There is no doubt as to the text, but the sentence is evidently irregular. It is the '*overweening pride*,' and not the one variety of being, which feeds and engenders on itself, and turns all into venom. But this second '*which*' introduces a confusion: and instead of writing '*produces*' in the following clause, Swift repeats the participial construction from '*feeding and engendering*.'

l. 12. *distinction*, in the sense of 'discrimination.'

l. 23. *by a strange effect of the regent's humanity*. Another reference to the *singularis humanitas* of Bentley, and his office of Royal Librarian. See p. 204, ll. 24 and 27 (notes).

211, l. 5. *It is but to adjust*=all we have to do is to adjust.

l. 30. *which*. There is, of set purpose, some indefiniteness about this relative. It seems to refer both to the *satire* of the Moderns, and to the *poison* of the spider.

212, l. 7. *the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light*. Whatever the precise origin of this famous phrase (revived in our own day by Mr. Matthew Arnold), Swift has made it distinctively his own. It seems likely that the conjunction of qualities was taken from the advice to the pedant in Lucian's *Lexiphanes*, *Μάλιστα δὲ θύε Χάρισι καὶ Σαφηνείᾳ*, 'Sacrifice chiefly to the Graces and to Perspicuity,'—'which,' the adviser goes on, 'have now altogether forsaken you.' The phrase is cited in Boyle's Answer to Bentley's *Dissertation* (1698), which was chiefly written by Atterbury. But it is quite as likely that the citation was suggested by Swift (who may, like others, have contributed to the Answer) as that he borrowed it from thence. The passage in Lucian curiously illustrates Swift's attitude. The pedant is told not to imitate the latest fashions of the Sophists (Swift's Moderns) but 'to follow with zeal the old models.'

l. 14. *consults* for 'consultations.' Cf. Dryden, in the *Dedication to King Arthur*, where he says the friends of Charles II were not only boon companions, but 'able to advise him in a serious consult'; and the closing line of *Paradise Lost*, Book 1, 'the great consult began.' See also p. 222, l. 19.

l. 19. *the horse*. Cf. p. 205, l. 31 (note).

l. 20. *Dryden and Withers*. Coupled together again, as on p. 205, l. 23.

l. 22. *Despreaux*. Nicolas Boileau, Sieur Despréaux (1635-1711), is named by Swift with as little sarcastic intention as is aimed at Cowley. Boileau's work was, indeed, all on the side for which Swift was fighting; and he not only ridiculed the pretension, put forward on his behalf, of being superior to Horace, but strove consistently for all those principles of criticism which the ancient models have inspired.

l. 22. *the bowmen*=the philosophers.

l. 23. *Des Cartes, Gassendi, and Hobbes*. These are probably chosen as representative names, without any special reference to their views. We have already found how numerous are Swift's citations from Descartes, in whose system he seems to have been interested, although his way of speaking of it is occasionally half-

sarcastic. Gassendi (1592-1655) was a devout French Churchman, who held a leading place amidst the mental and physical philosophers of his day. He wrote against the scholastic Aristotelianism; against the Cabalists; and was so sharply divided from some of Descartes' views, that his own followers formed a school of philosophy as distinguished from the Cartesians. Curiously enough, although his views were essentially different from those of Hobbes, with whom Swift now ranges him, the two had a mutual respect for one another, and occasionally corresponded. Hobbes is named by Swift as frequently as Descartes.

1. 26. *like that of Evander*. Swift's memory has betrayed him here. The incident occurs in the well-known description of the Games in the 5th *Aeneid*, and the arrow was that of Acestes. Swift has transferred it to the later books, where the meeting of Evander and Aeneas, and their alliance, are described.

1. 27. *Paracelsus brought a squadron of stink-pot-flingers from the snowy mountains of Rhaetia*. Refers to the despised chemical experiments of Paracelsus and his followers. Paracelsus was a native of Switzerland, and hence is said to come from the Alpine heights of Rhaetia, which corresponds to the Austrian Tyrol.

1. 29. *dragoons* = medical writers.

1. 30. *Harvey*, whose discovery of the circulation of the blood was disparaged by Temple.

aga, the title of a principal officer of the Turkish janizzaries.

213. 1. 1. *heavy-armed foot, all mercenaries* = the historians. They are called mercenaries, because they fight from accident on the side of the Moderns, having no interest in the struggle, and writing, most of them, in Latin.

1. 2. *Guicciardini* (1482-1540), the Florentine statesman and historian, who wrote, in Italian, a lengthy history of Italy in his own day. Boccalini (see p. 81, l. 4) tells a story of a Spartan citizen, who, having said in three words what might have been said in two, was sentenced to punishment, but offered the alternative of reading Guicciardini's history of the Pisan war. He read the first few pages; but then begged for the severest punishment, so as to escape from a continuation of the dreary task.

Davila (1576-1623), an Italian, who took service under Henry IV of France, and wrote the *Istoria delle guerre civile di Francia*, detailing the struggles in France in the latter half of the 16th century.

Polydore Virgil (1470-1555), of Italian birth, settled in England as a Churchman, and became involved in disputes with Wolsey. He wrote a history, entitled *Historia Anglica*.

Buchanan (1506-1582) wrote, in Latin, his history of Scotland. His well-known opposition to the *regimen* of women made him an easy object of attack in the reign of Queen Anne.

Mariana (1536-1624), a Spanish Jesuit, who wrote, in Latin, a history of Spain, and whose defence of tyrannicide earned for him, it may be, Swift's deeper contempt.

1. 3. *Camden*, a misspelling for Camden, repeated in all the editions. He was the well-known antiquarian historian (1551-1623), author of the *Britannia*, also in Latin.

The engineers = mathematicians.

1. 4. *Regiomontanus*, a German mathematician and natural philosopher (1436-1476), whose name of Müller was thus Latinized from Königsberg, his birthplace.

Wilkins (1614-1672) is evidently treated by Swift as a typical representative of the Royal Society, to whose transactions he contributed much that was whimsical and quaint rather than scientific, although he attained some distinction as a mathematician. He shewed a remarkable power of conforming to political change, having married Cromwell's sister and yet been appointed Bishop of Chester by Charles II.

1. 5. *Scotus, Aquinas, and Bellarmine*. Scotus and Aquinas are named as typical leaders in the Scholastic philosophy. Bellarmine, the great Jesuit (1542-1621), is joined with them, as being a theologian of the Catholic Church, although otherwise he had little in common with them. In the 17th century he was taken as the typical defender of Catholicism against Protestantism.

1. 8. *calones*, soldiers' servants—hence the disorderly rout of camp-followers.

1. 8. *L'Estrange*, or Lestrange. See p. 177, l. 5 (note).

1. 15. *Vossius*. Gerard Voss of Leyden (1577-1649) was a man of wide classical learning, who obtained, in England, the patronage of Laud, and whose son, with less learning and a less reputable character, became Canon of Windsor in the days of Charles II.

1. 21. *among the gods, she always tells truth*,—which she does not elsewhere. Cf. p. 53, l. 24 (note).

1. 27. *Momus*, the god of jealous mockery. In Hesiod's *Theogony* (214) we read that 'Night produced Destiny and Black Fate, and Sleep and the tribe of Dreams . . . and Momus and bitter Care.' Plato, in the *Republic*, uses the word as a proverbial personification of carping criticism. But Swift, doubtless, had in his mind Lucian's Assembly of the Gods, where Momus is the principal spokesman, and accuses all the gods in turn, not excepting Zeus himself, of various crimes. He confesses himself to be 'free of tongue and

loth to pass in silence any wrong.' At the close Zeus tells him that there is some truth in his censures, and that it is well to nip in the bud wrongs that may spread. Momus is, therefore, the Spirit of Censure: from whom to the Spirit of modern Criticism, Swift intends us to infer that there is but one step, but that a considerable step (p. 214, l. 24).

214, l. 6. *menial servants to Jupiter*; and l. 14, *called by mortal men accidents or events*. Cf. Sir Kenelm Digby's *Observations* on Brown's *Religio Medici*. 'All outward circumstances, whose highest link, poets say prettily, is fastened to Jupiter's chair, and the lowest is rivetted to every individual on earth.'

l. 26. *Ignorance, her father and husband, &c.* Cf. p. 120, l. 28 (note).

215, l. 18. *who give wisdom to infants*. Swift here forgets the circumstances, and gives the rein to his satire in its full force. Had he remembered these circumstances, he could hardly, even in derision, have spoken thus of the position of Charles Boyle, who, scarcely more than a schoolboy, had offered combat to Bentley. Whatever Bentley was, not even his bitterest enemy could have described him as an 'infant,' a 'schoolboy,' or a 'coffee-house wit.'

216, l. 6. *Gresham and Covent Garden*. The houses of the Royal Society and of the coffee-house wits.

l. 11. *virtuosos*. See p. 104, l. 2 (note).

217, l. 19. *Galen*. Claudius Galenus, of Pergamum (A.D. 130-200), perhaps the greatest medical authority amongst the ancients.

l. 26. The blank is left probably because Swift neither felt inclined nor qualified to discuss the relations between the different medical authorities of recent times. He was not, indeed, so fitted for the scientific discussion as the despised Wotton, whose treatment of that part of the subject is full and careful, however inept. The *aga* (see p. 210, l. 30) is Harvey: and the first blank must therefore be supposed to cover the incidents of the fight from Paracelsus to Harvey, and the second blank those from Harvey downwards.

218, l. 5. *vortex*. Cf. p. 165, l. 10 (note).

l. 6. This hiatus covers the opening of the fight between the horsemen.

l. 13. *Gondibert* was an heroic poem, written by Sir William Davenant in 1650. It is composed in rhymed quatrains, and upon the taste of our own day leaves no other impression than that of unparalleled dulness. But in the eyes of the author and his friends it seemed an attempt of the first importance. Not only did it earn the unstinted praise of Waller and Cowley, but it was ushered in by a tedious and obscure preface, addressed to Hobbes, in which the

errors of previous epic poets were set forth, and in which the ambitious purposes of the writer, and his determination to avoid such flights of imagination as he thinks have vitiated other epics, are explained. He is not always consistent with himself: for while he hopes that the rhymed verse will enable it, with the more ease, to be recited at village feasts, he yet professes to write, not for the common taste of mankind, but for those whom he calls 'necessary men,' i. e. men of light and leading. Hobbes answers the preface by stating his testimony 'briefly thus: I never yet saw poem, that had so much shape of art, health of morality, and vigour and beauty of expression, as this of yours.' Such is the worth of contemporary literary criticism judged by the standards of another age. The poem did not escape some satirical attacks, and its reception generally seems not to have answered Davenant's hopes so far as to encourage him to complete it: but he consoles himself with the thought that the fame denied by his own age will be accorded by posterity; and Hobbes adhered to his own opinion in its favour, even after the attacks of the wits. Rymer was more chary of his praise, but still thought that there ran 'something roughly noble through the whole.'

l. 22. *Denham*. Sir John Denham (1615-1668) was one who deserved, what he here obtains from Swift, the recognition of a certain true literary gift. By some of the best critics of the day when the *Battle of the Books* was written, Denham was held to share with Cowley and Waller the merit of having moulded the poetic diction of England: and the distinctive quality ascribed to him is shewn by Pope's lines (*Essay on Criticism*)—

'And praise the easy vigour of a line

Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.'

His poem on *Cooper's Hill*—which has yielded at least the hackneyed quotation, against the currency of which Swift, in one of his poems, feels it needful to protest, 'Oh, could I flow like thee,' &c.—is that by which his name is chiefly remembered. It has no real epic character: and although it contains an occasional foretaste of the vigour of expression which Dryden was to bring to perfection, it has scarcely any other quality which would recommend it to the taste of our own day. A short poem on the death of Cowley (whom Denham outlived only by a year) is more graceful and deft in workmanship. Compared with *Gondibert*, his work justified the half-divine descent with which Swift credits him.

l. 27. *Wesley* (Samuel, 1662-1735) was Rector of Epworth in Lincolnshire. He is chiefly remembered as the father of John and Charles Wesley. But in Swift's day he had attained some little note as the author of some poems, including one whose title is enough to

shew its character, *The Life of Christ, an Heroic Poem*. Garth has gibbeted him in a couplet in the *Dispensary*—

‘Had Wesley never aimed in verse to please
We had not ranked him with our Ogilbys.’

l. 28. *Perrault* (Charles 1628–1703) was one of the earliest defenders of the Moderns in France, and, with Fontenelle, is cited as one of the leaders on that side of the controversy, by Wotton. Hence Swift’s attack upon them both. From his earliest youth Perrault had a love of controversy, which he stimulated by voracious and ill-regulated reading. In 1687 his poem on *Le Siècle de Louis le Grand* provoked ridicule by its extravagant claims on behalf of the Moderns. Between 1688 and 1698 he published, in 4 vols, a *Parallèle des Anciens et des Modernes*. This literary freak was only one phase of his mental tendency, which was essentially directed against authority. His controversial works are forgotten, but his *Contes des Fées* has been a favourite with generations of children.

l. 29. *Fontenelle* (Bernard de Bovier de, 1657–1757) was a nephew of Corneille, and hence was early in life directed towards literature. Like Perrault, he took the Modern side in the controversy against Boileau and Racine, moved thereto partly by an utter absence of any germ of literary taste, and partly by the restless spirit of free-thought in which he anticipated the epoch into which his own old age extended. Irreverence, bred of a certain intellectual acuteness and intrepidity, was not mitigated in Fontenelle by any real interest in, or sympathy with, what was great in literature.

l. 33. *the slowness of whose pace*. What Lord Tennyson has described as Virgil’s ‘ocean roll of rhythm.’

219, l. 15. *like the lady in a lobster*, seems to refer to the fancied likeness to a lady’s head in a hood detected in one part of the lobster’s shell.

l. 19. *in a long harangue*. In Dryden’s Preliminary Dissertations introducing his translation of the *Aeneid*, he undertakes the defence of Virgil, who, he says, with Spenser in English, has been his Master. Dryden’s translation was only published in 1697, the year in which Swift was writing.

l. 25. *though his was of gold*. An original note says ‘Vide Homer.’ The passage referred to is that in the Sixth Book, where Glaucus exchanges his armour of gold, worth a hundred beeves, for Diomed’s armour of brass, worth nine beeves.

220, l. 1. *Lucan*. Although Swift’s words on the preceding page shew that he knew how to appreciate Virgil as the ‘wielder of the noblest measure ever moulded by the lips of man,’ he yet sympathises with the taste of his own age in his admiration of the rhetorical im-

petuosity of Lucan's style, and perhaps insufficiently observed those defects which have caused Lucan's fame to decay. Swift's description of Lucan's style, however, is apt, and implies some hint of condemnation. According to Quintilian, Lucan was a model for the imitation of orators as much as for that of poets.

l. 4. *Blackmore*. Cf. p. 177, l. 5 (note). In the *Rhapsody on Poetry*, Swift, who had by that time, perhaps, imbibed more of the contempt felt by Pope and his faction for Blackmore, speaks of Blackmore with more sweeping condemnation, as the successor to Flecknoe's crown.

l. 5. *one of the mercenaries*. Cf. p. 213, l. 1 (note). It is difficult to say why Blackmore is named here as a mercenary. It may mean that he wrote with no natural bias to Moderns or Ancients, but took his place amongst the Moderns from interested motives rather than from taste.

l. 8. *Æsculapius*, as the patron of physicians—that being the profession of Blackmore.

l. 19. *Creech*. Thomas Creech (1659-1700) belonged to Wadham College, Oxford, and afterwards obtained a Fellowship at All Souls. His translation of Lucretius, published in 1682, obtained wide popularity, and, with his later annotated edition of the text, earned him considerable respect from judges of weight. He followed this up by numerous other translations, one of which especially—that of Juvenal's 13th Satire—won the admiration of Warton. In 1684 he essayed that task which has proved a pitfall to so many—a verse translation of Horace. The fact that it was dedicated to Dryden would not lessen Swift's readiness to satirize it: but it was poor enough to deserve all the contempt which the episode here described implies. Creech committed suicide in 1700.

l. 24. *Ogleby*. John Ogleby or Ogilby, born near Edinburgh in 1600, had a strange experience. He began life as a dancing-master; when of mature age educated himself into the possession of much ill-assorted information: and with the confidence which such self-education not rarely gives, essayed the translation of Virgil and Homer. He survived till 1676, and spent a busy life as translator, writer of epics, printer, and map-compiler. His industry and honesty deserve some respect: but his name became, in literature, a byword for laborious incapacity.

l. 26. *Oldham*. John Oldham (1653-1683) is named in connexion with Pindar, from his many Pindaric Odes, in which (to use his own words) he found a language suited to his genius—

'Soft as my Muse, and unconfined as she
When flowing in numbers of Pindaric liberty.'

To Pope he seemed to have 'strong rage, but it is too much like Billingsgate.' Coarse, irregular, extravagant as Oldham often is, he had a strong vein of genius, fitly described in Dryden's beautiful elegy, beginning—

'Farewell! too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own.'

Dryden calls him, with some aptness, 'the Marcellus of our tongue'; and the literary treasure-house of the age lost much by the early death of Oldham. That he won Dryden's regard would be no passport to Swift's favour: but it is curious that Swift's own poetry contains not a few reminiscences of Oldham. Cf. Oldham's *Satire dissuading against Poetry* with Swift's *Rhapsody*.

l. 27. *Afra the Amazon*. This is Mrs. Afra Behn, whose novels and plays, as well as her gallantry, illustrate much in the coarser taste of the day. To a modern reader the strangest feature is that she was thought by some of her contemporaries to err by an excess of wit—the quality which seems most conspicuous by its absence from all she wrote.

l. 30. *Cowley*. Abraham Cowley (1618–1667) had been so much a model for Swift's early poems, that the tempered description of his engagement with Pindar, ending with the transformation of a portion of his body into a dove, is not surprising. The contemporary of Denham, he cultivated letters with a far greater devotion than he, and has left a far deeper impression on our literature. He has suffered, perhaps unduly, from being made the subject of some of Johnson's most pointed criticism, in the *Lives of the Poets*, and has been remembered as the typical specimen of that overwrought artificiality in poetry to which Johnson has given the name of the Metaphysical School. Cowley, in fact, only followed a custom much more rife in the preceding age; but his laboured conceits are more remarked because joined with more graceful language than his predecessors used. His Pindarics were a literary error: but it does not therefore follow that they did not help the later triumphs of the Ode as a phase in English poetry. The shield given him by Venus is that 'language of the heart' which Pope declares himself still to love, though 'forgot his epic, nay Pindaric art.'

221, l. 26. *amarant*, or *amaranth*, a flower whose blossoms never withered, and hence served as preservatives against decay. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 352

'Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold,
Immortal amarant: a flower which once
In Paradise fast by the stream of life
Began to bloom.'

222, l. 4. *Bentley*. See p. 85, l. 32 (note). It is not easy to account for the exaggerated bitterness of Swift's attack upon Bentley, except on the theory that his hostility nursed itself on its own heat. Bentley had not attacked Swift personally; he belonged to the political party to which Swift at this time ostensibly belonged; and it seems strange that Bentley's arraignment of Temple, which certainly did not exceed the limits then common in literary controversy, should have provoked such wrath in Swift. The strong language used by others of the participants in the fight did not prevent subsequent friendship. Bentley seems to have been afterwards on friendly terms both with Boyle and his ally, Atterbury. On the whole the current opinion seems to have been that Bentley, the weight of whose scholarship was not felt by his own age, was worsted in the fight. Garth probably expressed the general view, when in the *Dispensary* he wrote, 'And to a Bentley 'tis we owe a Boyle,'—a compliment which Boyle repaid by laudatory verses.

l. 9. *Etesian wind*. The Etesian winds were annual (ἔσρος) trade-winds, blowing during the hot months.

l. 12. *copperas ... gall*. The ingredients of ink. Cf. p. 202, l. 15.

l. 19. *a consult*. Cf. p. 212, l. 14 (note).

l. 32. *a pack of rogues, &c.* This is a travesty of the somewhat homely energy of Bentley's polemical style—what his opponents called 'his low and mean ways of speech.'

223, l. 1. *presumptuous dogs*, and note '*Vid. Homer, de Thersite.*' Swift refers of course to *Iliad* ii. 212. But though Homer's personal description of Thersites tallies very closely with that which Swift gives of Bentley, Thersites makes no such boast as Swift puts into Bentley's mouth. He 'wrangles with the kings,' and advises a return home; but he does not claim that Troy would have fallen under his generalship. The taunt in l. 4 is, however, that of Thersites in Homer.

l. 7. *Scaliger*. See p. 189, l. 31 (note). Here the younger Scaliger is referred to, and, as he had been named with praise by Bentley, the rebuke here uttered is all the more sarcastic.

l. 8. *Miscreant*. This word played a curious part in Swift's subsequent quarrel with Steele. Steele had applied the word, in its ordinary sense, to a writer in the *Examiner*, whom he wrongly identified with Swift. Instead of frankly withdrawing it, he hinted that in the sense of 'unbeliever' (*mescroyant*) it would still apply to Swift.

l. 11. *thy study of humanity more inhuman*. Cf. p. 204, l. 24 (note). *Humanity* is here used in the sense of classical learning.

l. 28. *Aldrovandus*. The Latinized form of the name of Aldro-

vandi of Bologna (1522-1607), a naturalist of enormous industry, who spent some sixty years over a monumental work on natural history in all its branches, the greater part of which was not published till after his death. Buffon admits that it has merits, if it were one-tenth the size. 'I see him,' says Buffon, 'in his library reading ancients, moderns, philosophers, theologians, jurisconsults, historians, travellers, poets—only to catch a word or phrase remotely connected with his subject: copying their remarks, ranging them in alphabetical order, storing his note-books, and then beginning his work, determined that no scrap that he has gathered shall be lost.' Swift represents this gigantic work, which he may have seen cumbering the shelves of the Royal Library, as its author's tomb.

l. 29. *on the side of the declining sun*—and therefore away from the first source of light. Cf. p. 201, l. 8, 'the prospect . . . towards the east,' and still more p. 159, l. 26 (note).

224, l. 19. *Phalaris and Æsop*. The spurious epistles of Phalaris, and the fables ascribed to Æsop, had been selected for admiration by Temple, and were the subject of a large part of Bentley's *Dissertation*. It is curious that Swift commits himself so fully on the genuineness of the Epistles, which was not maintained by Boyle. As Boyle had edited Phalaris, so Anthony Alsop, of Christ Church, in 1698, edited the Fables of Æsop.

l. 29. *a wild ass*. This simile, applied to Bentley, may have been provoked by Boyle's charge that Bentley had applied the same to him. As a fact, Bentley only likened the Sophist who wrote the spurious Epistles, to an ass in a lion's skin.

225, l. 15. *not to draw too deep*—a different lesson from that given by Pope—'Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.' But Pope uses 'deep' in the sense of the 'large draughts' of l. 20. The *depth* against which Swift warns is the profundity of pedantry.

l. 17. *the one he could not distinguish*. This is Boyle (see p. 226, l. 13). Swift seems to hint that Boyle's personal part in the contest was not a very prominent one.

l. 28. *Pallas or Apollo, are*. This wrong concord is not infrequent in Swift. Cf. Vol. II. p. 339, l. 9.

l. 29. *Oh mother ! i. e.* Criticism. See p. 216, l. 15.

l. 33. *The first part of this prayer, the gods granted*. This would seem to shew, unlike the previous passage, that Swift thought Wotton had scored a point against Temple, albeit one so slight as to be unnoticed by Temple himself.

226, l. 6. *the averted ancient*—or rather, 'ally of the ancients.'

l. 12. *the shape of* —. This doubtless refers to Atterbury, who was Boyle's chief inspirer in his *Examination of the Dissertation* pub-

lished in 1698. In a letter to Boyle of the same year, Atterbury very bitterly resents the ingratitude and vanity of the youth, in failing to recognise his help. 'In laying the design of the book, in writing above half of it, in reviewing a good part of the rest, in transcribing the whole, and attending the press, half a year of my life went away . . . No one expression has dropped from you that could give me reason to believe that you had any opinion of what I had done, or even took it kindly from me. . . You will easily, therefore, excuse me if I meddle no further in a matter where my management has had the ill-luck to displease you and a good friend of yours: whereas I had the vanity to think and hope that it would have sat ill on nobody but Mr. Wotton and Dr. Bentley.'

l. 17. *by all the gods*. By Atterbury, and others of his Oxford friends.

l. 27. *Philomela*, the nightingale.

l. 34. *with his own hands new polished and gilded*—referring to Boyle's edition of the Letters of Phalaris.

JOURNAL TO STELLA.

THE series of letters, most of which take a journalistic form, and which have come to be known by the general name of the *Journal to Stella*, were published, in separate parts, by two different editors. There are sixty-five letters in all; and of these the last twenty-five were published, in 1766, by Hawkesworth, while the preceding letters were published by Mr. Deane Swift, a kinsman of the Dean's, in 1768. Neither series was published exactly as written: but those issued by Deane Swift were not only more seriously mutilated (if we may judge from the absence of characteristic expressions which must have run through the whole), but no means of correcting them was left, as the originals have (except in the case of one letter) disappeared; while all those in Hawkesworth's possession (also with a single exception) were deposited in the British Museum. Thus the originals of twenty-five letters remain in the Museum: the first of the whole (published by Deane Swift) and all of those published by Hawkesworth, except the fifty-fourth. For the text of the extracts here given from the twenty-five extant letters, the originals have been carefully collated: but it must be noted that these originals have been considerably mutilated by erasures and changes, many of which appear to have been made by the Dean himself, into whose possession the letters came after Esther Johnson's death; while others were probably made by Hawkesworth, in preparing his text for publication.

Neither Deane Swift nor Hawkesworth preserved with exactness the 'little language' of endearment and familiarity which Swift employed to Esther Johnson. But while Hawkesworth varied from the original very considerably, Deane Swift did so still more recklessly. He substituted for it what were, in his opinion, more elegant or intelligible expressions, and introduces, in particular, the names *Stella* and *Presto* (for Esther Johnson and Swift) at a date when these names were not used by either. *Presto* was, indeed, the Italian equivalent for Swift's name, used, at a period late in the correspondence, by the Italian wife of the Duke of Shrewsbury. In the extracts here given from the later letters, some specimens of the 'little language' have been reproduced from the originals, so as to show exactly its form. We may tell, with considerable certainty, what the symbolical letters convey in each case. *Ppt* is Stella; *MD* is Stella and her companion, Mrs. Dingley; *Pdfr*, or *FR*, or *Podefarr* is Swift; and *D* or *DD* is Dingley alone. Other symbols are evidently a representation of a childish pronunciation of ordinary words. But to attempt to guess exactly how the mystic letters come to have their meaning, and how they are to be expanded, seems labour as superfluous as it is hopeless. When such language is adopted, it quickly drifts away from the accident that gave it birth; and an attempted interpretation is a sort of trifling that does not help our enjoyment of the letters, and would have been painful to those who used it. We know enough when we know that Swift indulged in this kindly sport with Stella: that he prattled, as his own words explain—'In writing our language, I make up my mouth just as if I were speaking it.' Our enjoyment of the letters is mingled with some compunction about the profanation of a confidential intimacy, betrayed by their publication: but we need not further burden our conscience with the pedantry of definition.

230, l. 1. *Joe*. This is Joseph Beaumont, a tradesman of Trim, who had some inventive and literary proclivities. 'The grey old fellow, poet Joe,' Swift calls him, in the poem *On the house at Castleknock*. He had some pecuniary claim on the Government for certain inventions, and Swift was ready to use his influence to secure the recognition of that claim.

l. 6. *my lord-lieutenant*. This was Swift's enemy, Lord Wharton, soon to be replaced by the Duke of Ormond.

l. 9. *Dr. Raymond*, Vicar of Trim, a friend of Swift's. Raymond seems to have been more careful of his own dignity in their intercourse than were some of Swift's friends. 'The Reverend Doctor Raymond' appears in the poem quoted in the note on l. 1. Raymond visited London while Swift was most closely engaged with

politics, and Swift, who only admitted him on rare occasions, and rather dreaded his repeated calls, had twinges of conscience when Raymond sent a message of thanks for his kindness.

1. 10. *about levying a fine, in order to have power to sell their estate.* A fine was one method of breaking an entail. It was a mere form, but was in theory a suit brought to an end by a compromise in court. It was a judicial evasion of the Statute of Edward I, *De donis*, and was abolished by an Act of William IV. Probably, in the present case, the fine was resorted to in order to enable Mrs. Raymond to alienate an estate, the rents of which would be receivable by her husband, although he could not sell, while Mrs. Raymond was disabled from doing so as a married woman. A compromise in court, similar to that usual in the case of entails, gave a good title to the purchaser.

1. 14. *Bishop of Clogher.* Dr. St. George Ashe, who afterwards became Bishop of Derry. He had been Swift's tutor at Trinity College, and he and his brother, Dilly Ashe—a somewhat easy-going clergyman and inveterate punster—appear repeatedly in the *Journal*.

1. 16. *to my powers.* The commission with which Swift was entrusted by the Irish Bishops, for the recovery of the First Fruits. To fulfil this commission was the prime object of his present visit to England.

1. 19. *Bishop of Killala.* Dr. William Lloyd, who appears to have been occasionally one of Swift's circle of intimates.

1. 20. *Bishop of Lichfield.* Dr. John Hough, translated from the diocese of Oxford, in 1699, to that of Lichfield. He played no inconsiderable part in the Revolution struggle, having been elected by the Fellows of Magdalen College, Oxford, to the Presidency, in place of the nominee of James II, and having maintained his position in spite of the resistance of the Court.

1. 21. *Steele.* He was now Gazetteer. The *Cockpit* stood where the Treasury buildings now stand.

1. 22. *Lord Mountjoy* was the son of one of William's generals, and himself held a high position in the army.

231, 1. 2. *Mrs. Wesley*, the wife of Garret Wesley, an Irish friend of Swift's. The family name of Wesley, or Wellesley, was closely connected with Trim.

1. 6. *Dearichar* is Swift's word of endearment, which each reader must interpret for himself. This, it will be remembered, is the only one of the early letters of which the original is now preserved in the British Museum.

1. 9. *my commission.* See note on p. 230, 1. 16.

l. 13. *FW.* = farewell.

l. 19. *lay hold on me as a twig.* In a letter of the same day to Archbishop King, Swift says he is 'equally caressed by both parties—by one as a sort of bough for drowning men to lay hold of, and by the other as one discontented with the late men in power.'

l. 21. *Lord-Treasurer*, the Earl of Godolphin. His reception, Swift says to King, 'was altogether short, dry, and morose.'

l. 24. *Lady Giffard*, the sister of Swift's patron, Sir William Temple, with whom Swift had been on bad terms since the death of Temple in 1699. The meaning of the next sentence is a little obscure. Swift probably means that the hearsay as to Lady Giffard's cultivation of the Court is confirmed by Lady Wharton's making that cultivation the subject of her ridicule; so he has lost a friend there, i. e. he has an avowed enemy where a friend might have been.

l. 27. *Stella's mother.* The name of Stella was not really used by Swift for Esther Johnson until after this date. Mrs. Johnson, her mother, continued to reside in the Temple household.

l. 29. *Archbishop of Dublin.* Dr. William King, between whom and Swift the relations were generally good, although they differed widely in political opinion, and still more in temperament. Swift often resented the arrogant tone which King, by virtue of his higher position, was apt to assume. In later years a common detestation of Walpole's government made their relations more cordial.

232, l. 7. *The Tatler*, i. e. Steele, who was at this time issuing, with considerable help from Swift, the *Tatler* paper.

l. 8. *the Duke of Ormond* was at this time the man of greatest weight and position in the Tory party. Swift was not altogether satisfied with his attitude towards the mission on which Swift was engaged; but occasional irritation was consistent with sincere respect and regard. Ormond was named Lord-Lieutenant on the 19th of October.

l. 10. *Presto.* This name, also, was not used until after this date. We are told in the *Journal* for 2nd August, 1711, that the Duchess of Shrewsbury (the daughter of the Marquis of Paleotti) 'could not say my name in English, but said Dr. Presto, which is Italian for Swift.'

l. 13. *ride little Johnson.* About this horse we find many directions in the *Journal*. It is not to be sold, if Stella wishes to ride it. It may be pickled, rather, says Swift elsewhere. But it became troublesome; and rather than that Stella should run any risk, it is to be got quit of at any sacrifice.

l. 21. *Parvisol*, a Frenchman, who acted as Swift's agent at Laracor, often named in the *Journal*.

l. 23. *Jervas*, the fashionable portrait-painter and friend of Pope. This picture is now in the Bodleian at Oxford, to which it was presented by Swift's friend and printer, Alderman Barber.

l. 26. *the provost* (of Trinity), Dr. Benjamin Pratt, now a Tory and a friend of Swift, from whom his adherence to the Whigs, after the accession of George I, alienated him.

l. 28. *Jemmy Leigh*, a proprietor in Westmeath, of whom Swift says 'he loved London dearly'—as, indeed, so many of his fellow-proprietors did.

l. 31. *the dean*, i. e. the Dean of St. Patrick's, Dr. Sterne, whom Swift succeeded when Sterne was promoted to the Bench as Bishop of Dromore.

l. 33. *Wharton* (Earl, afterwards Marquis of) was now Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and was one whom Swift most cordially hated. His bitter Whig partizanship was joined with notorious profligacy, and this with a close, though hypocritical, attachment to Presbyterianism. See note to p. 267, l. 30.

Mrs. Walls. Archdeacon Walls, Rector of Castleknock, and his wife were of Swift's most intimate circle in Ireland. He treated them with a freedom which happily they did not resent.

233, l. 5. *all the world detesting his engaging in parties*. The *Tatler*, No. 193, ridiculing the devices of party intrigue in the name of the stage prompter, Downes, was considered as written against the schemes of Harley. The paper was written by Anthony Henley, of whom we shall hear more (p. 246, l. 7, note); and, strangely enough, was laid to the account of Swift, and imputed to him by the author of the *Political State* (Boyer) as a proof of tergiversation.

l. 7. *Lord Radnor*, whose predecessor had been Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland soon after the Restoration. See p. 306, l. 3.

l. 15. *Ben Tooke*, a bookseller in London, who had already been the medium of some of Swift's publications. Swift subsequently obtained for him the post of publisher of the *Gazette*.

l. 28. *Patrick*, Swift's personal servant, whom he had brought with him from Ireland, and whose drunkenness and inattention he often resented, until at length, after many rebukes, and even physical correction, Swift was compelled, after much endurance, to part with him.

234, l. 5. *Mr. Ford*. Charles Ford, of Woodpark, near Dublin, a member of Swift's inner circle. He was on intimate terms with Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, Prior, and Parnell, and it was he who arranged for the publication of some of the most important of Swift's political tracts, and who subsequently (in 1726) conveyed to the printer the *Gulliver* MS. As Gazetteer at the close of Queen Anne's reign,

he had opportunities of noting the progress of political events, and his letters afford information as to the intrigues which surrounded the Queen's deathbed.

l. 6. *Lord President*, i. e. Lord Somers, with whom Swift's relations had formerly been so cordial as to lead to the flattering dedication of the *Tale of a Tub*.

l. 19. *Colonel Freind*. This may have been a kinsman of Swift's intimate friends, Dr. Robert Freind, of Westminster School, and Dr. John Freind, the physician. But it is more likely to have been a misprint for 'Froud' or 'Frowde,' a literary aspirant introduced by Addison to Swift, and the author of two forgotten tragedies.

l. 20. *the million lottery*. Lotteries had been resorted to in England, as a means of raising the public revenue, both in the 16th and the 17th centuries. Private lotteries were prohibited by Act of Parliament in 1696: but in 1709, the practice was systematically established of using public lotteries, with the authority of Parliament, as sources of revenue. Swift and Addison thus assisted at a drawing very early after the beginning of a vicious system destined to continue for more than a century until its final abolition in 1823. In the *Tatler* for July 27th, Steele moralizes on the same subject, having just been present at the first drawing. He speaks of Swift's 'jackanapes of Blue Coat boys,' as 'the impartial and equal dispensers of the fortunes which were to be distributed to the crowd.'

l. 23. *a country-house near Chelsea, where Mr. Addison often retires*. Not Holland House, to the owner of which, Lady Warwick, Addison was not married until 1716; but a house which had formerly belonged to Nell Gwyn, and which Addison then occupied.

l. 25. *Sir Simon Harcourt is made lord keeper*. Harcourt did not succeed Cowper until Oct. 19th.

235. l. 4. *a great deal of china*. But a few weeks later, Swift tells us, the fancy had passed. 'I took a fancy of resolving to grow mad for it, but now it is off.' Swift's aesthetic fancies did not last long.

l. 6. *Sir John Holland*, as a Whig, had been one of the managers for the Commons in the impeachment of Dr. Sacheverell. He was replaced subsequently, as Comptroller, by Sir Thomas Mansel.

l. 12. *Mr. Stratford*, an old friend and schoolfellow of Swift, carrying on business in London as a Hamburg merchant. He assisted Swift in investments, but his own speculations before long brought him to bankruptcy.

l. 14. *a letter to the Tatler*. This is the *Tatler*, No. 230, of 28th Sept. 1710. In it Swift inveighs equally against the slipshod and the

affected style. What he desires to see is 'that simplicity which is the best and truest ornament of most things in life': and he adduces as models of style, Hooker and Parsons the Jesuit, whom he compares with the more ornate writers of the Jacobean age, to the disadvantage of these last.

1. 17. *The Duke of Devonshire* belonged to the Whig party. In the *Characters of the Court of Queen Anne*, written by Macky, the duke is described as 'the finest and handsomest gentleman of his time . . . of nice honour in everything but the paying of his tradesmen.' We have Swift's MS. notes on this book: and he adds to this character the words, 'A very poor understanding.'

1. 21. *the Duke's daughters*. The Ladies Butler, daughters of the Duke of Ormond. Of them, and their friendship for Swift, we hear much in the *Journal*—especially on the death of one of them, the Lady Ashburnham. See p. 317, l. 5. 'When I lived in England,' says Swift in a letter to Miss Hoadley, dated 4th June 1734, 'once every year I issued out an edict, commanding that all ladies of wit, sense, merit, and quality, who had an ambition to be acquainted with me, should make the first advances at their peril: which edict, you may believe, was universally obeyed.'

1. 24. *Lord Somers* was replaced by the Earl of Rochester: the *Duke of Devonshire* by the Duke of Buckingham: and *Mr. Boyle* by Henry St. John. Godolphin's dismissal, as Lord Treasurer, had preceded these changes; and his place as chief of the Ministry, though as yet with lower office, had been taken by Robert Harley.

236, l. 6. *Madrid taken and Pampeluna*. These barren successes in Spain had been gained by General Stanhope, a strong adherent of the Whig party, whose victories were distrusted by the Tories.

1. 15. *Molesworth*, now Envoy to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, succeeded in 1723 as Viscount Molesworth, and died the same year.

1. 18. *a penny-post letter*. The penny post, for London and its suburbs, had been established in 1685, as a private undertaking. James II, who, as Duke of York, held the revenues of the Post Office, raised an objection to this as an infringement of the Government monopoly: and the penny post was subsequently carried on as a Government business, although quite separate from the General Post, with which it was not amalgamated until 1854.

1. 27. *Manley* (Isaac), Postmaster in Ireland, was in danger of losing his place on account of his Whig bias, and was only preserved by the efforts of well-affected friends and kinsmen.

237, l. 5. *part of a lampoon*. This is the *Virtues of Sid Hamet the Magician's Rod*, written against Godolphin and his tenure of the Rod of Lord Treasurer.

1. 10. *Will Frankland*, a son of Sir T. Frankland, the Postmaster-General of Great Britain. For the father Swift had great respect, and with the son he seems to have been on very easy terms. William Frankland was a Receiver in the Stamp Office.

1. 13. *Morgan*. This seems to be Marcus Antonius Morgan, of whose 'heathenish name' Swift speaks. He was now steward to the Bishop of Kildare, and was afterwards named, as a member of the Irish Parliament, in the *Legion Club*.

1. 22. *Mr. Warburton*. Swift's curate at Laracor.

1. 30. *a Tatler*. See p. 235, l. 14 (note).

1. 31. *Mr. Sterne*. Enoch Sterne, Collector of Wicklow, and Clerk to the Irish House of Lords.

238, l. 2. *nothing vexes me but that it does not make Stella a coward in a coach*. This is a little obscure. We may suppose that Stella said she saved coach-hire, and was pleased not to be a coward in a coach. 'But that is just what I want her to be,' says Swift; 'and so I am vexed at just what pleases her.' Curiously enough, Swift, in the *Character of Mrs. Johnson*, says 'She was never known to cry out, or discover any fear, in a coach'—no small praise, considering what Irish roads then were.

1. 5. *Dr. Cockburn*, a physician whom Swift often consulted, and whose society he enjoyed, except when he met 'a parcel of Scots' at his house.

1. 6. *Mr. Harley*. The first mention of any personal connexion between Swift and Harley. See p. 240, l. 15.

1. 13. *eight shillings*; at a moderate computation about one-tenth of what Swift would have had to pay at the present day.

1. 16. *my instrument*. The letter of authority given to Swift by the Irish bishops.

1. 19. *premunire*. Not an infrequent usage of the legal phrase last century, in the sense of a penalty incurred. Cf. Smollett's *Humphry Clinker*, 'I brought myself into a premunire with the disputatious Caledonian.'

1. 26. *Lewis*. Erasmus Lewis, under-secretary to the Earl of Dartmouth, one of the two Secretaries of State. He was one of Swift's closest and most trusted intimates, and is mentioned in almost every letter.

239, l. 8. *Darteneuf*, or Dartqueneuf, the celebrated epicure, who wrote No. 252 of the *Tatler*, in praise of wine. 'The man that knows everything, and that everybody knows,' is Swift's description of him elsewhere.

1. 12. *Delaval*: Captain Gregory Delaval.

1. 13. *Lord Halifax*. Charles Montagu, author of the *City Mouse*

and *Country Mouse*, and of an answer to Dryden's *Hind and Panther*. He was one of William's ablest ministers, and a noted literary patron, although Swift doubted the sincerity of his professions of good will.

1. 16. *Methuen*, afterwards Sir Paul Methuen, who, as ambassador to Portugal, arranged the Methuen treaty. He was now one of the Lords of the Admiralty. 'A man of intrigue, but very muddy in his conceptions, and not quickly understood in anything. In his complexion and manners much of a Spaniard,' is the picture of him in Macky's *Characters* (note on p. 235, l. 17): on which Swift's MS. comment is 'A profligate rogue, without religion or morals: but cunning enough, yet without abilities of any kind.'

1. 29. *Earl Berkeley*, Swift's early patron, probably the same who told Swift that his 'mind was like a conjured spirit, that would do mischief if I did not give it employment.' He had retained his friendship sufficiently to beg Swift to visit him in his last illness. He was Earl from 1698.

240, l. 8. *Lord Dartmouth*, now Secretary of State. See p. 261, l. 26 (note).

1. 19. *Nic. Rowe*, with whom, although a Whig, Swift seems to have been on cordial terms, and whom he recommended to the patronage of the Government.

1. 30. *that to Morgan*. See p. 237, l. 16. Stella, it seems, forgot the commission after all.

241, l. 2. *the giver's bread*. In allusion, probably, to the Scriptural injunction, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters,' &c. Swift is frequently inexact in his Bible quotations.

1. 6. *Kneller* (Sir Godfrey). There was a project of his painting Swift's portrait. See p. 267, l. 18.

1. 3. *a Colt, a Stanhope*. Sir Henry Dutton Colt and General Stanhope stood in the Whig interest for Westminster, but were defeated by the Tory candidates, Medlicot and Cross.

1. 11. *Sir Andrew Fountaine*, of Norfolk, a very intimate friend of Swift, who had been concerned in the preparation of the 1709 edition of the *Tale of a Tub* with the *Apology*.

1. 13. *Will Pate*, said to have studied at Cambridge, although he appears not to have taken a degree. In spite of his employment as a tradesman, he preserved such an interest in letters as earned for him this nickname. 'A *bel esprit* and a woollen-draper,' Swift calls him elsewhere. He was a patron of men of letters, and seems to have travelled in Italy. See Aitken's *Life and Works of Arbuthnot*, p. 7 (note).

1. 27. *for fear they should be insolent*. As the October Club, formed of the extreme Tories, who desired to push matters to desperate lengths against the Whigs, proved they might become.

242, l. 8. *Jack How*, the most virulent of the Tory partizans, who had been one of the movers in the factious opposition to William's ministers, attacked by Swift in the *Dissensions in Athens and Rome*. See also p. 172, l. 4. He was now Paymaster of the Forces.

l. 19. *Lord Doblane*, i. e. Viscount Dupplin, son of the Earl of Kinnoull. He was married to a daughter of Harley.

l. 20. *Will Penn the Quaker*, well known as the founder of Pennsylvania. No man played stranger and more incongruous parts in history. A staunch sectary, he refused to shew outward respect to crowned heads; yet enjoyed the friendship of Charles II, James II, and Queen Anne, and was at once the friend of William and of John Locke, and accused of Jacobite intrigue.

l. 34. *St. James's Coffeehouse*. The resort of the Whigs, as the Cocoa Tree and the Ozinda tavern were of the Tories. Swift's being set down by the Tory minister at the Whig house is another proof that Swift, so far from seeking an alliance with the Tories, continued to maintain an ostensible alliance with the Whigs long after he disliked their opinions—even though such an alliance was opposed to his own interest.

243, l. 2. *He knew my christian name very well*. Cf. p. 279, l. 23.

l. 5. *fatal* = decreed by fate, as Dryden says, 'beauty still is fatal to thy line.'

l. 8. *a ballad*, i. e. *Sid Hamet's Rod*.

l. 10. *blind chophouse*, i. e. an obscure chophouse, hidden away in a back alley. Cf. p. 254, l. 8.

l. 13. *a Tatler*. No. 238, with the verses on a *City Shower*.

l. 17. *the you know what*. Scott supposes this to refer to the *Tale of a Tub*. But I confess to a doubt whether Swift would make such a reference to his early work.

244, l. 24. *attorney-general*; in a few days to be Lord Keeper.

l. 29. *a governor*, i. e. lord-lieutenant of Ireland.

245, l. 11. *Dr. Garth*. Samuel Garth had published the *Dispensary* in 1699. He was a strong Whig, and was the prominent Whig physician, as Dr. Radcliffe was the choice of the Tories: but his political opinions did not prevent his retaining the friendship of many on the other side. Cf. *History of John Bull* in Aitken's *Arbuthnot's Life and Works*, p. 250.

l. 12. *the Devil Tavern* was a tavern of note as a place of literary resort from the days of Ben Jonson downwards. It was, indeed, as closely associated with the name of Jonson, as Will's was with that of Dryden, or Button's with that of Addison. It was close to Temple Bar, and from the neighbourhood of St. Dunstan's Church had originally been named St. Dunstan's Tavern. But the signboard

shewed the familiar scene of St. Dunstan seizing the Devil's nose with his tongs; and the saint's name was accordingly replaced in popular parlance by that of the Devil. The chief room was called the *Apollo*, and the rules of the Society that met there were set up over the chimney in letters of gold. See *Tatler*, No. 79.

1. 16. *Mr. Addison's election*, for Malmesbury. Addison seems to have been a member both of the English and of the Irish House of Parliament at the same time.

1. 20. *the Shower*, which was published in the *Tatler*, No. 238.

1. 22. *I have printed but three*. These were the *Tatler*, No. 230; *Sid Hamet's Rod*; and a ballad on the Westminster election, mentioned on p. 250, l. 20. That ballad is lost.

246, l. 1. *Harrison*, of whom we shall hear much more, down to his sad death on the 14th of Feb. 1712. (See p. 321.) He was born in 1685, and was now fresh from Oxford. Recommended to Swift by Addison, he was soon, by Swift's interest, to obtain what ought to have been lucrative employment. Some of his poems appear in the collections of the day.

1. 7. *Henley*, i. e. Anthony Henley, of the Grange, Hampshire, a well-known Whig and patron of Art and Letters, to whom Garth dedicated the *Dispensary*. He moved an address to the Queen for the promotion of Dr. Hoadley—which would not tend to recommend him to Swift. He died in August, 1711. His son became Lord Chancellor and Earl of Northington.

1. 17. *Ned Southwell*. This was the son of Sir Robert Southwell, Secretary of State for Ireland, to whom Swift, in his early days, had been recommended by Sir William Temple, who was a friend of Southwell. Edward Southwell, the son, was now in London, as Clerk of the Council, and he seems to have been specially charged with Irish business, and to have acted as Secretary to the Duke of Ormond.

1. 32. *Mrs. Barton*, a niece of Sir Isaac Newton, and, in spite of her Whig sympathies, a great favourite with Swift. She was one of the toasts of the Kit-Cat Club. She was afterwards married to a Mr. Conduit, who succeeded Newton as Master of the Mint. 'I love her,' says Swift elsewhere, 'better than any one here, and see her seldomer.'

247, l. 1. *Dawson*, Clerk to the Lords Justices, who exercised the powers of the Lord-Lieutenant, during his absence. Dawson Street in Dublin takes its name from him.

1. 2. *Patty Rolt*, an Irish lady of Swift's acquaintance, now staying in London. 'Poor Patty Rolt,' Swift calls her once or twice: and he was obliged occasionally to supply her lack of money.

1. 3. *Lady Berkeley*. See p. 239, l. 29 (note).

1. 17. *Revolutions a hindrance to me in my business*. Observe how Stella shared the common view that Swift was still a Whig, and unlikely to have any influence with the Tories. The same idea is found in Archbishop King's letters to Swift.

1. 29. *my lampoon*, i. e. *Sid Hamet's Rod*.

1. 32. *that is he* = Lord Godolphin, satirized as Sid Hamet.

248, l. 7. *Mr. Prior*. Matthew Prior was one of those whose wit and literary power were as highly valued by Swift as they were by St. John and by Pope. Swift afterwards wrote a mock account of Prior's mission to France in connexion with the Peace, which Prior did not altogether relish.

1. 13. *Lord Peterborough*. One of the men of most brilliant and versatile genius of the age, whose abilities were marred by his erratic character. He belonged, indeed, rather to the type of the knight-errant of the Middle Ages, than to the prosaic age of Queen Anne. The sympathy between him and Swift was immediate and lasting. He possessed the keen wit, if not the literary gifts, of Bolingbroke; and was free from the affectation which lessened the admiration with which Bolingbroke was regarded by Swift. See Swift's verses on him in Vol. II. of this collection.

1. 24. *a secret only to you*—only, that is, revealed to you.

1. 27. *Lord President* (of the Court of Session) *of Scotland*. This was Hew Dalrymple of North Berwick.

Mr. Benson. Robert Benson was now one of the Lords of the Treasury, and became Chancellor of the Exchequer when Harley became Lord Treasurer.

1. 28. *the Smyrna*. This tavern was in Pall Mall, opposite Marlborough House, and was a noted resort of gossip-mongers.

249, l. 12. *Mrs. Curry's*, at whose house in Dublin Swift lodged.

1. 13. *Dr. Hawkshaw*. A gentleman of Dublin, who seems to have had some management of Swift's money affairs.

250, l. 4. *Mrs. Vanhomrigh*, the mother of Hester Vanhomrigh, known as the Vanessa to Swift's Cadenus. This is the first mention of the family. But henceforward they are constantly named, and Swift's visits to them are announced without reserve. It may be as well at once to dispose of the fiction that the Vanessa friendship ever interfered with that for Stella. It was a delusion indulged in, with fatal results, by the young woman, for whom Swift had no more than a kindly interest. It has been asserted, without grounds, that the *Journal* loses its warmth of affection and becomes more stiff, after this Vanhomrigh friendship became fully established. It is true that after May, 1712, the letters are much interrupted, and lose their

journalistic form for some months. But this was owing entirely to the severe illness from which Swift then suffered: and after that was past, the letters resume their old form, and their old kindness of tone.

1. 5. *the two Lady Butlers*. See p. 235, l. 21 (note).

1. 11. *Wortley Montagu*. A Whig member of Parliament, cousin of Lord Halifax. He was afterwards ambassador at Constantinople, and is best remembered as the husband of the brilliant Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the friend—and enemy—of Pope.

1. 20. *a ballad . . . on the Westminster election*—now lost.

1. 33. *Earl of Sterling*. Henry Alexander, 5th Earl of Stirling, whose sister was Lady Judith Trumbull, the wife of Sir William Trumbull, Pope's friend and early patron.

251, l. 26. *a Tatler . . . against Mr. Harley*. See p. 233, l. 5 (note).

1. 32. *Sir Matthew Dudley*, now one of the Commissioners of the Customs. He was a Whig, and a close friend of Godolphin, and was consequently supposed to be in danger of losing his place, as soon as the Tory ministers were strong enough to clear out all their adversaries from office. Swift more than once interceded on his behalf, but he had to go in January, 1712.

252, l. 4. *we parted very dryly*. This meeting must have been bitterly painful to both men, who looked back on the most affectionate intimacy. What Addison thought of Swift is recorded in the inscription of a copy of his *Travels in Italy*, given to 'Dr. Jonathan Swift, the most agreeable Companion, the Truest Friend, and the Greatest Genius of his Age.' Addison, in his present conduct, can scarcely be acquitted of carelessness of the interests of Steele, and an uncharitable estimate of Swift's motives. Cf. p. 269, l. 31.

1. 20. *Molesworth*. See p. 236, l. 15 (note).

253, l. 1. *Lord Berkeley of Stratton*, who belonged to a branch of the family of Earl Berkeley. His father had been created Lord B. of Stratton, for his services to the Royalist party. He was now Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

1. 2. *Mrs. Temple*, probably the widow of Sir William Temple's son.

1. 5. *Mons. Sartre*. The Rev. J. Sartre, formerly French pastor at Montpelier, and now Prebendary and Archdeacon of Westminster. His wife was Dorothy Addison.

1. 11. *Mr. Congreve*. The dramatist was one for whose work and person Swift had always sincere regard, which years did not diminish. In 1693, Swift addressed one of his early poems to Congreve, whose schoolfellow he had been; and when Congreve died in 1728, Swift's grief was bitter and sincere. 'I loved him from my

youth,' he says. 'Years have not yet hardened me; and I have an addition of weight on my spirits since we lost him.' The love was not lessened even by Congreve's degrading dependence, in his declining years, on the Duchess of Marlborough—the daughter of Swift's old foe.

254, l. 2. *under secretary*. Rowe was now Under-Secretary to the Duke of Queensberry, Secretary of State for Scotland.

l. 8. *blind tavern*. Cf. p. 243, l. 10 (note).

l. 9. *Sir Richard Temple*, Lieutenant-General—'the greatest Whig in the army,' says Swift, in recording his dismissal in 1713, when the Government were proceeding to greater extremities against the opposite party.

Eastcourt, or *Estcourt*, an actor and playwright, noted as an amusing boon companion. Cf. p. 279, l. 6.

l. 10. *Charles Main*, an Irish gentleman, in employment near the Tower. 'An honest good-natured fellow,' says Swift elsewhere; 'a thorough hearty laugh, mightily beloved by the men of wit.'

l. 16. *hedge tavern*. So Swift speaks elsewhere of a 'hedge ale-house' and of 'a hedge lodging.' It is a word of contempt, for something the lowest of its kind.

l. 19. *Lord Pembroke*, the great patron of art, whose admission as a member of the French Academy is afterwards recorded by Swift. He had made Swift's acquaintance when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1708.

l. 25. *Ford*. See p. 234, l. 5 (note).

l. 28. *at a terrible loss about money*. The Whigs were thought to be strongest in the City, and amongst the monied, as opposed to the landed, classes; and the fall in public securities was laid to their account. But the result of the elections in the City did not prove the Whigs to be strongest there: and in any case, we might well doubt that power of affecting the public credit, according to their party feelings, with which they were credited. Whatever the reason, undoubtedly the accession of Harley to power, and the consequent expectation of a Peace, were accompanied by a serious depression in public stock.

255, l. 3. *Lord Mountjoy*. See p. 230, l. 22 (note).

l. 20. *the first day of it with us*. This refers to the private understanding, repeatedly noted in the *Journal*, by which the financial year of Swift, Stella, and Mrs. Dingley, ended on November 1, when their accounts were balanced.

256, l. 9. *Vanbrugh*. Sir John Vanbrugh had been the object of Swift's satire, in two short poems: one in which he is said to have borrowed his architectural designs from the child's castle of cards and

the schoolboys' mud-walls, and from these to have constructed his house at Whitehall—

‘Such a monstrous pile,
That no two chairmen could be found
Able to lift it from the ground.’

The other poem ridiculed his dramatic attempts, as borrowed from the French, and found both in his dramas and his buildings—

‘A type of modern wit and style,
The rubbish of an ancient pile.’

In allusion to Vanbrugh's appointment as architect of Blenheim and Comptroller of Public Works, Swift speaks of him as ‘Vitruvius the Second.’ Swift seems afterwards to have modified his adverse opinion, and he and Vanbrugh were on good terms, although the architect-dramatist naturally resented the poems.

1. 16. *Buckingham*. For a story of Swift's relations to him, see p. 289, l. 11. John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, Marquis of Normanby, and Duke of Buckingham, ‘Very proud, insolent, and covetous, and takes all advantages. In paying his debts, unwilling: neither esteemed nor beloved.’ (Macky's *Characters of Q. Anne's Court*.) ‘This character,’ adds Swift in MS., ‘is the truest of any.’ His *Essay on Satire*, and that *On Poetry*, in verse, had early given him a considerable literary reputation: and he added to this by various prose writings—including some on philosophy, filled with that arrogant latitudinarianism which was one of the vices of the time, and which is embodied in the pretentious epitaph in Westminster, composed by himself, and invoking the Deity under the title of ‘*Ens Entium*.’ His literary facility, and perhaps still more his high station, obtained for him the lavish flattery of Dryden, in whose *Absalom and Achitophel* he appears as ‘Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muses' friend.’ He had now succeeded the Duke of Devonshire as Lord Steward.

Rochester was now Lord President, having succeeded Lord Somers.

Leeds. The Duke of Leeds was so closely allied to Harley, that his son, the Marquis of Carmarthen, soon after married Harley's daughter.

1. 17. *Shrewsbury* was now Lord Chamberlain. See p. 289, l. 7 (note).

1. 25. *the Portugal envoy*. Gregory Delaval.

1. 26. *Admiral Wager*. Sir Charles Wager, named again on p. 266, l. 1.

257, l. 18. *the dean*, i. e. Dean Sterne of St. Patrick's.

1. 30. *Dr. Freind*. Dr. John Freind, the physician, who, as well

as his brother, Dr. Robert Freind of Westminster School, was an intimate of Swift's. He accompanied Peterborough on his Spanish expedition of 1705, and wrote the account of it here named. He was a Tory, and one of Sacheverell's defenders.

258, l. 8. *I do not reckon so very good.* St. John's praise is certainly overdone, and might seem to Swift insincere. The poem has little of Swift's best manner.

l. 12. *hardly thirty.* St. John was born in 1678, and was now over 32. He had been Secretary for War three years before. Swift makes the same comparison in a later passage in the *Journal*, 'I have often thought what a splutter Sir William Temple made about being Secretary of State: I think Mr. St. John the greatest young man I ever knew.'

l. 13. *His father* was Sir Henry St. John, a well-known man about town. He was the representative of a family which had become distinguished in the reign of Elizabeth. Curiously enough, he was created Viscount St. John, in 1716, after his famous son had not only won the same honour, as Viscount Bolingbroke, but had suffered attainder on the charge of treason.

l. 28. *penny-post letter.* See p. 236, l. 18 (note).

259, l. 13. *Mrs. Long*, of whom we shall hear more. See p. 302, l. 31 (note).

l. 18. *Mrs. Raymond.* The wife of the Vicar of Trim, who seems, like her husband, to have been a neighbour whose society Swift did not relish.

Sir Richard Levinge had suffered for his anti-Whig opinions when Wharton was Lord-Lieutenant, and was afterwards Lord Chief Justice of Ireland.

l. 25. *Lady Falconbridge*: this was Mary Cromwell, a lady of abilities which were not shared by Cromwell's male representative.

l. 31. *fallen thirty-four in the hundred.* Swift makes the oscillation in public credit larger than it is represented in the *Political State* for January 1711⁹ (two months after this). It is there stated that at the dismissal of Lord Sunderland (in June) Bank Stock stood at 124, and on the 1st of Nov. it had fallen to 95½.

260, l. 24. *Rathburn*, to whom some of Stella's money seems to have been advanced at interest, on the security of some house-property.

l. 27. *Paaaaast twelvve o'clock.* Meant to represent (as elsewhere) the droning cry of the watchman on his rounds.

261, l. 19. *the Smyrna.* See p. 248, l. 29 (note).

l. 26. *Lord Dartmouth.* William Legge, Lord Dartmouth, had become Secretary of State on the dismissal of Lord Sunderland. 'He sets up,' says Macky, 'for a critic in conversâtion, makes jests

and loves to laugh at them : takes a great deal of pains in his office.' To this character Swift adds, 'This is fair enough writ : but he has little sincerity.'

1. 28. *Lord Orrery*. This was the same Charles Boyle whose edition of the Letters of Phalaris was one of the proximate causes of Bentley's *Dissertation*, and the *Battle of the Books*. He was soon after appointed Envoy to the States-General.

262, l. 5. *Domville*. William Domville, a landed proprietor in County Dublin, who was about to pay a visit to London, on his way to foreign travel. 'Perfectly as fine a gentleman as I know,' Swift says of him elsewhere.

1. 9. *Walls*. See p. 232, l. 31 (note).

1. 12. *old doings*. A colloquial phrase. Cf. p. 287, l. 33, 'an old to-do.'

1. 14. *Ned Southwell*. See p. 246, l. 17 (note).

1. 19. *Bishop of Kildare*. Dr. W. Ellis, Bishop from 1705 to 1731, and no favourite with Swift.

1. 24. *as one that was favoured by the other party*. Another proof of the general but mistaken view that Swift was in close sympathy with the Whigs.

1. 26. *the wisdom of this is admirable*, is, of course, sarcastic. The correspondence, which is preserved, fully bears out Swift's account.

264, l. 9. *Bromley*. William Bromley, member for Oxford University, was the chosen advocate of the Church, and his unanimous election indicated clearly the strength of the Church party in the House.

1. 11. *Colonel Hill*. The brother of Mrs. Masham, who had displaced the Duchess of Marlborough in the favour of the Queen. We shall hear more of him in the *Journal*. He was sent the following year with the ill-fated expedition to Quebec, and was subsequently appointed Governor of Dunkirk.

1. 22. *Court of Requests*. This was a Court of Equity, inferior to Chancery, and presided over by the Lord Privy Seal. It seems to have begun in the reign of Henry VII ; its jurisdiction was impugned by a decision of the Court of Common Pleas in Elizabeth's reign : and it was abolished by statute in the reign of Charles I. The room in which it was held was called the *Camera Alba* or Whitehall. Hence the present name of the Government buildings, and the room designated by Swift seems then to have retained the old name.

265, l. 10. *Lord Halifax*. See p. 239, l. 13 (note).

1. 17. *involved with the present ministry, &c.* Swift was now in the secrets of the Ministry, who looked to him for a statement of their case to the public, and who, he says elsewhere, 'consider me a little more than Irish bishops do.'

1. 28. *in a Tatler, that we ought to use the word Great Britain.* In No. 241. The *Tatler* in which the letter was unwarrantably published was No. 258.

266, l. 1. *Wager.* See p. 256, l. 26.

1. 31. *Raymond*, Vicar of Trim, was now, to Swift's tribulation, in London, and had either to be escorted by Swift, or passed on (as was oftenest the case) to other friends to be 'shewn the town.'

267, l. 1. *Sir John Stanley*, was Commissioner of Customs. His wife, Lady Stanley, 'is,' says Swift, 'one of my favourites.'

1. 18. *Sir Godfrey Kneller.* See p. 241, l. 6.

1. 30. *libellous pamphlet . . . against Lord Wharton.* This was Swift's own *Character of the Earl of Wharton*. Archbishop King, in his correspondence with Swift, and perhaps guessing the author, attacks in strong terms the licence of writing which the author allows himself. Probably no one provoked Swift's detestation more than Wharton. 'The most universal villain I ever knew' are the words which Swift adds to his *Character* in Macky. The pamphlet now referred to is one of the bitterest Swift ever wrote.

268, l. 4. *They say it is at Newcastle.* But it was 'a false report,' as Swift tells us a few days later. Swift was at all times very nervous about infection.

1. 19. *Presto's . . . birthday.* November 30th.

1. 21. *Rediculous.* Cf. a similar correction on p. 257, l. 9; and in a later letter (not in this selection) Swift gives a list of more than a dozen misspellings which Stella must avoid.

1. 23. *author of the Atalantis.* This was Mrs. Manley, whose collection of scandal, published under the name of the *Atalantis*, was nearly the subject of a criminal prosecution. She was employed by Swift in some political hackwork, and little as she deserved respect, his judgment on her was not unkindly. 'She has very generous principles for one of her sort: a great deal of good sense and invention: about forty, very homely, and very fat.' But this did not prevent him from attacking her severely in '*Corinna, a Ballad.*'

269, l. 3. *Lord Dupplin.* Swift has now got the right spelling. See p. 242, l. 19.

1. 7. *Lord Rivers.* Richard Savage, Earl Rivers, best remembered by the tragic history of Richard Savage, the poet, his illegitimate son by Lady Macclesfield, whose story has been told so powerfully by Johnson. Lord Rivers was one of the first military men to join the standard of the Prince of Orange, and served with him in several campaigns. He joined a reputation for ability with that of a noted rake. 'I loved the man, but hate his memory,' says Swift, after his death in 1712. He was now Constable of the Tower, and Envoy to

Hanover; and afterwards succeeded Marlborough as Master of Ordnance.

1. 13. *another bite*. As we should say, a *hoax*; or, as Scott interprets it in the slang of three generations ago, a *quiz*.

1. 26. *Sam Dopping*, an Irish friend.

270, l. 1. *you jest about poor Congreve's eyes*. One of a few instances in which Stella made the grave mistake of jesting on a subject that lay close to Swift's heart. She offended Swift, on another occasion, by an unseemly reference to Mrs. Barton.

1. 23. *Pastoral Philips*. Ambrose Philips, whose *Pastorals* and dramas were now favourites of the town, and much praised both by Addison and Pope. Swift anticipated the revulsion of feeling that made him an object of ridicule under the name of Namby Pamby. He had the misfortune of becoming involved in a violent quarrel with Pope: but after the triumph of the Whigs, he obtained office in Ireland, under the patronage of Dr. Boulter, the Primate. Swift names him again on p. 316, l. 22.

271, l. 15. *Harrison*. See p. 246, l. 1 (note). Harrison was soon to take up the new series of *Tatlers* under Swift's patronage.

272, l. 6. *Sir Andrew Fountaine* had passed through a most serious illness, during which all about him, save Swift, despaired of his recovery. But, says Swift, 'I found the seeds of life in him, which I observe seldom fail.—I found them in poor dearest Stella, when she was ill many years ago.' His illness was aggravated by the ill-timed visit of his mother ('the greatest Overdo on earth,' says Swift) and his sister. See p. 241, l. 11 (note).

1. 8. *Mr. Prolocutor*. Atterbury had just been elected Prolocutor to the Lower House of Convocation, by a large majority over Dr. Kennet, Dean of Peterborough.

1. 20. *I must talk politics*. Swift generally avoids this, and professes not to know what Stella's politics are.

1. 28. *I think our friends press a little too hard on the Duke of Marlborough*. This is a view which Swift expresses repeatedly in the *Journal*. Cf. p. 280, l. 30. St. John, he says, had, on one occasion, been with the Duke, and told Swift 'that he (the Duke) was lamenting his former wrong steps in joining with the Whigs, and was worn out with age, fatigues, and misfortunes.' 'I swear,' Swift goes on, 'it pitted me. . . He is covetous as Hell, and as ambitious as the Prince of it: he would fain have been general for life, and has broken all endeavours for peace, to keep his greatness and get money. . . Yet he has been a successful general, and I hope he will continue to command.' 'The Duke of Marlborough,' he says again, 'says there is nothing he now desires so much as to contrive some way to soften

Dr. Swift. He is mistaken : for those things that have been hardest against him, were not written by me . . . Now he is down, I shall not trample on him.'

1. 29. *the country members*, who soon formed the October Club, to press extremities to which the Ministers were disinclined.

1. 30. *past faults*, i. e. of the Whig ministers.

273, l. 1. *at peace*. The first word of it in the *Journal*, though it had been talked of ever since the change of ministry, in the previous autumn.

1. 23. *I do not much approve his manner*. As Swift puts it elsewhere, 'I am afraid the little toad has not the true vein for it.' For such papers, the true vein was everything.

1. 26. *to a printer*. Dryden Leach (see p. 276, l. 19), whom Harrison reported to Swift to be 'a coxcomb.'

274, l. 2. *the Whigs will not lend a groat*. See p. 254, l. 28 (note).

1. 17. *where Presto would never go but for that purpose*. Swift was beginning not to relish the Whig resort. See p. 242, l. 34 (note).

275, l. 8. *my head having some little disorder*. These forewarnings of Swift's impending disorder are becoming more and more frequent.

1. 18. *Patrick's bird's water*. A linnet which Patrick had bought a few days before for sixpence. 'I laid fairly before him,' says Swift, 'the greatness of the sum, and the rashness of the attempt . . . but he would not take my counsel, and he will repent it.'

1. 20. *Lady Kerry*, the wife of Lord Kerry, represented now by the Marquis of Lansdowne, and thus a kinswoman of Swift's friend Lord Shelburne, with whom he stayed at Wycombe, in Bucks.

1. 24. *Joe's wife*. Mrs. Beaumont. See p. 230, l. 1 (note) : and Swift's Verses on his Own Death, in Vol. II.

276, l. 9. *Lady Lucy*, at whose house Swift often visited just now, although soon after they fell out, as the lady was a Whig.

1. 16. *the last Examiner*. Written by Swift himself.

1. 29. *Morphew and Lilly*. Morphew, the publisher of Swift's *Conduct of the Allies*, summoned by Chief Justice Parker to answer for it and other papers, when the Whigs deemed their triumph secure, in Dec. 1711, owing to the Whig majority in the Lords against the peace. Lilly had been Clerk to the Stationers' Company.

277, l. 13. *he would be reconciled to Steele*. Cf. p. 270, l. 15.

1. 30. *I fell out with him yesterday*. See next page, l. 9. Harley had sent Swift a bank bill for £50, which was naturally resented as an insult.

278, l. 26. *Congreve*. See p. 253, l. 11 (note). His *Tatler* was No. 14 of Harrison's series.

279, l. 6. *Estcourt*. See p. 254, l. 9 (note).

1. 13. *Dr. Duke*. Richard Duke, 'one of the wits,' says Swift,

'when we were children, but turned parson, and left it.' Johnson gave him a place in his *Lives*, and thus dismisses him: 'His poems are not below mediocrity, nor have I found much in them to be praised.' He obtained the living of Witney, in Oxfordshire, only a few months before his death.

l. 16. *Lord Rivers*. See p. 269, l. 7 (note).

280, l. 13. *St. Mary's*. The street in Dublin where Stella and Mrs. Dingley lodged.

l. 16. *an October club*. See p. 272, l. 29 (note). A section afterwards branched off into the *March Club*.

l. 31. *for speaking civilly of the Duke of Marlborough*. See p. 272, l. 28 (note).

281, l. 3. *he was much out of order*. Harley's illness, of which over-indulgence in drink was the chief cause, is often mentioned about this time, and accounts for his slow recovery from the wound he was presently to receive (next page).

l. 11. *though nobody dares talk of it*. Although no overt steps had yet been taken, the peace had certainly been talked of before this.

l. 20. *Duchess of Somerset*. Lady Elizabeth Percy, first married to the Earl of Ogle, then to Thomas Thynne, of Longleat, and lastly to the Duke of Somerset, a leading Whig. ('Of good judgment,' says Macky in his *Characters*, of the Duke: Swift comments, 'not a grain. hardly common sense.') The Duchess's influence at Court, the chief counterpoise to that of Mrs. Masham, was a source of danger to the Ministry, and much dreaded by Swift, who satirized her in the *Windsor Prophecy*, and gave mortal offence by alluding to her red hair in the name 'Carrots' which represents her there.

l. 31. *the Examiners*—which Swift not only read, but wrote.

282 l. 8. The whole circumstances attending this strange attack on Harley illustrate strikingly the political feeling and curious administrative customs of the day. The Marquis de Guiscard, who is often described as a mere adventurer, was the younger son of a very distinguished family in France. He had joined the Church, in order to obtain some preferment, but with no idea of performing any of the duties of his profession further than was habitual amongst the nobility of Louis XIV's Court, in a similar case. But his excesses gave scandal even in a licentious society: and he soon embroiled himself with Madame Maintenon, the King's mistress. France became no longer a possible abode for him, and he began to intrigue with her enemies abroad, adopting the title of Marquis before his family name. Early in Queen Anne's reign he was in correspondence with the Whig ministers, and he not only obtained employment from them, but made a great figure in the higher society of the day. His

offers, however, proved illusive: he was without military capacity, and his resources failed. He doubled and twisted in intrigue, and seems to have laid some plot against the life of the Queen, though no distinct evidence of it has ever been adduced, and his influence was too slight to make him a real danger. Possibly some of the Ministers, who were unduly compromised by their dealings with him, were anxious to get rid of him. He was arrested on the Secretary's warrant, and brought before a hastily summoned Council of Ministers, where his examination was conducted with little regard to legal form, and not unnaturally ended in a violent outburst on his part, and an undignified attack upon him by the Ministers, who wore their swords. The wound of Harley—inflicted by a penknife picked up from the table—could scarcely have been serious, had it not been for Harley's unhealthy state of body. By a few weeks' illness, Harley became the favourite of the moment, and his Ministry acquired, for the first time, a solid foundation of power.

283, l. 12. *particularities*, a somewhat curious substitute for *particulars*; and used again on the next page, l. 4.

284, l. 21. *in better*, i. e. temper: 'out of temper' being used by Swift as = in bad temper.

l. 24. *meaning Sir William Temple*. 'Don't you remember,' Swift writes to Stella, 'how I used to be in pain when Sir William Temple would look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons. I have picked up my spirit since then, faith: he spoiled a fine gentleman.'

285, l. 6. *Mrs. Masham's brother*. Colonel Hill: see p. 264, l. 11 (note).

Letter XXIII. *Chelsea*. Swift had taken lodgings there, close to Dean Atterbury's house, for change of air and exercise.

286, l. 18. *Trap*. Joseph Trap had been chaplain to Sir Walter St. John, the Secretary's grandfather, and it may have been to him that the long religious exercises which were the trouble of Bolingbroke's early days were due. He was chaplain to the Irish Lord Chancellor. 'A sort of pretender to wit,' Swift calls him, 'a second-rate pamphleteer to the cause.'

l. 22. *The State of Wit*, supposed to have been written by Gay. 'The *Examiner*,' this paper says, 'all men who speak without prejudice allow to be well written.' Swift is named with Atterbury and Prior as one of its authors. But, as Swift says, the chief praise is reserved for Addison and Steele. Of Addison it is said that 'his works in Latin and English poetry long since convinced the world that he was the greatest master in Europe of these languages.' Steele is described as the Ulysses whose bow others have vainly endeavoured to stretch.

l. 27. *Spectators*. Swift gave some hints for the early *Spectators*, and he does not deny them the merit of being 'often prettily written.' There is more of contempt than praise in his repeating elsewhere, as the common report, not a matter of his own knowledge, 'They say abundance of them are very pretty.' When party feeling gets stronger, Swift's contempt for the mannerisms increases—'I'll not meddle with the *Spectator*, let him fair-sex it as he will.'

l. 29. *that villain Curl has scraped up some trash*. This is not to be confounded with the *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, published by Morpheus a few weeks before, and alluded to by Swift in the *Journal* for 28th Feb. It professed to be issued without the knowledge of the author; but it may be doubted whether Swift had not some part in the publication. 'I know nothing of it,' he says, 'it was without my knowledge or consent'; but he adds, 'Tooke pretends he knows nothing of it, but I doubt he is at the bottom.' Tooke would not have ventured such a thing without Swift's consent; and Swift was very likely to make this half-jocular mystification.

287, l. 5. *Mrs. Pratt*, the wife of the Deputy Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, the Vice-Treasurership being held jointly by two absentees—Lord Anglesea and Lord Hyde.

l. 9. *Buckingham House*, then the residence of the Duke of Buckingham, and described by him in a letter to the Duke of Shrewsbury, published in his works.

l. 16. *the number of ladies walking there*. The fashion of walking seems to have been in the ascendant in London. Swift tells us how the young men of fashion had taken to wearing thick boots and going long walks.

l. 21. *Stoyte*. Alderman Stoyte of Dublin, whose hospitality, and that of his lady, 'Goody' Stoyte, Swift often enjoyed. The walk to the Alderman's house at Donnybrook would not be a very severe strain on Stella's pedestrian powers.

l. 24. *it would do: DD goes as well as Presto*. We might, with no excess of boldness, conjecture, 'It would do DD good, as well as Presto.' But as the MS. of the letter does not exist, it is best to keep to the printed text. DD is the same as MD, and stands for Stella and Dingley.

l. 28. *I hate to be obliged to either of those qualities for anything*. Cf. p. 311, l. 21.

288, l. 2. *one parson Richardson*. The Rev. John Richardson, of Belturbet, chaplain to the Duke of Ormond, who was busy over a project for making Protestants of the Irish, by introducing amongst them the Scriptures and prayers in the Irish tongue.

l. 14. *one Mrs. Colledge*, daughter of Stephen Colledge, whose

fanatical zeal of Protestantism first made him a devout believer in Titus Oates' pretended plot, and then a sharer in Shaftesbury's.

l. 23. *at Vauxhall*. The Spring Garden at Vauxhall was a place of public resort from the days of Charles II downwards.

l. 26. *Colonel Crowe*, now Governor of Jamaica. For *Sterne*, see p. 237, l. 31 (note). Not to be confused with *Sterne*, Dean of St. Patrick's.

l. 28. *in his business*. Some affair *Sterne* was pressing at the Treasury. Swift frequently alludes to it, but nowhere explains it.

289, l. 6. *the Saturday Club*. See p. 285, l. 9.

l. 7. *the Duke of Shrewsbury*. 'A very great and excellent person,' says Swift, in a letter to Archbishop King. But to his *Character*, in Macky, which claims for him 'virtue,' as well as many other qualities, Swift has added the note '*none*.'

l. 11. *Duke of Buckingham*. See p. 256, l. 16 (note).

l. 19. *he did not mean anything of his quality*, &c. Swift's meaning seems to be that the Duke of Shrewsbury made a handsome speech, in refusing to base any claim to observance for Buckingham on his quality; he meant to attribute Buckingham's refusal to make advances to his personal pride, in which a commoner might be equal with a duke, and Swift has now met their waiving of 'quality' by assuming that no man is to take his stand upon his personal pride. No man ever belied his own theory more.

290, l. 14. *William Lownds*, Secretary to the Treasury.

l. 23. *Sir Thomas Mansel*, now Comptroller of H. M. Household, in place of Sir J. Holland. He was made a peer with the batch created at the crisis of Dec. 1711.

l. 27. *declared Earl of Oxford*. He was created Earl of Oxford, Earl Mortimer, and Baron Harley of Wigmore Castle.

have the staff, i. e. the staff of Lord-Treasurer, which had been held by Godolphin, since whose dismissal the Treasurership had been in commission.

l. 28. *This man has grown by persecutions, turnings out, and stabbing*. Cf. the motto from Horace, which Prior prefixed to the complimentary poem addressed to Harley, after Guiscard's escapade—

'Ab ipso

Ducit opes animumque ferro.'

291, l. 23. *As for the Examiner*. Swift now ceased to write in the *Examiner*, handing over the work to some of those whom he called his 'underspur-leathers.' But he was more than ever identified with the Ministers; and this month he tells Stella how he had deserted his old haunts, and saw none of his Whig friends.

292, l. 14. *to make Congreve easy*. Congreve was glad to obtain

now the indulgence of the Tories. But Swift viewed less leniently his later friendship with the Whigs, when Congreve, in Swift's words, appealed 'from Pæan's fire to party zeal'—

'Took proper principles to thrive;
And so might every dunce alive!'

l. 21. *to erect a society, &c.* Cf. p. 310, l. 2. We must connect this with Swift's letter to the *Tatler*, No. 230. The notion was, in some ways, a strange one for Swift, considering his own freedom from rule or convention. But it was essentially bound up with his defence of the Ancients, and with his love of 'simplicity, the best and truest ornament of most things in life.'

l. 24. *Dean of Carlisle.* Atterbury, soon to be Dean of Christ Church.

293, l. 15. *I believe the box is not lost.* This refers to a box which Swift had sent over, containing some articles which he had been commissioned to buy for Stella. The wanderings of the box are the subject of endless allusions in the *Journal*, and each allusion shews how much Swift was occupied with Stella's affairs.

l. 20. *I ought less to venture it than other people, and so I was told.* One amongst several references to Swift's fear that his political opponents might attempt personal violence in retaliation for his attacks.

l. 23. *send a letter of attorney.* This appears to relate to some plan of changing Stella's investments from England to Ireland.

294, l. 22. *we make but three hours there* = we are only three hours in getting there.

295, l. 15. *an offer of fifty pounds.* This is clearly different from, although it closely resembles, the cause of Swift's passing offence with Harley. See p. 277, l. 30 (note).

l. 27. *am so proud I make all the lords come up to me.* Cf. p. 289, l. 19 (note).

l. 31. *got the Gazette for Ben Tooke and one Barber,* with both of whom Swift had many dealings. At Swift's solicitation, the *Gazette* was taken by St. John from Jacob Tonson, and given to Swift's *protégés*, for whom he afterwards obtained other appointments, including that of Stationers to the Ordnance, which was given them by Lord Rivers.

296, l. 14. *Duchess of Shrewsbury,* the Italian lady who translated Swift's name into *Presto*.

l. 15. *Mrs. Masham.* Abigail Hill, now the Queen's chosen companion.

l. 19. *George Fielding* was Equerry to the Queen, and an adherent of the Tory party.

Arbuthnot, a scion of the family of Viscount Arbuthnot of Kincardineshire, now Physician to the Queen, was perhaps, of all Swift's friends, the most entirely congenial to him. He was endeared to him not only by that good humour which, as Swift afterwards said, would have made him burn his travels, had there been more Arbuthnots in the world; not only by his brilliant wit; but also by that superiority of temperament that made him, with abundant literary power, stand aside from the literary wrangles of that irritable band of friends of whom Pope was the chief, and, like Swift, be the spectator rather than the participant of their jealousies.

l. 26. *Longfield*, an Irish friend, who lived at Killibride, four miles from Trim.

my coat was light camlet, &c. A strange attire for a clergyman of that day, when the clergy generally appeared in gown and bands.

297, l. 1. *Mrs. Hill*, sister-in-law of Mrs. Masham. Her husband, Colonel Hill, had just failed in his expedition to Quebec, and the failure involved some trouble to the Ministers.

l. 7. *I have much obligation to.* Arbuthnot had just waived his brother's claims to military promotion in favour of Bernage, a *protégé* of Swift's.

l. 8. *Lady Oglethorp*, wife of Sir Theophilus Oglethorp of Godalming, and daughter of Mr. Richard Walls of Rogane in Ireland. She was the mother of General Oglethorp, the patron of Johnson, and the admired of Pope as the type of benevolence—

'One, driven by strong benevolence of soul,

Shall fly, like Oglethorp, from pole to pole.'

Lady Oglethorp was a woman of ability—so 'cunning a devil,' says Swift, 'that she had great influence as a reconciler of the differences at Court.'

l. 16. *beating Patrick*, who had gone off with the key of the chambers, and kept Swift 'cooling his heels in the cloisters' for two hours. When he came back Swift 'shut the chamber door, and gave him two or three swingeing cuffs on the ear,' and strained the thumb of his left hand. It was not the first time that Swift had to correct Patrick's drunken carelessness by similar methods.

Letter XXXVI. In the interval between this and the preceding letter, the negotiations for the Peace, on which the fate of the Ministry seemed to rest, had made some progress; but considerable opposition had to be encountered in the House of Lords. In order to influence the public, Swift now wrote perhaps the most powerful of his political pamphlets, *The Conduct of the Allies*, which had a great success, running through five editions in a few weeks. Two other

dangers threatened the Ministry, and almost made Swift despair: the first was the growing breach between Harley and St. John; the second, the suspicions of the Queen's good faith to the Ministers, influenced as she was by the Duchess of Somerset.

l. 19. *the great question*: the debate on the Peace.

l. 22. *The Earl of Nottingham*, whom Swift satirized under his nickname of 'Dismal.' He was a dreary and formal pedant, who, on grounds of personal discontent, deserted his party on this question. Swift does not scruple to state that his ratting was due to foreign bribes, and refers to the same charge in a letter to Archbishop King.

298, l. 15. *was there*, i. e. at the House of Lords' debate.

299, l. 4. *Great Chamberlain Lindsay*. The Marquis of Lindsay, afterwards Duke of Ancaster. He mixed little in party politics, and that he was no thorough-going Tory is proved by the fact that he enjoyed the favour of George I.

l. 17. *his two daughters*, the Ladies Rialton (afterwards Countess Godolphin) and Sunderland.

l. 19. *Lord Cholmondeley*, now Treasurer of the Household. He was of known Whig sympathies, and was dismissed before the death of Queen Anne. 'Good for nothing, so far as ever I knew,' says Swift of him, in the notes on Macky's *Characters*.

l. 26. *I begged him to know*, i. e. I begged of him that I might know. The expression is one of those common with Swift.

300, l. 20. *the whole matter is settled between the Queen and the Whigs*. It is curious to read of this entire confidence on the part of the Whigs. As a fact only two or three weeks dissipated their hopes, and enabled the Ministry triumphantly to carry the Peace. It is true that in eighteen months more, by the folly and dissensions of the Tories, and the dangerous intrigues of some amongst them, the triumph was wantonly cast away.

l. 24. *by managing elections*. The Whigs could not, that is to say, go to the country with any hope, unless influence was brought to bear. The Tories, therefore, feared defeat, even while they were confident that the country was with them. Nothing could better illustrate the tone of political feeling, and the balance of political influence, in Swift's day.

301, l. 14. *they will let the Parliament sit, &c.* *They* means the Whig Junto, who are spoken of as masters of the situation, and waiting only for the voting of supplies to undertake the administration. It is difficult to understand the abject fear into which Swift and Lewis allowed themselves to fall, and which seems to justify Harley's words on l. 29.

302, l. 9. *De Buys, the Dutch envoy*, 'who spoke English,' Swift says elsewhere, 'well enough,' but 'was plaguy politic.' His interference in the politics of England was a typical instance of what Swift attacked both in the *Conduct of the Allies* and in the *Public Spirit of the Whigs*.

l. 12. During the intervening days, the Whig triumph seemed so near that Morphew, the publisher of the *Conduct of the Allies*, was summoned by Lord Chief Justice Parker, and a prosecution all but begun.

l. 13. *the Occasional Bill*, for preventing nonconformists from qualifying for office, by an occasional conformity to the rules of the Church. This absurd practice was frequently discussed in Parliament, and strange party combinations were formed for and against it.

l. 31. *poor Mrs. Long*. See p. 259, l. 13. Mrs. Long was a beauty and a reigning toast, and appears not infrequently in the *Journal* and correspondence, before the sad story, here given, of her death. Misfortune never alienated Swift's affection, nor made him forget the duties of friendship.

303, l. 23. *Post-Boy*. This was the Tory periodical, published by Abel Roper. The Frenchman, Boyer, issued the *Political State* in the Whig interest. Another periodical of the Whigs was the *Protestant Post-Boy*, at this time prosecuted by St. John.

l. 29. After the interval here, matters suddenly mended. Mrs. Masham's influence proved stronger than that of the Duchess of Somerset; and if the Queen had been inclined to turn against her Ministers, she now threw herself entirely into their hands. Twelve new peers—several of them Swift's intimate friends—were created. This secured a majority for the Peace in the House of Lords.

304, l. 20. *I know not who has the rest*. The Duke of Ormond was soon after made Commander of the Forces, and Lord Rivers Master of the Ordnance. The dismissal of the Duke of Somerset, as Master of the Horse, followed in the same month.

l. 21. *do not approve it at best*. Compare with the whole of this passage p. 272, l. 28 (note).

305, l. 6. *my four brothers*. The *brothers* were the fellow-members of the Society, named in l. 27 (see note there). Of the new peers four were named amongst the members of the Society—George Granville, created Lord Lansdown; Lord Masham, the husband of Abigail Hill; Lord Bathurst, who was the friend of Swift and Pope as well as of the succeeding generation; and Lord Mansel. Another brother to be congratulated was Harley himself, who probably assisted to introduce some of the new batch.

1. 6. *Sir Thomas Mansel*, created Lord Mansel of Morgan. See p. 290, l. 23 (note).

1. 7. *Lord Windsor*, an Irish peer, now raised to the peerage of Great Britain, as Lord Mountjoy.

1. 21. *the society*. See note to l. 27.

1. 25. *peeast tweeleve a clock*. See p. 260, l. 27 (note).

1. 27. *our society day*. The *Society* is not to be confounded with the 'Saturday Club,' which was a meeting of political intimates—almost a Cabinet. (See p. 285, l. 9, and p. 289, l. 6.) The *Society* was first started in Swift's absence, but its rules were drawn up by him. Its object was, in his own words, 'to advance conversation and friendship, and to reward deserving persons with our interest and recommendation. We take in none but men of wit and men of interest (= influence).' At first the number was only twelve: amongst whom were Swift, St. John, Wyndham, Raymond (Attorney-General), Bathurst, Granville, Mansel, Masham, Lewis, Arbuthnot, and the Duke of Shrewsbury. The Lord Treasurer and Lord Harcourt were admitted soon after, and the number seems to have grown to more than twenty. They dined together every Thursday; and when it was his turn to be President and paymaster, the extravagance of the feasts caused many a pang to Swift. At first it was called a *club*; but this name was discarded for '*The Society*.' Lord Dupplin, the President for this day, was son of Lord Kinnoull, and son-in-law of Harley.

1. 31. *Lord Lansdown*. George Granville, one of the new peers, and Secretary at War. He was the author of a tragedy called *Heroic Love*, and obtained the praise both of Dryden and of Pope.

1. 32. *Lady Mary Thynne*, daughter of the Earl of Jersey. Her brother, who succeeded to the title this year, was kept out of the *Society* by Swift.

306, l. 2. *Lord Radnor*. Swift elsewhere describes how he called on Lord Radnor, 'and was arguing with him three hours to bring him over to us, and I spoke so closely that I believe he will be tractable; but he is a scoundrel, and though I said I only talked for my love to him, I told a lie; for I did not care if he were hanged: but every one gained over is of consequence.'

306, l. 4. *Dr. King*. There were three Dr. William Kings, who had all some connexion with Swift. The first was the Archbishop of Dublin. The second was the man now referred to, Dr. William King (1663-1712) the civilian, of Westminster School and Christ Church, an indolent, but likeable and witty member of the tribe of minor poets. He had attacked the *Tale of a Tub*; but his ardent Toryism recovered for him Swift's good-will. The third was Dr. William King, Principal of St. Mary Hall (1685-1763).

1. 7. *ombre*. A game at cards, frequently named in the *Journal*, as played at Dublin.

1. 8. During the interval down to Letter XLIII, the Peace is making slow progress, and Swift is not satisfied as to the position of the Ministers. He endeavours to show the danger of extremes in his *Letter to the October Club*. His gloom is increased by the failure of his old friend Stratford, the Hamburg merchant, who had helped Swift in his investments.

1. 9. Observe that the Letters from this point (except the 54th) are in the British Museum, and the extracts given have been collated with the MSS.

Mohocks. The Mohocks, or Hawkubites (as they were sometimes called), were only the successors of similar bands of disorderly ruffians, who had occasionally scoured the streets of London for more than a century. The '*Scourers*,' the '*Tityre Tus*,' the '*Muns*,' the '*Hectors*,'—these were a few of their predecessors, and they all alike owed their licence to the absence of an organized police. The supposed connexion of the band with the Whig party was probably only a figment of political imagination, and Swift himself hints as much (p. 307, l. 8). But he repeats the charge in his *History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne*.

1. 15. *Young Davenant*. Son of Dr. Charles Davenant, a somewhat disappointed and morose political writer, and grandson of Sir William Davenant, the poet. The young man was now Envoy to Frankfort. 'Very giddy-headed, with some wit,' says Macky, in his *Characters*: to which Swift adds the words, 'He is not worth mentioning.'

1. 19. *The Bishop of Salisbury's son*. Thomas Burnet, who was certainly a dissipated youth, and may have joined the Mohocks' band on occasion. But Swift's old enmity against the father would make him give easy credit to the story against the son. The young man reformed, and became a judge.

307, l. 3. *Law is a Bottomless Pit*. This was by Dr. Arbuthnot, and came out in four parts, following in quick succession, and each announced with some additional praise by Swift to Stella. The whole was afterwards republished under the name of *The History of John Bull*. Its object was to belittle the War, and promote the Peace. See Aitken's *Arbuthnot*, p. 44.

1. 21. *Harrison*. See p. 246, l. 1 (note). He was now secretary to the Ambassador, Lord Strafford.

1. 29. *Diaper*. There is perhaps as much ridicule as seriousness in Swift's praise of this portentous rising wit. He had him recommended, however, to the Society, but it was through Wyndham, and not by himself. He also introduced the poet to St. John, from whom

he obtained some charitable help for the poor fellow. 'I have contrived to make a parson of him, for he is half one already, being in deacon's orders, and serves a small cure in the country: but has a sword at his tail here. It is a poor, little, short wretch, but will do best in a gown, and we will make Lord Keeper give him a living.'

308, l. 1. *Dean of Christchurch*. Atterbury had recently obtained this promotion. He seems now to have forgotten his old resentment against Orrery for the ungrateful way in which he behaved after Atterbury had furnished him, as Charles Boyle, with weapons for the fight with Bentley. See p. 246, l. 12 (note).

l. 24. *will go in a week for Flanders*. The Duke of Ormond was now Captain-General of the Forces, and his setting out was a sort of threat intended to quicken negotiations.

309, l. 7. *Percival*. An Irish friend, now in London with his wife.

l. 12. *Society day*. See p. 305, l. 27 (note).

Arbuthnett. Swift's spelling of the name is not consistent. Once, at least, he has it *Arburthnott*.

l. 15. *Ozinda's*, and the Cocoa-Tree, were the Tory houses, as the St. James's was the Whig.

l. 28. Just after this, Swift was seized with a long and painful, although not dangerous, illness. The correspondence was much interrupted, and even when renewed did not return to the journal form for more than eight months.

l. 30. *the chancellor of the exchequer*. The Rt. Hon. R. Benson.

310, l. 2. *My Letter to Lord-Treasurer*, See p. 292, l. 21 (note).

l. 5. *John Bull*. See p. 307, l. 3 (note).

l. 10. *a tack*. This was a device, then often resorted to by a dominant faction in the House of Commons, of joining some measure in which they were much interested to a Money Bill, which the House of Lords had no power to alter. On this occasion the extreme Tories (the October Club) tacked to a Lottery Bill another Bill for appointing Commissioners to examine into grants of lands by the Crown since 1688. It was, in fact, a revival of the very Bill which Swift had attacked in his *Dissensions in Athens and Rome*. The Ministers were strong enough, however, to procure the reversal of the tacking resolution: and the Bill for the appointment of the Commissioners was sent separately to the House of Lords, where, after passing all the earlier stages, it was rejected on the third reading by the Chairman's casting vote.

l. 13. *tause see iss a dood daller in idle sings*, 'because she is a good girl in little things.' The only excuse for an occasional interpretation of the 'little language'—which each reader can generally interpret for himself—is that a comparison of many passages, of

which only a few specimens are here given, helps us to explain what Swift meant.

l. 17. *a business, which, till it takes, &c.* This broken construction, of which we have seen so many instances in the *Tale of a Tub*, is characteristic of Swift.

311, l. 1. *spreenckich*. This is the best to be made out of the somewhat indistinct MS. The word may stand for 'splenetic,' which is very common with Swift; but it is expressive enough in itself, and Swift probably was not sure what orthodox word he meant to represent.

l. 5. *if I writ an essay upon a straw, &c.* Only a few days later Swift uses the same expression—'if I writ an essay upon a straw, I should have a shoal of answerers.'

l. 7. *Kensington*. The Kensington gravel-pits, on Campden Hill, were then a favourite health resort.

l. 21. *I hate them, because they rise from not having a thousand pound a year.* Cf. p. 287, l. 28.

l. 23. From this date the letters become very irregular, ceasing at one time altogether for five weeks, and not resuming the journal form until near the end of the year. Swift was not only burdened with illness, but with anxiety and disappointment. During the interval St. John became Viscount Bolingbroke; and the Act for taxing periodical papers was passed. The break between Harley and St. John was growing wider.

312, l. 3. *Lord Lansdown*. George Granville, Secretary for War, created a peer with the batch in the December previous.

l. 4. *Lord Carteret*, afterwards Earl of Granville, one of the most brilliant scholars and wits as well as one of the foremost statesmen of last century. He was now one of the chosen circle of Swift's friends, and was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland at the time of the *Drapier Letters*. As colleague of Walpole, he was compelled to carry out a policy adverse to Swift. But he was at the same time one of Walpole's most inveterate enemies, and the bond of sympathy was never broken between him and Swift, who made Carteret the subject of some of his most complimentary poems.

l. 6. *Lord Chief Justice Parker*, afterwards Lord Macclesfield, who had threatened Morpew, the publisher of the *Conduct of the Allies*, with prosecution.

l. 27. *that we have suffered the wrong, and not they.* As Swift shewed in the *Conduct of the Allies*, on which he was then at work, and which appeared soon after.

313, l. 2. *my present man*. Swift's patience had at length been exhausted, and he had dismissed Patrick, of whose escapades we have heard so much in the earlier letters.

1. 7. *Duke Hamilton had fought with Lord Mohun.* This was the duel introduced in Thackeray's *Esmond*. The death of the Duke was not, according to the most trustworthy accounts, due to such foul play as Swift imagines, but the profligate character of Lord Mohun and his associates lent credibility to the story. The quarrel arose out of some dispute as to an inheritance. The Duke of Hamilton was the leading Scotch nobleman, and was, by descent, wealth, and position, one of the chief of the Tory party.

1. 19. *Macartney.* Lieutenant-General Macartney was one of the three generals who had been broken in 1710 for drinking destruction to the present ministry.

1. 26. *go with him to France*, where the Duke was about to set out to arrange the terms of the Peace.

1. 29. *the poor duchess*, the daughter of Lord Gerard of Bromley. She was one of Swift's favourites, and had shewn her friendship by making for him a pocket in which to carry the gold snuff-box presented to him by General Hill, Mrs. Masham's brother.

314, l. 11. *the band-box sent to lord-treasurer.* The bandbox was said to have contained three fully charged pistols, and was opened by Swift, who happened to be in Harley's room when it arrived, but without injury. It is impossible to say whether or not it was, as the Whigs asserted, a harmless hoax; but there was, at least, enough to alarm nerves not unduly sensitive.

315, l. 6. *Lady Orkney*, the wife of Lord Orkney, not to be confused with the older Lady Orkney, mistress of William III, for whose talents and good sense Swift expresses high regard. See p. 316, l. 5 (note).

1. 20. *Iss* = yes.

316, l. 5. *Lady Orkney.* Lady Elizabeth Villiers, upon whom, as his mistress, William III had settled a large grant of lands in Ireland. She was a highly prized friend and correspondent of Swift.

1. 22. *Pastoral Philips.* See p. 270, l. 23 (note).

317, l. 5. *Lady Ashburnham.* See p. 235, l. 21 (note).

1. 23. *Mr. Southwell.* See p. 246, l. 17 (note).

318, l. 27. *outrode it, or outdrank it*, as in the poem on *Mordanto*, in Vol. II.

1. 32. *the French ambassador.* The duc d'Aumont, whose house in London was at this time burnt down, as was suspected, with the connivance of the faction opposed to the Peace.

319, l. 2. *the provost* = Dr. Pratt, provost of Trinity.

1. 26. *There is something of farce in all these mournings.* This is characteristic of Swift, in the intrusion of the sarcastic vein, even when his own grief was real and his sympathy strong. But it is to

be noted that Lady Betty had, only five days before, given him food for sarcasm. He went, he says, to 'see Lady Betty Butler grieving for her sister Ashburnham. The jade was in bed in form, and she did so cant, she made me sick.'

1. 30. *Duchess of Hamilton, who never grieved, but . . . stormed and railed.* We can hardly doubt that Thackeray had this picture in his eye when he drew the scene which shows how the *fiancée* in the novel received the news of the Duke's death.

320, l. 1. *to talk of Brutus.* The current opinion of the day, in which Swift fully shared, entirely approved of Brutus's action. We have a poem in his praise by Cowley, beginning—

'Excellent Brutus of all human race

The best till Nature was improved by grace'—

and a Tragedy by the Duke of Buckingham, in which no less praise is accorded to him. Cf. also *Gulliver's Travels*, in Vol. II. p. 274.

1. 17. *my book in manuscript.* This was his *History of the Peace of Utrecht*, which was never published.

1. 19. *Bishop of St. David's.* Dr. Philip Bissett.

1. 22. *Bishop of Clogher.* See p. 230, l. 14 (note).

1. 23. *Mr. Diaper.* See p. 307, l. 29 (note).

1. 27. *Harrison.* See p. 246, l. 1 (note). Just before, Swift has described how his protégé had come back from Utrecht with the Barrier Treaty, yielded to by the Dutch. 'I long,' he says, 'to see the little brat my own creature.' But handsome as Harrison's salary was, it had not been paid, and he was deep in debt. 'There was the Queen's minister,' he says, 'trusted in affairs of the greatest importance, without a shilling in his pocket to pay a coach.' Swift had to advance him seven guineas and beg more for him from Lord Bolingbroke, but it was too late. On the 12th Feb. Swift hears he is ill, 'has a fever and inflammation on his lungs.' Two days more and his short career was ended.

321, l. 4. *Parnell.* Thomas Parnell (1679-1717), whose gentleness of nature and misfortunes endeared him to Swift, and made Swift take a somewhat too high estimate of his genius. 'He outdoes all our poets here a bar's length,' says Swift; and in the decay of faculties never strong and now weakened by grief and intemperance, he found in Swift a patron who introduced him to Bolingbroke and the 'Society.'

1. 18. *Mr. Rowe.* See p. 240, l. 19 (note).

a projector, who pretended to have 'found out the longitude,' and wanted Swift's recommendation to the ministers.

322, l. 13. *I will have the stuff in my own hands.* A colloquial phrase meaning 'to be master of the situation.' 'The French

have the stuff in their own hands,' Swift says elsewhere in the *Journal*.

1. 22. *The Abbé Gautier*. One of the French Envoys associated with Prior.

1. 30. *Pratt*. Captain Pratt, who had been introduced to Swift by Addison.

323, l. 12. In an entry which follows, we have the first mention of Pope in the *Journal* in a single line: 'Mr. Pope has published a fine poem called Windsor Forest.' The description of Swift in Bishop Kennet's diary at this time tells us how 'he instructed a young nobleman that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope (a Papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which he must have them all subscribe; for, says he, the author shall not begin to print till I have a thousand guineas for him.'

1. 26. *Our society*. See p. 305, l. 27 (note).

1. 29. *chancellor of the exchequer*. The Right Hon. R. Benson. *author of the Examiner*. Mr. Oldisworth, who, with Mrs. Manley (authoress of the *Atalantis*), had carried on Swift's discarded work. It was the ascription to Swift by Steele of one of their papers that began the irreconcilable enmity between Swift and Steele.

1. 34. ***** This may very likely refer to Lord Ashburnham, but it is difficult to say why the name is omitted. See p. 317, l. 25.

324, l. 11. *what he wanted*, i. e. the *History of the Peace of Utrecht*.

1. 22. *he has been at a meeting at Lord Halifax's house*. This trafficking with the Whigs increased the breach between Oxford and Bolingbroke.

325, l. 10. *Mr. St. John, Lord Bol* —'s brother, who had replaced Harrison as secretary to the embassy at Utrecht.

1. 22. *Lord Wh* —'s, i. e. Lord Wharton. See p. 267, l. 30 (note).

1. 31. *Addison's play, called Cato*, which, chiefly perhaps from its being made the rallying-point for political parties, attained the success which, if it be judged by its own merits, seems astonishing.

326, l. 1. *the drab that acts Cato's daughter*. Mrs. Oldfield.

1. 5. *his daughter Caermarthen*. Married to the Marquis of Caermarthen, son of the Duke of Leeds.

327, l. 20. *Windsor*. The post there vacant was a prebend.

1. 32. *Mr. Berkeley*, the future bishop of Cloyne, to whom is due the credit of breaking the bonds which Locke had placed upon English philosophy, and who stands out as one of the few original metaphysicians of our country. 'A very ingenious man and great philosopher,' says Swift, 'and I have mentioned him to all the ministers.' The first appointment obtained for him, that of secretary to Lord Peterborough, was strangely incongruous and did not last long.

1. 33. *Lord Berkeley of Stratton*. See p. 253, l. 1 (note).

329, l. 8. *at the cock-pit*—a part of the Government buildings at Whitehall.

330, l. 4. *General Hamilton*, who had been second to the Duke of Hamilton in his duel, and had been obliged to stand his trial in connexion with it.

1. 11. *Wells*, the deanery of which seemed at one time likely to fall to Swift.

1. 19. *the book I am writing*, the *History of the Peace of Utrecht*.

1. 28. *The Archbishop of York*, Dr. Sharp, who was said to have hindered Swift's promotion on account of his authorship of the *Tale of a Tub*.

1. 33. *oor rettle* = your letter.

331, l. 16. *Bishop of Killaloo*, Dr. Thomas Lindsay.

1. 28. *MD and D*; probably Stella and Dingley.

1. 31. *Lady Orkney*. See p. 316, l. 5 (note).

1. 32. *his Saturday people*. See p. 285, l. 9.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE EXAMINER.

Page 333. No. XIII. The motto is from *Aen.* i. 342.

1. 1. *to converse in equal freedom with the deserving men of both parties*. This was Swift's own practice, not only during the early part of the Tory ministry, but even after he had become their recognised ally and chief supporter in the press.

334, l. 5. *several of my acquaintance*, &c. Swift has doubtless in view the conduct both of Addison and Steele, which he reports in the *Journal* with much resentment.

1. 20. *which would still have increased, if those had continued*. *Which* refers, of course, to *inconveniences*, and *those* to the *counsels*. But the arrangement is curious, although quite characteristic of Swift. The 'inconveniences' may be shortly summed up as: Debt, the preponderance of the military class, and the encouragement of Dissenters: the 'counsels' that have produced them are those of Godolphin, now dismissed.

1. 24. *the late revolutions at court*. The preponderance of Mrs. Masham, and the replacing of Godolphin and Sunderland by Harley and St. John.

1. 29. *a general* = Marlborough.

335, l. 3. *desperate*, i.e. 'not to be hoped for,' instead of the usual meaning 'without any hope.'

1. 4. *the fall of our credit*. Whatever the reason—whether, as

was asserted, by the selfish partizanship of the Whigs, who had most influence among the moneyed men, or not—it is an undoubted fact that the changes in the Ministry produced a fall in public securities.

1. 22. *original*, for 'origin'—as frequently in the *Tale of a Tub*.

1. 25. The lines are from Lucan, i. 181, describing the evils that preceded the Civil War. The phrase '*avidumquæ in tempore foenus*' is curious, and some have hazarded the conjecture '*in tempora*,' which seems more easy of construction. We might, perhaps, translate it, 'and griping interest, that meets the demand for time.' Certainly Swift's paraphrase can hardly be got out of the words; and the poetical version of Nicholas Rowe—

'And usury still watching for its day'—
has little meaning of any kind.

336, l. 13. *a scrivener*. At first a clerk or notary; but in Swift's day it had fully come to have a contemptuous meaning—a grasping and money-lending pettifogger. So Dryden speaks of the happy lot of the man content with little and 'from the griping scrivener free.'

337, l. 10. *they proposed those pernicious expedients of borrowing money*. The expedient of anticipating the revenue by a national debt was suggested, not only by national necessities, but also by the large increase in the number of capitalists demanding an investment, and eager to lend upon such credit as the Government could pledge. But it is, of course, an entire mistake to suppose that the Whig Government in England had first discovered the device. Strangely enough, it was laid to the credit of Swift's bitter enemy, Bishop Burnet. But, as a fact, the device had been resorted to as early as the sixteenth century in the Papal States, where the custom of raising money by the sale of offices had developed into the institution of *monti non vacabili*—or the assignment of permanent revenues by way of interest for capital advanced. In France, the custom of national borrowing had long prevailed; and, curiously enough, Swift must have heard of it in Temple's description of the Dutch States, which Swift had himself prepared for publication. (Temple's Works, Vol. I. p. 142, and Macaulay's *History*, ch. xix.)

1. 13. *Eumenes*. The story is told by Plutarch in his life of Eumenes. 'He pretended that he was in want of money, and borrowed large sums of those that hated him most, that they might place their trust in him, and cease their plots against his life.'

1. 20. *for the subjects to raise . . . than to tax them*. The incorrectness of the expression is clear. It should either be 'to require the subjects to raise' or 'to suffer an annual tax equal to,' &c. Such irregularities have already been frequently noted.

338, l. 12. *the four-shilling aid*. This was the Land Tax, which, from

1692, was made the subject of an annual Bill, fixing its amount. In time of war, the amount was always four shillings in the pound; in time of peace it varied.

339, l. 2. *by their prudent administration, &c.* The qualities here enumerated are so exactly those ascribed to the Dutch in Temple's treatise, that Swift must have had the treatise fresh in his memory, although he disregarded its reference to their habit of lending to the Government. Cf. p. 337, l. 10 (note).

l. 10. *in species or returns* = in actual coin, or in the commodities which it might otherwise bring to our shores.

340. No. XIV. The motto is from Ovid, *Metamorph.* xii. 61.

l. 3. *Essay upon the Art of Political Lying.* Arbuthnot did write a tract upon this hint, and Swift speaks of it once or twice in the *Journal*. It is printed in Scott's edition of Swift's works, vol. vi. p. 176.

l. 8. *seducing a third part of the subjects from their obedience*, and l. 10 (*as Milton expresses it*) *he had been viceroy of a great western province.* Swift intends a stroke at Wharton, who is referred to, not obscurely, through this *Examiner*, and he could evidently rely on no very accurate knowledge of Milton in his readers. In Milton, as elsewhere, Satan was Regent of the North, *Paradise Lost*, v. 689 ('where we possess The quarters of the North'), and v. 725 ('who intends to erect his throne Equal to ours throughout the spacious North'). But Wharton had been Viceroy of Ireland, and Swift therefore varies the region. He follows Milton in the proportion of the rebellious angels, v. 709

'With lies

Drew after him the third part of heaven's host.'

341, l. 9. *The poets tell us.* The reference is to Virgil, *Aen.* iv. 178

'Illam terra parens, ira irritata deorum,

Extremam, ut perhibent, Coeo Enceladoque sororem

Progeniuit.'

342, l. 14. *make a saint of an atheist, and a patriot of a profligate.* This is a distinct reference to Wharton, whose licentious profligacy and open contempt of religion did not lose him the respect of such Whigs as Addison and Burnet.

l. 21. *fleur de lis and triple crowns.* The Tories were accused of undue friendliness to France and the Pope.

l. 22. *chains, and beads, and wooden shoes.* Alleged trafficking with Catholicism ('chains and beads') and with Jacobitism and its French connexion. The wooden *sabots* of the French peasants became a popular emblem of the Jacobitism that rested its hopes on the support of Louis XIV.

1. 31. *the second sight . . . as they have in Scotland.* Curiously enough, we learn from Lord Chesterfield that Swift's friend Arbuthnot supposed himself to have this gift. (Aitken's *Arbuthnot*, p. 164.)

343, l. 3. *discontented grandees.* The Whig Lords, dismissed from office.

1. 16. *a certain great man.* Wharton, who had now been one of the most influential Whig leaders for twenty years.

344, l. 32. *those, who, by their birth, education, and merit, could pretend no higher than to wear our liveries.* The moneyed classes, whose advance at the expense of the landed gentry Swift repeatedly deplores.

345, l. 13. *by powerful motives from the city*, i. e. money bribes, on which Wharton is said, during his political career, to have spent no less than £80,000.

No. XVI. The motto is from Cicero, *Pro Plancio*, § 80.

346, l. 22. *pamphlets.* One of the most active of these pamphleteers, whom Swift was occasionally employed to answer, was Dr. Hare.

347, l. 27. *two persons allied by marriage to the general.* Lord Godolphin and Lord Sunderland, whose sons had married the Duke's daughters.

349, l. 3. *very sparingly mentioned.* Swift frequently reiterates, in the *Journal*, his own intervention to mitigate the attacks on Marlborough.

1. 28. *the grant at the Pall-Mall.* Marlborough House.

351, l. 1. *This is an account of the visible profits on both sides.* The *Medley* (Oldmixon's paper), No. 19, answered this by shewing that all the grants to Marlborough could not exceed £540,000, while England had benefited by his actions to the extent of £8,100,000.

352, l. 7. *taxed*, reduced to reasonable dimensions.

1. 20. *A lady of my acquaintance.* This anecdote stirred the Duchess to reply to it in her *Account of her Conduct*. She there explains that she had refused a yearly allowance of £2000 offered to her by the Queen, when enjoying all her offices. But when dismissed, she repented of her refusal, and reminded the Queen of the promise, who then permitted her to charge all the arrears, amounting to £18,000. The apology is almost more damaging than Swift's accusation.

353. No. XXI. I have not been able to trace the prose quotation; that in verse is from Lucan's *Pharsalia*, Bk. IV. v. 455. Swift's method of constructing one English sentence from the translations of the two quotations is curious.

1. 6. *the late management.* The Ministry of Godolphin.

1. 13. *upon so unhappy a foot as the clergy of England.* T of 'foot,' for which custom has now substituted 'footing,' is common in Swift's writings. The description of the degraded position of the clergy at the close of the 17th century, given by Lord Macaulay (ch. iii. of *History*), is well known. Macaulay has drawn many of his most telling strokes from Eachard's *Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy and Religion inquired into*, which was published in 1670, and attracted much attention at the time. Swift seems not to have been ill-disposed towards Eachard's book, and in the *Apology* for the *Tale of a Tub* he speaks of Eachard having, by taking notice of them, kept alive the memory of his answerers, which would otherwise have perished. But the tone of the book is scarcely that which suited Swift. Eachard attributes much of the contempt of the clergy to their education upon old-fashioned lines; and the effect of his book is rather to prove that the general contempt was deserved, than that the age was blind to merit. Eachard's book is addressed to R. L., probably Roger L'Estrange, and this would not naturally earn for it Swift's good-will.

1. 20. *proceeded principally from the clergy.* The refusal of almost all the London clergy to read from their pulpits the Declaration of Indulgence issued by James II, and the subsequent trial of the seven bishops for libel, on the ground of their having petitioned the King against the Declaration, are well-known incidents of the Revolution.

354, l. 3. *fell into the basest compliances.* Swift refers, of course, to the unprincipled acquiescence of many of the Dissenters, represented chiefly by William Penn, in the dispensing power by which James II attempted, contrary to the Constitution, to help his fellow-religionists. He has forgotten some conspicuous examples of opposite conduct on the part of the Dissenters.

1. 10. *his supposed father.* It is rather curious to find Swift hinting his belief in the falsity of the Chevalier's claim to Royal birth—a story which in 1710 was generally discredited, especially amongst the Tory party.

1. 15. *the best collection of arguments against popery.* Cf. the description of the pamphlet-war carried on by the London clergy against Roman Catholicism, in Macaulay's *History*, ch. vi.

1. 18. *except a few, whose sufferings, &c.* The nonjurors, whom Swift respected, although he did not share their scruples. Cf. his early poem to Sancroft, p. 40.

355, l. 15. Observe the variations, after Swift's manner, in the construction of the concluding clauses of the sentence.

l. 25. S. Matthew xi. 19. Swift's quotation from the Bible is here, as frequently elsewhere, not verbally accurate. 'Glutton' is 'gluttonous man' in the Authorized Version.

l. 34. *a noble benefaction to the Church*. It was in 1704 that Queen Anne's Bounty was established—the First-Fruits and Tenth, which had formerly gone to the Pope, and had been transferred to the Crown by Henry VIII, being assigned by the Queen for the benefit of the poorer clergy.

356, l. 29. *a system of speculative opinions*. Swift's views on this question were always consistent. He would permit no persecution for religious opinions; but he did not hold that this maxim was infringed if the man who denied the tenets of Christianity was refused absolute equality in the eye of the law, or forbidden to share in the government of a State which was based upon the assumption that Christianity was true.

l. 30. *of making the being and the worship of God a creature of the state*. It is necessary to notice the exact meaning of these words, according to the usage of Swift's day. In our own day they might be used to express, in the mouth of an opponent of Establishment, the Erastianism of the defenders of Establishment. But Swift refers to the 'noble scheme' of *making out* that the being and worship of God have *no higher authority* than that which they derive from the State. That *making* is used in the sense of 'arguing' or 'maintaining' becomes clear from the next clause, which is introduced by 'that,' and where *making*, or a similar word, must be supplied. Swift upheld the duty of the State to maintain Christianity as part of its legal constitution; but he did so because he believed that the State, and not Christianity (which had a higher sanction), was thereby benefited.

357, l. 6. *they*, i. e. the pedants of republicanism (l. 27 of previous page).

l. 13. *the serpent with seven heads*. In a later number of the *Examiner*, Swift refers to the seven leading members of the Whig party under the name of the Heptarchy. They were the Duke of Marlborough, Lords Godolphin, Somers, Cowper, and Sunderland, Mr. Boyle (lately Chancellor of the Exchequer), and Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Walpole. The passage is from Rev. xii. 15.

l. 18. *For the Queen, &c.* Observe that this long and rather cumbrous sentence breaks off at last with an incomplete construction. There is no principal verb.

l. 19. *suitable*, for 'suitably.' Cf. p. 122, l. 27 (note).

l. 23. *the Archbishop of Canterbury*. Tenison, who was an object of Swift's consistent contempt and dislike. 'The most good-for-

nothing prelate I ever knew,' is Swift's MS. comment on Tenison's character, as given in Macky's *Characters of the Court of Queen Anne*.

l. 25. *the loose and profane principles, &c.* This letter was arranged by Harley and Atterbury, and was communicated to the Archbishop on the 12th of December—just a fortnight before this *Examiner* appeared.

l. 29. *for which.* The Royal letter from which Swift quotes has 'of which.' Cp. p. 71, l. 10 (note).

358, l. 7. *The Upper House.* The letter of reply as drafted by the Whig Bishops in the Upper House was a veiled defiance of the Queen and her new Ministers. The prominent feature of the Queen's letter had been her expression of dislike towards latitudinarianism. It contained no reference to the War, nor to the question of the succession. The burden of the Bishops' reply, on the other hand, was the good fortune of the English arms in the War (which it was already the avowed object of the Ministry to bring to a close), and the paramount necessity of maintaining the Protestant succession. When a short paragraph, directly referring to the topics of the Queen's letter, was introduced, it dealt with these topics in the most perfunctory way, and pointed specially to the dangers of *superstition* (= Roman Catholicism) instead of those arising from the 'loose principles' of which the Queen had expressed abhorrence.

358, l. 28. *institution.* Cf. an exactly similar use of the word on p. 98, l. 11.

359, l. 25. *these inconveniences, i.e.* the presence, on the episcopal bench, of nominees of Godolphin.

l. 28. *a prolocutor, i.e.* Atterbury, who was now Dean of Carlisle, and was soon to become Dean of Christ Church. He was elected Prolocutor by a large majority against Dr. Kennet, Dean of Peterborough, the nominee of the Archbishop and of Bishop Burnet.

l. 31. *done themselves much reputation* is an unusual phrase. *Reputation* is here used as exactly = honour.

360, l. 1. *three Latin speeches.* Those of Dr. Smalridge, who presented the Prolocutor, of Atterbury himself, and of the Archbishop, in reply. This last is, of course, that which 'is said to be so peculiar in the style and matter.'

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